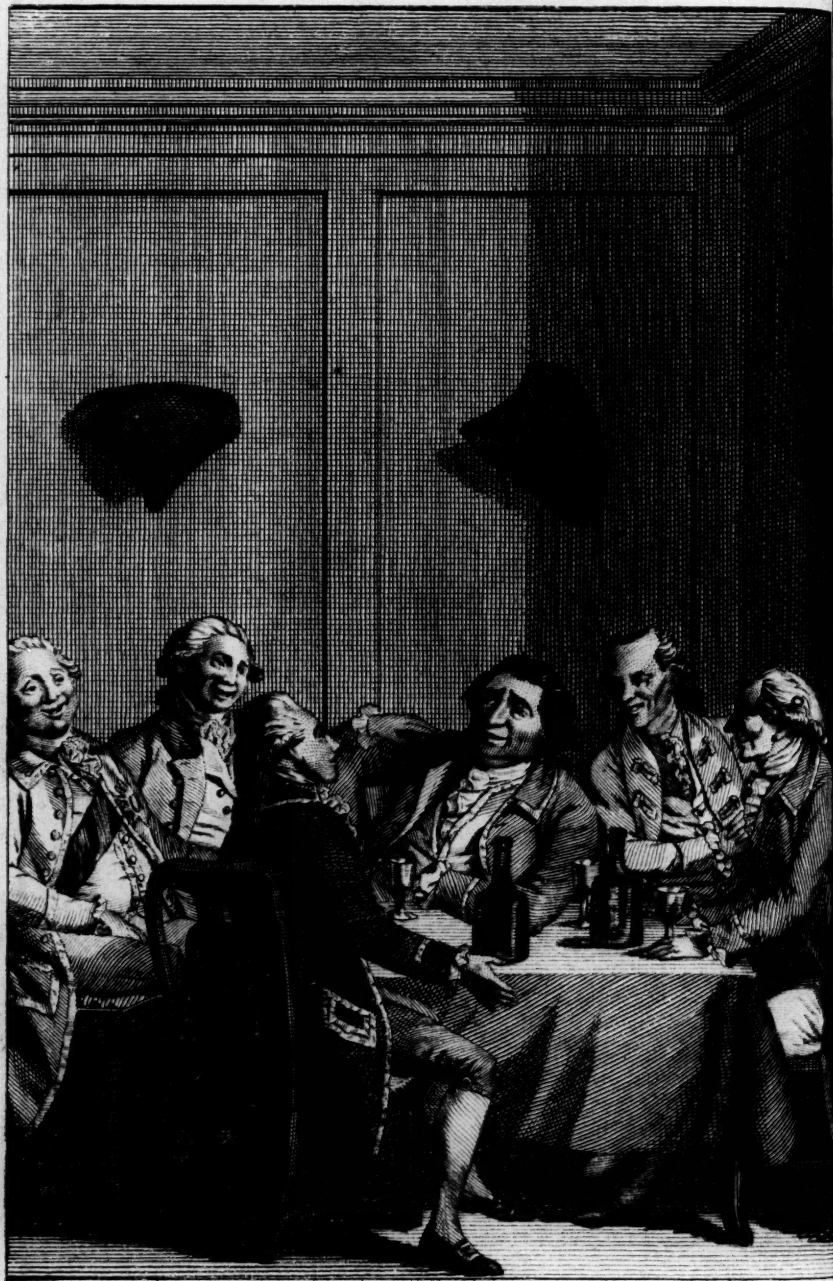
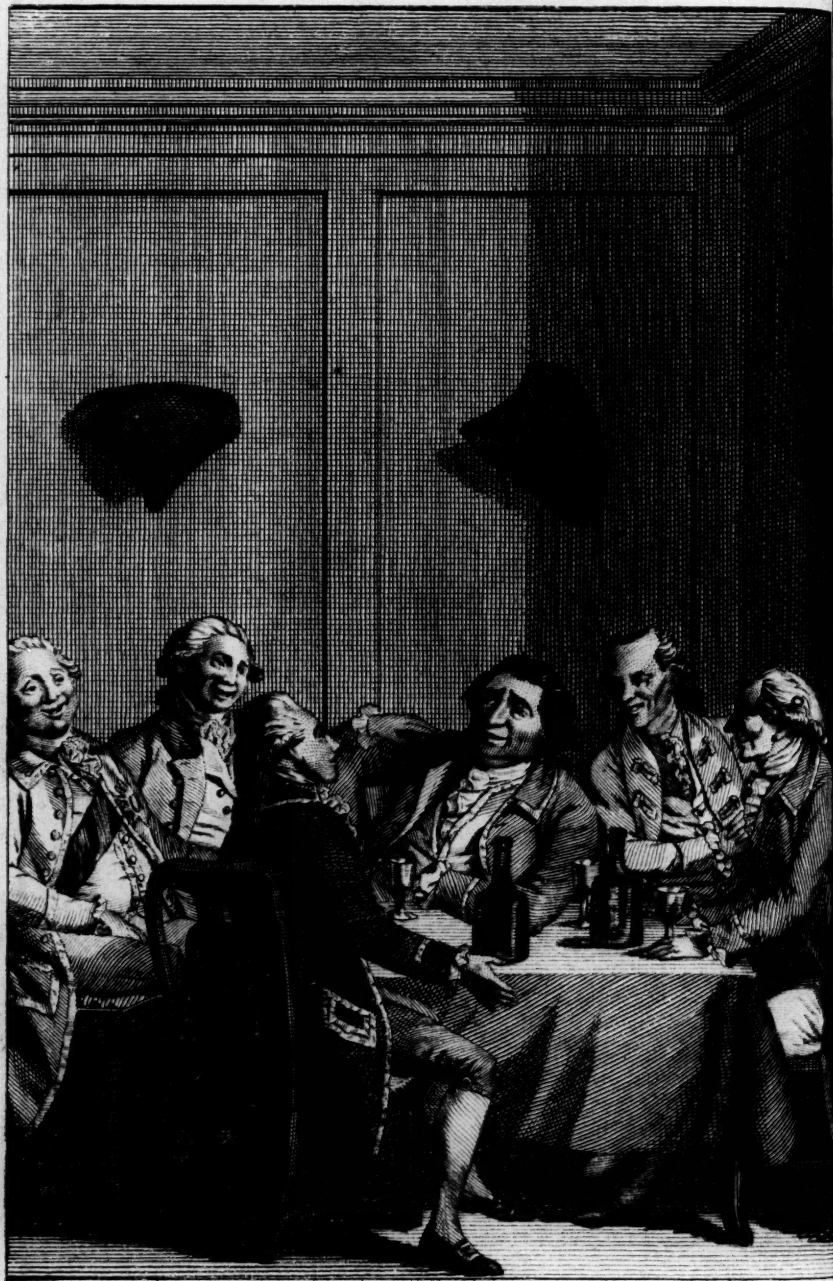


THE WITS OF THE AGE.



Charles Fox & his Merry Companions.

THE WITS OF THE AGE.



Charles Fox & his Merry Companions.

WITS MUSEUM,
OR THE NEW
LONDON JESTER;

A COLLECTION BY THE
Choice Spirits
OF THE
PRESENT AGE.

K

Mirth admit me of thy Crew.

L O N D O N;

Printed for W. LANE, Leadenhall Street.

Price Two Shillings.



myk

THE
WITS MUSEUM;
OR, THE NEW
LONDON JESTER.

AN arch foot-boy, who was bringing to the table a calf's head, between the kitchen and the dining-room pickt out one of its eyes, and eat it; the gentleman who had got the eye that was left, missing the other, asked the boy after it, who confessed his having taken it; but how did you do it, says the gentleman, *just so*, said the boy, and snatching up the other from the gentleman's plate, swallowed it.

Quick, the player, seeing one coming towards him where he stood, asked who it was, and being told that it was lord B—g, said, I thought it was a lord, *he looked so little like a gentleman.*

A lady who had resided the most of her life in the British colonies, happened to be in company with Alderman W——, who had all the evening been expatiating on the absurdity of several passages of Scripture; in order to shew his wit, by rendering the Holy Writ ridiculous, the common custom of most of the great geniusses of the present age: The lady, who laughed

all the time at the insignificance of his remarks, at last told him, he had *pretty sense*. You mean *good sense*, said he ; we never say *pretty sense*. ' No sir, replied she, in our country we call every thing that is *little, pretty*.

A country-woman sent her daughter to a lady with a present of ripe medlars ; the clownish wench being come to the lady, told her, that her mother had sent her ladyship some *open arses*, and she says, you must keep them till they are as rotten as a turd, or else they will not be worth a fart. This language so displeased the lady, that she resolved to complain to her mother of her ill breeding ; so meeting her mother in the market, the lady told her of it. ' Oh, madam, (says the mother) I beat her sometimes till she stinks again ; but I might as well go to shite ; for let me do what I can, I cannot mend her, for she's very ill-bred, and hath no more manners than my a—se.

Johnson was one night drinking a bottle with a Whitechapel Justice, when a Constable brought a fine girl before him, however, the magistrate being engaged with his friend, bid Mr. Constable take her home to his house, and bring her the next day ; ' I have no objection, says he, provided your worship will commit my wife till morning.

Dr. Graham being on his stage at Chelmsford, in Essex, in order to promote the sale of his medicines, told the country people, that he came there for the good of the public and not for *want*. Then speaking to his merry Andrew—Andrew, says he, do we come for *want* ? ' No faith, Sir, says Andrew, we *have enough of that at home* ; besides (continued he) my master has a very great estate, but that's neither *here* nor *there*.

A few weeks ago, as a gentleman in one of the coffee-houses East of Temple-Bar, was reading to a group of city politicians, the late famous speech of Lord Shelburne, in which his lordship expressed his opinion,— ' That our very women were able to beat back the French,

if they should attempt an invasion of this country; a naval gentleman immediately jump'd up, and striking his fist against the table, cried, 'Right, my boy! damme if I doubt it—and I hope to see the day that some of the Monsieurs shall receive a sound drubbing from a British ship *mann'd with women*.

A gentlewoman being address'd by a barker to an auctioneer, "Pray madam, walk in—why don't you walk in, madam? what are you afraid of?"—*'of being bit*, replied the lady.

A company of gossips, at a good woman's labour, when the business was over, began to discourse about the walking of spirits, which some affirmed to have seen, while others doubted of their appearance. But at last the midwife, (whose judgment bore a great sway) delivered her opinion thus: *'For my part, I have gone up and down all hours in the night, and yet, heaven be praised, I never saw any thing worse than myself; though, o' my conscience, I believe I saw the devil once.'*

An impudent fellow dined so often at a gentleman's house, that he grew quite weary of him; and, seeing him there one day, desired dinner to be put back. The fellow, after waiting some time, enquired when dinner would come up. *'Truly, Sir,* says the servant, *'not till you are gone; so it is but a folly for you to stay.'*

A gentleman having bespoke a supper at an inn, desired his landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than usual to his guest, pretended to find fault with the table cloth, and took the plates and knives, and threw them down stairs. The gentleman resolving not to banish his humour, threw the bottles and glasses down also; at which the host being surprized, enquired the reason of his so doing. *'Nay, nothing* (replied the gentleman) *but that I thought you had a mind to sup below.'*

A gentleman in Ireland, remarkable for making bulls, was met one day in mourning : ' Why, how now, Frank? (says his acquaintance) who are you in mourning for?' — ' For my poor wife, honey,' answers he. ' God blefs me!' exclaims the other. ' *Indeed it is very true,*' says Frank, *for she would have been three weeks dead, if she had lived till last Wednesday.*'

An Irish Counsellor having lost a cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other Counsellors were very merry on the occasion. *Well, now,* says he, *who the devil could help it, when there were an hundred Judges on the bench?* ' An hundred,' (said a stander-by) there were but three.' — ' *By Saint Patrick,* replies he, *there was a figure of 1 and two cyphers.*

Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, were both Princes of a very warm temper; and the former having a design of sending an angry message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas More, his Chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas having received his instructions, told Henry, that he feared, if he carried such a message to so violent a man as Francis, it might cost him his head. ' Never fear, man, said the king ' if Francis was to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power a head shorter.' ' *I am much obliged to your Majesty,* replies the facetious chancellor, ' *but I much doubt, if any of their heads would fit my shoulders.*'

A dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning call'd them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly.—The maid pleaded, ' That the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her; notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had

not

not a moment to spare. The coachman alledged, it was none of his business. 'Very well,' said the master: 'But pray what do you call your business?'—'To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach,' replied Jehu. 'You say right,' answered the master, 'and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, *that every morning, before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.*'

At a certain battle for the Pope, a Spanish Cardinal came in among the soldiers, and advised them not to spare their lives, but to exert their utmost courage for the good and welfare of his holiness; promising them a plenary remission of all their sins, and that those that died in the battle, should dine with the angels in Paradise. And having thus counselled them, he retired out of the battle; which a soldier perceiving, cried out, 'Monfieur, why will you not stay and dine with us in Paradise?' To which the valiant Cardinal replied, '*My hour of eating is not yet come.*'

A notorious thief being to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The Judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty, upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in not guilty. The judge bid them consider of it again; but still they brought in their verdict, Not guilty. The judge asked them the reason: The foreman replied, "*There is reason enough; for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world.*"

A gentleman having a runlet of sack in his house, a friend of his coming to visit him, he invited him down into the cellar to taste his sack; 'where,' said he, 'for want of another cup, I have an excellent *Cain* to drink out of.' 'No, I thank you, Sir,' said the other, 'for I know, then I shall not be *Abel* to come up again.'

Dr. King, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-sauce ; but the Doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above-mentioned pickles reserved dry for his use ; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him :— ‘ I here present you, my lords and gentlemen,’ said he, with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, viz. *That you saw an Archbishop of Dublin at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*

Alderman P—— happened, one hot day, to be looking out at the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap. A servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under-cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand that was none of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The Alderman instantly turns about, and the fellow frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master ; down he drops upon his knees, ‘ *Oh ! your honour ! I thought it was George.*’ ‘ *And suppose it had been George,*’ replied the Alderman, rubbing his backside, ‘ *you ought not to have struck quite so hard.*’

Some years ago, Dr Johnson being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation. Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign ; the doctor the contrary. This dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, ‘ You are certainly in the wrong, Sam ; but I see how you are deceived, you cannot distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come *breeched to the capital* of late years.’

A countryman that lived in London three years, when he went home, a friend asked him, if he saw Whitehall. ‘ No,’ says he. ‘ Nor the Tower?’ says the other. ‘ No,’ says he. ‘ Strange,’ replied the other ; ‘ What could

could be the reason of it?' 'Why, truly,' says he, 'the Keeper of Newgate was so cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.'

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly old hock; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *hic, hæc, hoc*. However, the waiter paid no attention to his command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock. 'Really, gentlemen,' said he, I thought you had declined it.'

A poet going over Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, one who pretended himself a maimed soldier, begged an alms of him. The poet asked him by what authority he went a begging. —'Sir,' said the soldier, 'I have a licence.' —'A licence!' said the poet; *lice* I conceive thou may'st have, but *sense* thou can'st have none, to beg money of a poet.

A citizen was saying in company, that he had never seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said, (at the same time shewing him one of her ears, 'Here, Sir, is an ear of Rye, which, if you please, you may behold.' The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave her a pinch; Now, madam, said he, 'you have a *wry* face too.'

A puritan coming to a cheesemonger's shop to buy cheese, when he gave him one to taste, put his hat before his eyes to say grace. 'Nay,' said the cheesemonger (taking it away again) '*instead of tasting, I am afraid you intend to make a meal.*

A gentleman who had a numerous family, observing once at a table, that thank God he could digest any thing; another asked him how he digested his ten children? 'O, Sir,' (replied the gentleman) *I bring them up.*

A true original Receipt for composing a modern Love-Letter, adapted to the use of all the pretty Fellows within the Cities of London and Westminster.

TAKE five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies, fifty pounds weight of deceit, an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery :—Mix all these ingredients up together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity, sweetening it often with the words *Angel, Goddess, Charmer, Honey*, and the like.—When it is sweetened to your taste, take as much of it at a time as you think proper ; fold it up in gilt paper ; seal it with the impression of a flaming-heart full of wounds ; let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible.

Probatum est sapissime.

A Surgeon's 'Prentice, who was courting a young lady in Piccadilly, sent her the following card, in which he thought he was paying her a very elegant love-compliment. " Mr. Price's compliments to Miss Littlewood; the Jews, who were hanged yesterday, are now in Surgeon's Hall, where there will be a lecture on one of their bodies next Friday; and as, probably, Miss Littlewood never had the pleasure of seeing a dissection, Mr. Price will take care to get her admitted, with any other young lady of her acquaintance, *that may like the fight.*"

A certain widow lady told her son, who lived a very irregular life, that she was very angry with him for being so intimate with one who was the death of his father, and that she should rather expect it as a mark of his duty and affection, that he would endeavour to revenge his murder. *Who is it*, said the son, *who murdered my father ?* *I did not know my father was murdered !* O yes, said the mother, *he was, and the murderer's name is Intemperance.*

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer in the Company's service, said he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions hearts; for after he had

he had drank a bottle of it, he said, *he could talk for ever, and fight the devil.*

A gentleman just come from Ireland taking ready furnished lodgings in St. James's-street, was asked by the landlady, if he chose to find his own linen, which being answered in the affirmative; she added, and table linen too, I suppose, Sir? ' *No, madam, said the gentleman, nothing but my shirts and cravats.*

A certain gentleman celebrated for his whim, appearing in mourning when no death in his family had been heard of, one of his acquaintance asked him for what he mourned? ' *For a small relation,*' said he. — ' *Pray what small relation?*' ' *Why you must know my sister was with child, and she has miscarried.*

His present Majesty one day asked a very old gentleman in the Drawing-room, what Physician and Apothecary he made use of, to look so healthy at his time of life? ' *Sire, replied the gentleman, My Physician has always been a horse, and my Apothecary an ass.*

A poor hen-pecked and half-starved taylor dying, made the best of his way to the mansion of happiness, and knocking at the gate, was asked by the Porter, who was there? and being answered, a poor taylor, it was enquired, if he had been in purgatory? He answered, no; but I have been married: ' *O, said the porter, that's all the same, come in.*

Presently afterwards a fat Alderman, who had surfeited himself at a turtle feast, approached the gate, and in a haughty and magisterial manner demanded the door to be opened: ' *Halt, there, said the person who kept the keys, have you been in purgatory?*' ' *No, replied the Alderman, but what of that, I saw you let in that poor half starved taylor, and he had been no more in purgatory than I;*' ' *Aye, but he had been married;*' ' *Married, said the Alderman, why I have been married three times: —*' *Indeed, then pray go where you can, for this is not a place for fools.*

An old woman, who, through a variety of misfortunes, was reduced to retail fruit for a livelihood, was sitting one day by the road side with some apples; a gentleman riding by, said, 'What's o'clock? good woman.' She being very deaf, and thinking he asked the price of her fruit, replied, '*Twelve a penny, Sir*.' 'I ask you what's o'clock?' said he. '*I can't sell one more*, mumbled out the toothless old lady. Irritated at the folly of her answers, he cried, in a passion, 'I have a good mind to horsewhip you.' 'O, sir,' said she, '*if you won't, another will.*' This last reply convinced him of her infirmity, and he rode away smiling at the adventure, while the dame repeated to herself, '*Some people would have one's goods for less than they cost.*'

A poor man and a wealthy farmer had a suit at law; the poor man gave the lawyer a *pot of oil*, and was told that his cause was good: but no sooner was he gone, than the farmer came and presented a *fat hog*. The cause came on; and the farmer gained the day.—The poor man, after the trial, went to expostulate with the lawyer for his base conduct, saying, 'When I gave you a *pot of oil* you said my cause was good, but you have entirely neglected it.' 'Poor man,' said the lawyer, 'I am sorry for thee; *but you was no sooner gone, than a fat hog came in, and broke your pot of oil, which put the cause quite out of my head.*'

A gentleman arriving at Colchester one terrible cold and snowy night, and going to the kitchen at an inn, found the fire-place so furrounded, that he could not get near to warm himself, none having the good manners to make way for him; when he thought of this expedient to make a removal in his favour.

He called to the ostler, and bid him take care of his horse: 'Yes, Sir,' said Tom; 'and do you hear, fellow, is there any *oysters* to be got?' 'O, to be sure, Sir, as many as you please;' 'Why then fetch a barrel, and give them to *my horse*.' The man stared, 'Lord, Sir,' said he, '*will your horse eat oysters?*' 'Try him, try him,' said the gentleman. The oysters were got, and all

all the people went into the stable to see the horse eat them; they were put into the manger, but he turned away from them; they opened him some, but it was all the same, he would not touch them. The gentleman in the mean time had got a snug seat by the fire side; and on the company's coming in to inform him that his horse, do all they could, would not touch one of them, he very calmly replied, ' Well then, if he will not eat them, *I must eat them myself.*

It happened once in a mixed company at the *Thistle and Crown* a North Briton was very much chagrined at some sarcastical stroke, which had been made use of to heighten the good humour of the evening, and as he grew very loud and troublesome, a person proposed to tell a story, which would prove, that every Scotchman had absolutely forfeited his charter of going to heaven, through *pride*; this bold assertion soon produced silence, and the whole company were all attention.

Every person, says he, who is the least acquainted with the annals of Scotland, know that there was formerly a king of the isles, one of whom was called *Angus Mac Guffin, Mac Donald.*

This monarch, who had never more than a dozen courtiers to make up his retinue, amidst his poverty, had more pride than the greatest Emperor on earth; and every day, after he had dined, he used to have it *proclaimed by sound of trumpet, That ANGUS MAC GUFFIN MAC DONALD, THE KING OF THE ISLES, had dined; and now, said he, let aww the kings and princes of the earth gang to dinner; for* (turning to his courtiers) *did ye ever ken a greater monarch than Angus Mac Guffin, Mac Donald?* — They all knelt down but one, and said, *No*; when, observing this singular instance of disrespect, in the greatest fury he cried, '*Why dinna you kneel likewise, yon loon!*' 'Because, replied the person, I have heard of a greater monarch;' '*and wulla is he? tell me his name, or I will sever your head from your body!*' 'Wi, my Climone, (the man very modestly replied) the KING OF HEAVEN.' '*I ken not wulla he is,* said Angus, *but gang your gait to him as my ambassador,*

and tell him that unless he acknowledges Angus Mac Guffin Mac Donald, the King of the Isles, to be the greatest monarch that ever was, or can be, I will enter his kingdom with fire and sword.

The man departed, and having stayed about a month returned, and was saluted by the King of the Isles.—
‘ Well, you loon, have ye been to the king of Heaven? ’—
‘ And please your Majesty I have. ’ ‘ And what does he say? ’ He says, and please your Majesty, there is no necessity for entering his kingdom with *fire and sword*, as ’tis open to all men, who think proper to travel that way.’ *‘ Gang your gait back again, cried the enraged Angus, and tell him, that neither myself, nor any Scotchman from this time, shall ever enter his kingdom.’*

A country farmer had a very handsome daughter, and a raking young ’squire, who was his landlord, was very much smitten with her; but his pride of birth would not permit him to think of her as his wife. He often called at the old farmer’s and chatted with the girl, but she never gave him an opportunity to explain to her the cause of his frequent visits. However, at last, he thought of a scheme to get her in his power, and enjoy what he wanted. He went to the farmer, and telling him he expected a good deal of company to supper that evening, begged the favour of him to let his daughter come and assist his servants; and as it would be late before they went away, she might stay all night and lay with one of his maids.

The honest farmer thinking it an honor to have so great a man for his friend, promised she should come. But, after he was gone, the old man’s mind misgave him that it might be some trick; for the squire was well known to be the greatest rake in the county.—He was just thinking how he should get off from his promise, when the squire’s servant came to his house.

His master had told him to go and fetch the farmer’s *lass*, and to take a little nag and side-saddle for her to ride on. The man being deaf, thought he said the farmer’s *ass*, and accordingly came with that message.—The farmer, who guessed at the mistake, was highly pleased,

pleased, as the folly of the man was a good excuse to get off from his agreement without affronting the 'squire. —But the difficulty was, how they should make the *afs* sit on the side-saddle? for as fast as they lifted her up on one side she fell off on the other. The man was ready to burst with laughing; and the farmer, willing to carry on the jest, fastened her on with cords.

When John came home, it was dark; and his master was in the parlour with two or three gentlemen. John, thinking the 'squire was upon some fun, went in and told him softly, '*she's come.*' 'Well, said the 'squire, (speaking low) *take her into the little parlour, and make a good fire.*' — John did as he was ordered, and then going to his master again, ask'd him what he was to do next; the 'squire bid him tell the cook, '*to dress a fowl for her supper; and do you hear, said he, let every thing be in order, and let her have a bottle of wine.*' — John could hardly help laughing in his master's face; but he ran down to the cook, '*Lord, what do you think, Betty? the afs must not only ride on a side saddle, and be seated by the fire in the parlour, but she must have a chicken for her supper, and a bottle of wine!*' Upon hearing this, Betty join'd in a laugh with him, till their sides crack'd; but having more wit than he, she proposed to *eat the fowl, and drink the wine themselves, and to tell the 'squire she'd supped.* This was no sooner agreed to than done; and John, going to his master again, told him, '*She has supped, sir;*' 'Very well, said the 'squire, *tell Betty to put a pair of clean sheets on the best bed, and wait upon her to bed.*' John, on hearing this, gave a broad grin, and his master, with a smile, bid him go and do as he ordered him. — Betty now smelt a rat, and they pleased themselves to think how their master would be disappointed. But they were ready to die with laughing in making the *afs* lie in bed, and was obliged at last to lay her on her back, and tied her legs, with four halters, to the bed-posts. — This being done, John went in once more to tell his master, '*she was in bed.*' The 'squire now began to yawn, and appear sleepy, which made the company take their leave.

He

He then went up to the room, where he thought his charmer lay, but would not take a candle; he felt about the bed, and making many fine speeches to the ass, wondered he received no answer; thinking the lady was asleep, he stooped down in order to salute her, and hitting his head against the ass's nose, frightened the creature so, that with struggling, she broke the halter, and jumping off the bed, ran about the room. The squire, terrified out of his wits, did not know where to run for shelter, for he could not find the door, but every now and then run plump against the ass, who brayed—*a—ha, a—ha, a—ha!* The squire at length crept under the bed, where he roared out, *'Betty, John, Betty, John, O, the devil, the devil!'*

The servants, who had been without side the door all the while, and had no little diversion when they found he was almost terrified to death, opened the door, and brought a light, desiring to know what was the matter with his honour! The squire no sooner saw what was the cause of his fears, but he fell aboard of poor John, *'Did I not tell you, rascal, said he, to fetch the farmer's lass.'* John scratched his head, and begged his honour's pardon, saying, *he thought he had said his ass; and indeed Sir, added he, you would forgive me, if you was to know what trouble I have had in making the poor beast do as you ordered.*

A young lady having buried an old husband, whose name was Simon, and whom she married for money, employed a carver to make a statue of wood as much like him as possible, which (with seeming regard to his memory) she placed every night by her side in bed. A young gentleman, who was in love with her, one night bribed the servant-maid to let him lie in old Simon's place. The widow went to bed as usual, and threw her arms round the figure of her husband, (as she thought, and finding it warm, she crept closer, until she was convinced it was a better bed fellow than old Simon. —In the morning the maid came as usual to know what she would have for dinner. *'Why, said she, dress the*

the turkey that was brought yesterday; roast a leg of mutton with cauliflowers, and get a handsome dish of fish.—
 ‘Madam, said the maid, ‘we have not wood enough to dress so much victuals.’ ‘*Why then, said the mistress, you must e’en burn old Simon!*

A taylor’s boy, who had been ‘prentice about half a year, being at his father’s, his father asked him how he came on in his business? ‘*Very well, says the lad, I’m finisher now.*’ The father stared at the boy, and could not tell what he meant by it, as he had been so short a time, and knowing that finisher was the principal part. —‘Tom, (says he, *explain yourself?*)’ ‘O, says the boy, *that I can do in a crack. Why I brush them and carry them home, father.*

When Dr. Swift was Dean of St. Patrick’s, he was informed by one of the Chapters, that the Beadle of the cathedral was a poet. The doctor sent for him, and asked him some questions relating to his poetical talents, which he modestly disclaimed, asserting that he wrote only for his bell. It being winter, the doctor insisted he should compose some verses on the fifth of November, and repeat them under his window, which accordingly he did; and the dean was so pleased, that he rewarded the composer with a guinea, declaring at the same time, he was a better composer than Ambrose Philips. The following were the lines repeated under the dean’s window:

To-night’s the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
 That we were all t’have been blown up to-morrow;
 Therefore take care of fires and candle-light,
 ’Tis a cold frosty morning, and so good night.

The steward of a noble Lord’s estate in the country had commissioned, among other things, a peasant, who was going up to London (with the design chiefly to see the fine folks there) to carry to his lady a basket of peaches. This lady lived in the environs of Grosvenor-square, and the peasant, by the written directions on the
 basket]

basket, was enabled to find her house without much difficulty. Having told his errand at the door, to the porter, he was shortly after desired to step up stairs with his basket of fruit. — On the first landing-place he was accosted by three large monkies. Two of them of the male sex were richly dressed in blue and gold; had bag wigs, ruffles, and swords by their sides. The other, a female, was distinguished by her brocade petticoat, crimson silk mantua, two or three pair, thick set together, of long laced ruffles, a stomacher curiously ornamented with brilliant stones, a watch hanging by her side, a tête highly finished by a French friseur, and a cap in the modern taste, with a gaudy assortment of ribbon. As they grinned and cringed to the countryman, laying hold at the same time of his basket, he let it down to them; and not knowing what animals they were, or not distinguishing them immediately from the human species, he took off his hat to them with all the politeness he was master of, and made them several rustic bows. The monkies during his obeisances had made quick work of it, unpacking and rifling the basket. — Some of the peaches they had crammed into their pockets, others they had eaten, and others they threw again into the basket after biting them; so that when they had played their farce to the full, they all three scampered down stairs. The lady wondering what should detain the peasant, dispatched her waiting woman to hasten his coming. When he had presented his basket, ‘*What’s the matter here, said the lady in a passion, every thing quite discomposed, the peaches bruised and mangled, and the basket scarce half full; sure the fellow for his impudence deserves to be put in the stocks!*’ — ‘*Waunds, madam, replied the countryman; ‘the basket was brimming full, and not a finger laid upon a peach, till the two young gentlemen, your sons, and miss, your daughter, had met me on the stairs, and left it in the condition you see it.’* — The lady then recollecting the monkies, ‘*Ab! said she, I can’t be angry; it is a trick of the dear creatures, Jack, Tom, and Margot; but for the footman, who should have conducted you up stairs, I will discharge him this moment.*’

A baker was charged by a person in a different line, with purloining from the articles sent by the neighbours to his oven. He admitted the accusation to be well founded, and challenged his accuser to guard against his impositions. For this purpose he proposed a bet of one shilling's worth of punch, that out of three he would take one rib of beef without discovery. The proposal was readily accepted, and the meat brought to the baker's shop. He took off the rib, and with it the principal part of the flesh belonging to the adjoining one. In this state it was returned to the owner. A meeting was held to decide the wager. The baker asked if he had not performed his engagement? His opponent answered in the negative, for that the theft was evident. *'Why then, replied Burnt-crust, I must pay my shilling.'* Thus did he artfully turn the tables on his antagonist, and *for twelve penny-worth of punch, entitle himself to seven pounds of prime English roasting beef.*

A humourist asked a citizen the other day, *whether he would sooner kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast?* —The citizen honestly replied, *that he should prefer the latter.* To which the wag archly rejoined, *'I never thought you a man of the ton before, but I find now that you have more taste than feeling.'*

One of the Lords of the bed-chamber seeing his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales reading the other night in the House of Commons, begged to know what his Highness had got? *'Nothing, my Lord, said the Prince, but Secret Influence, Public Ruin, which certainly contains a great many very handsome compliments to the Lords of the Bed-chamber.'*

Some years since a certain judge pulled out his watch in company, and presently it was gone. His lordship hinted a search among the company, and every gentleman but one agreed to it; who drew his sword, and swore if any one attempted to search him before he was permitted

permitted to explain himself, he would dispatch him: and then declared he was an unfortunate gentleman, and could scarce keep from starving; but was sometimes admitted to dine with gentlemen, and if he had opportunity, did take some of the fragments and put in his pockets, and that at that time he had a leg of a fowl in his pocket, which he pulled out, and then submitted to be searched; observing, that if he had not told them his case before, he should have been rendered the contempt of the company. After some little interval of time, the Judge found his watch hitched in his robes, and by way of amends to the gentleman for exposing his poverty, made an ample provision for him for his life.

Sam. Foote was invited to a convivial meeting at the house of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval. Lord Sandwich was one of the guests upon the same occasion.—When the Comedian entered, the Peer exclaimed, *What are you alive still?* ‘*Yes, my Lord,* replied Foote: ‘*Pray Sam,* retorted his Lordship, *which do you think will happen to you first, the experience of a certain disease, or an intimate acquaintance with the gallows?*’ ‘*Why,* rejoined the comedian, ‘*that depends upon circumstances, and they are those, whether I prefer embracing your Lordship’s mistress, or, your principles.*’

When Colonel H—— arrived at K——e, as Governor of that place, the officers told him they hoped he would give a ball to the ladies. ‘*Ladies!* says he, ‘*ay, ay, I’ll give them a ball;—but it shall be a ball of worsted to mend their stockings.*’

A young fellow, who had more fortune than wit, being at dinner at the house of a gentleman of distinction, a young lady that was there was taken with a fainting fit, and while every body hastened to her assistance, some with smelling-bottles, and some with other helps, proper on such occasions; says the spark, with a sneer, ‘*There is no great danger, I suppose it is only a breeding quælm;*’ ‘*Sir,* says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe tone, ‘*the lady is a sister of mine, and has been a*
widow

widow these two years. ' Pardon me, replied the spark, who did not extremely like his looks, and was willing to palliate the offence, *' she looks so young and innocent, that I really took her for a maid.'*

Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link-boy cried, ' have a light, gentlemen ? ' ' Light yourself to the devil, you dog, ' says one of the company. ' *Bless you, master,* replied the boy, *I can find the way in the dark—shall I light your worship thither.*

A gentleman riding through a river, which he supposed deep, bid his servant go before. But he, to shew his politeness, replied, ' *I never will be guilty of so much ill manners ; pray, sir, do you cross over first.*

A man having a scolding wife, he swore he would drown himself ; she followed him, and desired him to forbear,—at least to let her speak with him. ' Speak quickly then, says he, ' *Pray husband, if you will needs drown yourself, pray take my counsel to go into a deep place, for it will grieve my heart to see you a long while dying.*

In a great storm at sea, when all expected to be cast away, they went to prayers ; in the midst of their devotion, a boy falls a laughing. The captain asked him, what he meant by it ? *Why, truly, sir,* said he, *I laugh at that man's fiery nose there, to think what a hissing it will make by and by, when it comes into the water.*

A physician's horse being out of order, he sent him to the farrier to be cured ; which being done, the Doctor went to pay him. ' No, said the farrier, *we Doctors never take money one of another.*

As a thief was going to the gallows out of the town, near Norwich, many boys run to see the execution ; which he seeing, called to them, saying, ' *Boys, you need not make so much haste, for there will be no sport till I come.*

A sharper of the town, seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, ‘*Do you smoke, sir?*’ ‘*Yes*, said the gentleman very gravely, *any one that has a design upon me.*’

One asked his friend, Why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife. ‘*Why*, friend, said he, *I thought you had known, that of all evils you should chuse the least.*

One took up a poker, and said to another, ‘you are as dead a man as ever breathed.’

A fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian proverb, *That three women make a market with their chatting*; ‘*Nay then*, said he, *add my wife to them, and they will make a fair.*

Two parsons meeting one day near the Chapter Coffee-house in Pater-noster-row, and the way being very narrow, the most pragmatrical of the two, who was loth to dirty his shoes, said to the other, who was nearest the houses, *Sir, I never give the way to a cockcomb!*—‘*Sir*, replied the other, moving to the outside of the posts, *I always do.*

A prating woman, who had lost most of her teeth, asked a physician the reason, she being young and healthy: ‘*I can’t guess at any other reason*, says he, *but that your tongue grates too much against them.*

Mr. H—— falling into company with a sea-officer at Bath, and the discourse turning upon hunting, the captain gave the following droll description of a chase;—‘*Our horses being completely rigg’d, we manned them to their full complement, and the wind being at north and by east, at seven ante meridian, a fleet of twenty, set sail over the Downs. In about three quarters of a watch we spied a hare*

a bare under a full gale; we tacked, and stood after her, crourding all the sail we could; but coming close up to her, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; however, getting close off, I stood after her again; but, unluckily, just as we were about to lay her aboard, bearing two much wind, my horse and I overset, and came keel upwards.

Three young sparks going into a tavern, saw an elderly gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him, and said, '*Father Abraham, I am glad to see you.*' The second entered the room, and said, '*Father Isaac, I hope you are well?*' The third followed them, and said, '*Father Jacob, shall we drink with you?*'—The old gentleman looked at them a short time with an air of contempt, and then replied, '*I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; but Saul the son of Cis, who was sent to seek his father's asses; and having found them, left them.*'—So went out of the room, and shut the door in their faces.

A bricklayer working on the top of a house, happened to fall down through the rafters. 'O!' says a stander-by, '*I like such a fellow as him mightily; for he is a man that goes through his work.*'

A gentleman writing a letter to his wife, as he was sitting at a table at a coffee-house, perceived he was overlooked by an Irishman. After he had wrote a line or two, he goes on, '*My dear, I should be more particular, but that I am overlooked by an impudent Irish son of a bitch, that stands behind me.*' 'What do you mean, says the Irishman, by abusing me in that manner? Do I overlook you?'

One seeing a painter writing false English, on a tombstone in a country church yard, told him of it. 'Phon says he, '*I know what I do well enough; for the people here are so penurious, that they won't go to the charge of good English.*'

Two young ladies of family, who both confessed to one spiritual father, for some fault they had jointly committed, were enjoined the same penance;—which was to wear peas in their shoes for three days;—the time being expired, one of them came to the other to enquire how she did, and at the same time complained that her feet were very sore, the peas having almost made holes in her flesh. On hearing her story the other burst into a laugh, and told her she was very well. ‘*For, says she, you foolish creature, I boiled mine.*

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him, how her nephew behaved himself? ‘*Truly, madam, says he, he’s a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine-Hall,*’ the name of a college there. ‘*I vow, said she, I fear’d as much; he had always a hankering after the wenches from a boy.*

A gentleman expressed his surprize that a celebrated painter could paint such pretty faces in pictures, and yet get very homely children. ‘*Oh, sir, says another, he makes the first by day-light, and the other in the dark.*

A gentleman sent for his taylor, who happened to be an Irishman, and told him, he had made his coat and waistcoat so little that he could not wear them, and ordered him to take them home, and let them out. The taylor promised to obey the order he had received, which he did in a very extraordinary manner. Some days afterwards, the gentleman wondering the taylor did not bring his cloaths home, altered according to his direction, sent for him, and when Paddy arrived, asked him what was become of his coat and waistcoat? ‘*By my soul!* says the ninth part of an Irishman, *I have obeyed your commands, and have let them out, and the devil burn me but I think I have made a very good bargain too, for they happened to fit a countryman of mine, and I have let them out to him at eighteen-pence a week, and he has engaged to wear them at that price for three months certain, whether he lives or dies.*

Dean swift bespo'e a pair of shoes of an eminent shoemaker in Dublin, but the time he promised to bring them home in, being elapsed, he sent for him. 'So, Doddridge, said he, *where are my shoes?*' 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Dean, answered Crispin, *but upon my word I forgot them.*' 'Very well, said the Dean, *come and take a walk with me in the garden;*' where they were no sooner come, than making, as if he had forgot something in the house, the Dean returned and locked the door after him. Poor Doddridge waited and waited, but no Dean appeared, till just as the bell rung for Patrick's prayers in the evening, when beginning to expostulate with him on such cruel treatment, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Doddridge, said he, *but upon my word I forgot it.*

Beau Nash soliciting a nobleman for a subscription to a public charity, his lordship being somewhat out of temper, put him off, telling him he would consider of it; but Nash begged his lordship would give him a positive answer then, yes, or no. To which the nobleman replied, 'No, I tell you, no;' 'I thank your Lordship, says Nash, taking out his list, *how much shall I set you down?* — 'What do you mean by thanking me?' returned the nobleman, *when I gave you a negative.*' 'Hold, my Lord, returned Nash, *you said no twice, and I need not inform your Lordship, that two negatives make an affirmative!* — Which repartee so pleased the nobleman, that he gave him a handsome subscription.

A soldier in Ireland, who having got his passport to go for England, as he went through a wood with his knapsack upon his back, being weary, he sat down under a tree, and opened his budget, and was going to eat some victuals he had there; but on a sudden he was surprized by two or three wolves, who coming towards him, he threw them scraps of bread and cheese, till all was gone; then the wolves making a nearer approach unto him, he knew not what shift to make, but by taking a pair of bagpipes which he had, and as soon as he began to play to them, the wolves ran away as if they had

had been scared out of their wits; whereupon the soldier said, '*A pox take you all, if I had known you lov'd music so well, you should have had it before dinner.*'

Queen Elizabeth seeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effects of her favors so soon as he expected, looking out of her window, said to him in Italian, '*What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?*' After a little pause, he answered, '*he thinks, madam, of a woman's promise.*' The Queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, '*Well Sir Edward, I must not confute you; anger makes dull men witty; but it makes them poor.*'

An Irishman wanting to cross the water, asked a waterman what he would have to carry him to the other side? the man said two pence. '*Arrah, my dear honey,* replied the Irishman, *that I will give you with all my heart.*' The man rowed him over, and when they were landed, the Irishman paid him two-pence, and asked him, if he was now on the other side of the water?—'*No, Sir,* answered the waterman, *you are on this side the water:*' Then, says the Irishman, *what shall I give you to carry me to the other side?* two-pence, replied the waterman. '*Arrah, now honey,* and will you be sure to carry me to the other side of the water for that, said the Irishman. The man assured him that he would, and accordingly rowed him back again. Being landed, the Irishman gave him two-pence, and then asked him if he was sure he was now on the other side of the water? The man replied, '*no, Sir, you are on this side the water.*' '*Why then joy,* said the Irishman, *I perceive you are an arrant fool; therefore I'll go to Black-friars, and walk over the bridge; for I find there is no getting on the other side of the water, but only by land-carriage.*

Sir Thomas More, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be beheaded on Tower-hill, the executioner demanded his upper garment as his fee; '*Ab, friend,* said he, *taking off his cap, that, I think is my upper garment.*

Several scholars went to steal rabbits, and by the way they warned a novice among them to make no noise, for fear of scaring the rabbits away. At last, he espying some, said loud in Latin, '*Ecce cuneculi multi!*' and with that the rabbits ran into their burrows: wherewith his fellows was offended, and chiding him for it, he said, '*Who the devil would have thought that rabbits unafraid of Latin!*'

A wench complained to a Justice, that Mr. such a one would have *refreshed* her; 'Thou meanest *ravished*,' said the justice. 'Yes, Sir,' said she, 'I meant so indeed.'—'I warrant, replies the Justice, this rogue has ravished thee many a time before now?' 'Yes, Sir,' said she, to aggravate the matter, 'twenty times at least.'

A citizen invited some of his neighbours to a feast: his son handing a glass of wine to a gentleman, accidentally spilt it on his hand, and for his carelessness, his father gave him a box on the ear; the son having recovered himself, gave the next man a good box: being asked the reason, he said, '*Come, come, let it go round, it will come to my father by and by, for I dare not strike him myself.*'

Scroggin being once very low in pocket, and meeting with a lord who was walking in the Court, thought to wheedle him out of a broad piece, and coming up to him, said, 'My lord, I had a strange dream last night, and now half of it is out;—for I dreamt that I met you here, and *that you gave me a broad piece.*' 'Well, says his lordship, then I will make out the other part,' and so gave it him. 'But stay, now I think on it, give me that again, for it is a piece my mistress gave me to keep for herself.' Scroggin readily returned it, in hopes of a better gratuity. 'Now, said my lord, I'll tell you my dream, that it may be out likewise—I dreamt, *that I gave a fool money, and he had not the wit to keep it;*' and so passed on, leaving Scroggin to scratch his ears, and fretting to be so outwitted.

A gentleman's cook forsook him, and went to serve another master. The gentleman meeting him some months after, attired all in green, said unto him, '*Me-thinks you look very green now a days.*' '*True, Sir,* answered the cook, '*for I am sowed in a good ground.*'

A London rider, returning home from a long journey very much fatigued, went to sleep at night without performing some duties, which his wife thought it necessary and indispensable for him to go through. The next morning, on going into the kitchen, he saw his boots burning upon the fire, and his spurs broke. Upon enquiring into the cause, his wife replied, '*Why, my dear, what occasion have you for boots or spur, when you know you have left off riding.*'

One evening, in a riot at the stage door of Drury-lane, Brereton wounded a young fellow, (who had drawn his sword upon him) slightly in the hand. The spark, presently after, came into one of the green boxes, over the stage door.—The play was *Macbeth*; and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, as Brereton repeated '*and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood,*' the young fellow bawls out,—“Aye—reeking indeed! “what does your conscience prick you?—you rascal, “that's MY blood you drew just now.”—The actor, giving him a severe side glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, '*Damn your blood, I say,*' and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.

A captain of a man of war, who had got a circle round him in one of the rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with some wonderful phenomenon which he had seen at sea; when, looking round, and perceiving a gentleman laugh, he grew angry, and said, he did not believe him. “Why, Sir (says the gentleman) did you see it?” “Yes, I did (answered he.) “Well, if you saw it (said the gentleman) I will believe it; but I would not if I had seen it myself.”

The

The captain, however, soon after returned the compliment ; for the gentleman was one of those who shot with a long bow, or, in other words, paid but little regard to truth, in his sallies of wit and humour ; and having told a most confounded story, the captain gave a hem ; upon which the other made up to him ; “ and so, captain, (says he) you won't believe this ? ” “ Why, yes, (says the captain) I will, to oblige you ;—but I would not believe such another damn'd lie for any man upon the face of the earth.”

A person describing a snuff-box he had seen, which was an *Egyptian pebble set in pinchbeck*, said it was a *gipsy's nipple set in pinch-gut*.

A certain poor unfortunate gentleman was so often pulled by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehension of them ; and going one day thro' Tavistock street, his coat sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happened to catch upon the iron spike of one of the rails ; whereupon he immediately turned about, in a great surprize, and cried out, ‘ *At whose suit, sir, at whose suit.*

A person one day meeting old Beveridge, asked him how he did ? Beveridge replied, If I answer you in Latin I am *sic, sic* ; if in English, *so, so*.—Well done, my old friend, says he, I think that's a good *so, so* sort of a pun.

A lady asked a gentleman who was dining at table with her ; ‘ Pray Mr. Moffat will you let me help you to a bit of hare ? ’ ‘ No madam, I thank you (answered he) *my belly is full of it.*

A person going down the river in a boat, hailed a ship as she went by. ‘ Ho ! says he, have you one *wise man* aboard you ? ’ To which they answered, ‘ No : ’ ‘ Then says he, you are *all fools*.

A married lady being asked if she had embraced her husband since his return from a long journey, 'No,' said she, that is not the part of a modest woman, my husband embraced me.

A person bought a pair of horns, and brought them home; his wife asked him what he meant: he said, to hang his hat on, 'Good lord,' says she, can't you keep your hat on your own head.'

A confident thief being arraigned before a Judge for felony; after the indictment was read, 'Now sirrah,' says the judge, what say you to this?' 'Say to it, my lord,' says the thief, I say it is very dirty business; and if I might advise your Lordship, I'd wish you not to meddle in't; for I am sure if you do, I shall get no good by it, nor your Lordship neither; for I shall go near to bind thee over to the peace.' 'For what,' says the judge? 'For making me stand in fear of my life,' said the thief. 'Well,' said the Judge, all this won't save you; for if you ben't hang'd, I'll be hang'd for you.—I thank your Lordship,' said the thief, and I hope you won't be out of the way; for I am sure I shall have occasion for you before a fortnight goes over my head.'—'Sirrah,' replied the Judge, you are an impudent rogue.' 'Not such a rogue as your Lordship—takes me to be.'

As a country fellow was selling his load of hay in the Haymarket some time ago, two gentlemen, who came out of the Blue Posts public-house, were talking of public affairs; one said, That things did not go on right; the King had been at the house, and already prorogued the parliament. The countryman coming home, was asked, What news in London? 'Ods heart,' said he, there's something to do there; the King has, it seems, *berogued* the Parliament already.

Lady V—— being asleep in her closet, with the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle before her, her Lord happened

pened to step in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the *Practice of Piety*, and so left her. When she awaked, she presently perceived the trick, and his lordship entering while the book was yet in her hand, he took occasion to compliment her on her ladyship's reformation. 'Nay, nay, answered my lady, let our reformation go hand in hand, I beseech you—when you, my lord, practice the *Whole Duty of Man*, then I'll read the *Practice of Piety*.'

A gentleman named Ball, being about to purchase a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the Colonel for approbation, who, being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no balls in his regiment: 'No, nor *powder* neither, said the gentleman, if your lordship could help it.'

A person in London, writing, or rather meaning to write to a friend in the country, to 'Direct to him at the Saracen's Head, Cornhill, or at Mr. Jocelyn's, an Apothecary, under the Piazza, Covent-Garden, wrote as follows: "Dyewreckt for me at the Sergant's Head in Cornwall, or at Mr. Jaw flings potty carrier, under the Phhs Common Gardiag."

Two girls of Whitechapel, disputing for precedence, one the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune. 'You are to consider, miss, said the brewer's daughter, that my papa keeps a coach.' 'Very true, miss, said the other, and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a *dray*.'

A Roman Catholic asked a Protestant, where his religion was before the time of Luther. 'Did you not wash your face this morning?' replied the protestant. 'Yes, answered the other. 'Then where was your face, said the protestant, before it was washed?'

A gentleman having received some abuse, in passing through one of the inns of Chancery, from some of the

impudent clerks, he was advised to complain to the Principal, which he did accordingly ; and coming before him, accosted him in the following manner ; ‘ I have been grossly abused here by some of the rascals of this house, and understanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.’

A certain Irish gentleman making strong love to a great fortune, told her, ‘ he could not sleep for dreaming of her.’

A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, said, for all she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense. ‘ Yes,’ says a pert young female in the company, ‘ country sense.’ ‘ Why faith, madam, says the fellow, country sense is better sometimes than London impudence.

A gentleman was relating in company, that he *saw* a terrible wind the other night. ‘ *Saw* a wind ? said another, I never heard of a wind’s being *seen* ! But, pray, what was it like ? —’ *Like to have blown my house down,*’ replied the first.

Counsellor C—— being very infirm and goutified from his excesses, meeting one day with an old friend of his, a permit officer of the custom house, the latter asked him how he did ? ‘ Ah !’ says the counsellor, you will not have me long amongst you.’ ‘ Come, come, says the other, do not be cast down ; you shall not have a *permit* to die yet a while.’ ‘ Shall not I, indeed,’ says the counsellor ? why then I would have you make a sharp look out for death ; for if you do not, by G——, I am afraid *be will smuggle me.*’

When the *Coterie* was first established, one of the general rules was, that *two* members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club. One of the elderly ladies, not so very scrupulous in *private*, was however for making an alteration in this rule, by insisting on the number

number being *three* ; ‘ for,’ says she, suppose a lady and gentleman might happen to meet first, would not it be a very awkward situation?’ ‘ Not at all, madam,’ said lord Har—g—n, who happened to be present, ‘ for you know, a gentleman and lady can readily make a *third*.’

When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire at Old Slaughter’s coffee-house; a gentleman just opposite to him, who was superscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engrossed the fire, calls out, ‘ Pray, young man, have you got any *sand* about you?’ ‘ No, friend,’ says Swift, ‘ but I have got some *gravel*, and if you will give me your letter, I *will piss upon it directly*.’

Two comedians belonging to Covent-Garden Theatre having a wager about which of them sung best, they agreed to refer it to doctor Arne, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion. — A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: ‘ As for you, Sir,’ addressing himself to the first, ‘ you are by much the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life.’ ‘ Ah, says the other, exultingly, ‘ I knew I should win my wager.’ ‘ Stop, Sir, says the doctor, ‘ I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, that as for you, by G—d, *you cannot sing at all*.’

The celebrated Paddy Blake going into a woollen-draper’s shop, in Cornhill, to buy a suit of cloathes, asked for some of his best *red scarlet*. The lad of the shop judging Blake from this question, as well as from his appearance, to be a proper person for jesting with first took down a piece of brown cloth, afterwards a piece of blue, and then several other colours, all of which he assured him were the very best *red scarlet*. From the in-

nocency of Blake's mind, he was some time before he could see the joke; at last watching a proper opportunity, he hit the lad a punch in the face, which immediately brought the blood streaming across the counter. — 'Ah! by J—s, says Paddy, 'see now that we could not hit it off before—*that's the very colour I wanted.*'

A certain smatterer in letters, being one day at the Bedford Coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse with great freedom all the modern literati, observing that there was very little wit, humour, or learning in the present age. Some time after Dr. Hayes, well known by the name of Count Hayes, came into the room, when a gentleman was telling him how his friend had been abusing the *moderns*. 'I have not the least doubt of his ill nature,' says Hayes, 'so he would *the ancients too, by G—d, if he knew their names.*'

Doctor Johnson sitting one night with a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, the ladies, by way of heightening the good humour of the company, agreed to toast 'ordinary women,' and to match them with 'ordinary men.' In this round, one of the ladies gave an old house keeper of Doctor Johnson's, blind of one eye; and another matched her with Doctor Goldsmith. This whimsical union so pleased the former lady, that tho' she had some pique with the latter in the beginning of the night, she run round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing that happened for the *'propos* of her last toast. 'Aye,' says Johnson, 'this puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's, that the quarrels of women are made up like those of ancient kings, *there is always an animal sacrificed on the occasion.*'

When the Duke of Grafton was a boy, he lived very much with his aunt, the present Countess of Harrington, and at this time of life, (though of a very thin delicate constitution) gave evident signs of an amorous disposition. — Among the rest of his amours, he very warmly solicited

solicited my lady's woman, and one evening behaved so indecently to her, that she was under a necessity of complaining to her lady. 'How is this, Sir,' says her ladyship, 'that you can behave so rude in my house?'—'Lord, ma'am,' says the other, 'to tell you the truth, Nancy did look so charming, *flesh* and *blood* could not refrain.'—'Come, come, Charles,' returned her ladyship, 'let me hear of no more such doings in this house: it may be an excuse for *flesh* and *blood*; but I am sure it can be none for *skin* and *bone*.'

It is common in the summer season for the inferior actors of the London theatres to go strolling from place to place about the country. The many merry incidents and odd adventures which frequently happen to them, would be very amusing and entertaining to every lover of theatrical diversions. In order therefore to gratify such readers, I shall here transcribe part of a letter from a country gentleman, wherein he gives a humorous account of a set, to his friend in London.

"The performers at our rustic theatre, are far beyond those paultry strollers who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or cowhouse; for (as their bills declare) they are a company of comedians from the Theatres Royal; and I assure you they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a crowd of weavers and hardwaremen have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. ———, at the particular desire of several ladies of distinction.

"I was vastly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and fore-finger, which, had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff:

but I could easily account for the cause of this singular gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dextrous Mr. Clippit, the candle-snuffer.

“ You would laugh to see how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played Cato; and their Marcia was such an old woman, that when Juba came on with his ‘*Hail! charming maid!*’ the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was surprized to hear an eager lover talk of rushing into his mistress’s arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and desiring (in the tragedy rapture) to ‘*bug thus, and thus for ever,*’ tho’ he always took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance. —But I was afterwards very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arm’s length. —The entertainment was Lethe; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied its place by gabbling in his native Welch.

“ The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company is as extraordinary as the performers. Othello raves about a checked handkerchief; the ghost in Hamlet stalks in a postilion’s leather jacket for a coat of mail; and Cupid enters with a fiddle-case slung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the house, for lending them a pestle and mortar, to serve as the bell in Venice Preserved; and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing them with basons of blood, to besmear the daggers in Macbeth. Macbeth himself carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon; and as the breaking of glasses would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint pot at the sight of Banquo’s ghost.

“ A fray

" A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audience. It seems there had been a great contest between two of these mimic heroes, which was the fittest to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very round-shouldered, and one of his legs, was shorter than the other; but his antagonist carried the part, because he started best in the tent-scene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both rushed in upon the stage at once; and bawling out together, '*Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,*' they both went through the whole speech without stopping."

An Address to the *Dutcheſs of Devonſhire*.

Why is a *gardener* the moſt extraordinary man in the world?

Because no man has more buſineſs on *earth*. He always chuſes good *grounds* for what he does. He commands *thyme*, is maſter of the *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal*. He raiſes his *celery* every year; and it is a bad year that does not bring him a *plumb*. He meets with more *boughs* than a miniſter of ſtate. He makes more *beds* than the French king, and has in them more *painted ladies*, and more genuine *roſes* and *lilies* than are to be found at a country wake. He makes *raking* buſineſs more than his diverſion, as many other gentlemen do, but makes it an advantage to *his* health and fortune—which few others do. He can boaſt of more *rapes* than any other rake in the kingdom; his wife, nevertheless, has enough of *lad's* and *heart's eaſe*, and never wiſhes for *weeds*. Diſtempers fatal to others never hurt him. He walks better for the *gravel*, and thrives moſt in a *conſumption*. He can boaſt of more *bleeding hearts* than your ladyſhip, and more *laurels* than the Duke of Marlborough. But his greateſt pride, and the world's greateſt envy is—that he can have *Yew* when he pleaſes.

A wild

A wild young gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous, young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out, at his return from his travels, that she was dead, and had been buried: in the mean time, she had so placed herself in disguise, as to be able to observe how he took the news; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant man he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprized. A person by, said, 'Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before.' 'Ay, replied he, *most men are more afraid of a living wife, than of a dead one.*'

A gentleman riding near the forest Whichwood, in Oxfordshire, asked a fellow what that wood was called? — He said, 'Whichwood, Sir.' 'Why, that wood?' — 'Whichwood, Sir.' 'Why, that wood, I tell thee.' — He still said, 'Whichwood.' 'I think, (says the gentleman) the man is *Wood*.' 'Yes, says he, I believe one of us is so—but I can't tell *Which*.'

Upon an extraordinary occasion, there was a ball at Wapping. The men concerned in it were made up of a crew of sailors and colliers. The colliers, who came in last, observing the sailors, contrary to their expectation, to be spruced up in their best cloaths, withdrew into another room to wash their faces, and brush themselves; when the head of the Colliery, who was more cunning than the rest, said to them, '*Look ye, lads, it is all fruitless pains; if you will be ruled by me, let us go into the great room, and jostle among the sailors for their places; and I'll engage, tho' we cannot make ourselves as clean as they are, we shall quickly make them as black as ourselves.*'

A woman having a cross-grain'd husband, hard to please, she desired him to write down what she should do, and what she should not do, that she might not err in her performance: This was done, and she well observed

served her rules ; when one day going a mile or two to visit a friend, the good man got light headed, and on his return home, reel'd into a ditch, calling to his wife to help him out. *' Indeed, husband, said she, I remember no such article in my orders ; but I'll go home and see ; and if there be, I'll come and help you ; or else you must get out as well as you can, for I am resolved not to break them.*

A gentleman at Enfield, being much in debt, was obliged to keep house close ; a Bailiff, who had been promised a great reward to take that gentleman, having made several attempts in vain to snap him, at last, resolved upon one that he thought could not fail ; so pretending himself in despair, came by the gentleman's parlour window, (which was next the street, and where he sat writing every day) and pulling out of his pocket a halter, made a noose, and seem'd as if he intended to hang himself therewith ; a grindstone being before the door, upon which he got up, and threw the rope over a bough of a tree, and fastened it, and then put his head in, concluding the gentlemen would whip out, and so he should arrest him. But as the Devil would have it, the grindstone, which stood firm like a rock for him to get up, tumbled down as soon as ever the halter was about his neck. The innocent, unwary gentleman seeing what pass'd, sally'd out, to cut the rope and save the man ; but the bailiff's follower lying in ambuscade, snap'd the gentleman as soon as ever he peep'd out, and carried him off, and let his master hang, who carried the jest too far. And when the gentleman told the Bailiff's Follower, that his master would soon be dead if he did not cut him down. *' Let him be damn'd, said he, I have got my prize, and I shall have the reward, and my master's place too.*

When *Dun* that kept the *Assembly House* at *Hackney*, being himself in a room with some witty gallants, one of them (which it seems knew his wife) too boldly cry'd out in a fantastick humour, *' I'll lay five pounds, there's a cuckold in the company ; 'tis Dun, says another.'*

A cobbler

A cobbler was sitting in his shop singing merrily; his song was this, 'Tamberlain *was, and he was; and* Tamberlain *was, and he was;*' and continued so singing, and nothing else, many times together; which a gentleman that pass'd by, took notice of, and said to the cobbler, 'Prithee, friend, what was he?' 'Why, says the cobbler, *as arrant a fool as yourself, for ought I know.*'— 'Sirrah, says the gentleman, you are a rascal; come out, and I'll kick you.' 'No, Sir, says he, 'tis no matter, *I thank you for your love as much as if I had it, for I don't want kicking.*' 'Sirrah, says the gentleman again, *come out, and I'll give you a kick.*' 'No, Sir, says he, you need not trouble yourself, *I won't come if you'll give me two.*

Johnson being one evening at a tavern-club seated at the upper end of the table amongst his ingenious sons, and talking eternal poetry, was often interrupted by a country gentleman, who would permit no other discourse to pass about but what tended to tillage and husbandry; what rich pasture-ground was in his country, the price of corn, and cure of cattle; which so incensed Johnson, that he could forbear no longer, but let fly at him in this language: 'Thou Clod, why dost thou mingle thy dirty discourse with our sublime fancies? I tell thee, *for every acre thou hast of land, I have ten acres of wit.*' 'Have ye so, Sir, replied the gentleman, *I cry your mercy, good Mr. Wise-Acres!*' Johnson was so highly taken with the jest, that he swore he was never *so pricked by a hobnail in all his life-time.*

A man and his wife that formerly had lived well together, grew to be poor, and both of them lov'd the pot well; and it happened that a friend of hers met her and gave her six-pence; so she came home with joy to her husband, saying to him. 'What shall we have, my dear husband, for we are rich now.' 'Wife, says he, 'tis your own, do what you will with it.' 'Why then, says she, let me see—we'll have—stay—we'll have, now I think on't, a groat's worth of bread and two-pence drink.—' 'Do what you will, Sweet-heart, says he, 'tis your own.'

own.' Then she goes out of doors, and comes back again, saying, 'No, now I think on't, husband, we'll have four penny-worth of drink, and two penny-worth of bread?' 'Do what you please, says he, 'tis your own.' Out she goes again, but comes in presently, 'O husband, says she, now I think better on't, I am resolved to have five penny-worth of drink, and a penny in bread.' 'Do what you please, says he, my dear, 'tis your own.' Then out she goes, and comes immediately back again, 'I'm now fully resolved to have it all in drink, and beg a toast of them.' 'O dear wife, says he, *thou hast won my heart for ever. Come, I'll give thee a buss; but be sure to let us have it quick, quick, quick, you rogue. Well, Sweet-heart, says he, how happy it was that thou wentest out to-day.*'

One being asked what countryman he was, he answered, 'A Middlesex man.' The other told him, '*being he was neither of the male sex, nor of the female sex, but of a Middle-sex, he must then be an Hermaphrodite.*'

A gentleman invited to his table many guests, and provided for them divers dishes of meat, amongst the rest, there being a leg of mutton, one in the company took it, and fell so homely to work with it, that he pared off all the flesh, and laying it in scraps in the dish, called to a servant to break the bone for him, which one perceiving that sat next the gentleman that invited them, jogged him, and shewed him how uncivilly the party behaved; whereupon the gentleman, a little mov'd, yet unwilling to be too plain, began a tale to the whole table, thus: —'I was, quoth he, not long since with a friend of mine that much delighted in hunting, and after our sport, coming home, he would needs see his dogs fed before he would eat any thing himself; which I laboured to dissuade him from, in regard he was in a very fair new white fatten suit, which amongst the dogs received some hurt, but rather wished him for that time to suffer some of his servants to do it: all would not prevail, but into the yard where the dogs were kept he went; whither
he

he was no sooner come, but one of the dogs that was all mire and dirt fell to romping on him; and albeit, the dog spoiled his fair suit, yet he rebuked not the dog, but on the contrary cherished him; which I perceiving, said to my friend, '*Sir, what do you mean to suffer a scurvy dog to spoil such a suit as that is?*' '*Alas!*' replied my friend, '*what would you have me do to him, you see as well as I he is but a puppy.*' Which he had so sooner spoken, but by all the company was applied to him that had so spoiled the mutton.

One Captain *Broughton* (who lived by his wits) visiting a friend in the Tower, about dinner-time his friend being absent, in his walk, he saw divers dishes of meat, and bottles of wine, carried up to a lord's lodging, and immediately after followed the guests, among which the Captain puts in with the rest, and sits down to dinner, where he eat and drank freely; but often the lord had an eye upon this stranger, and seeing him very familiar, after dinner he enquired of his guest, whose relation he was? Which the Captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these words, '*My lord, do you not know me?*' '*No indeed, Sir,*' said the lord. Quoth the Captain, '*sure you do, my lord; for you and I have been in all the prisons in England.*' '*How?*' (said the lord) '*I never was in any but this of the Tower in my life.*'— '*True, my lord,*' (answer'd the Captain) '*and I have been in all the rest.*'—At which jest the lord and his company laugh'd heartily, and told him he was welcome.

A little boy being cutting some bread and butter, says his brother to him, '*Why did you not cut me some, when you were cutting some for yourself, you bastard you?*' '*What,*' says he, '*d'ye call my mother whore, you son of a bitch?*' '*If I am the son of a bitch, then you are a whelp:*' '*and so are you,*' says t'other.

A young married woman, in the morning being a bed, was trying to put her heel over her neck; which being done, she could not get it back again, but with striving tumbled

tumbled off the bed. Her husband being in the shop, and hearing a great noise, sent up his apprentice, a raw country boy, to see what was the matter; who came down, and told his master, that his mistress was bewitch'd, *or turn'd into an owl*; and that she had fallen off the bed, and with *her fall had got a great gash in her shoulder.*

One was jeered for riding with one spur, 'Faith, says he, *if one side of my horse goes on, it is not likely the other side will stay behind.*

'Were I a lord,' says a country boy; 'What then,' says one of his companions. 'O then (says he) *I would eat my belly full of fat bacon, and swing upon a gate all day long.*

A country-fellow overthrew a cart full of onions into a pool full of water, 'Hab, said he, there wants nothing but *salt and oatmeal* to make good porridge.

A young bride undressing herself unwillingly, and crying. "Well, child, says her mother, *I wish I were to take thy place to-night.*

A soldier said, he had been in so many battles, and had been so battered with bullets, that he swore he had a mine of lead in his belly.

A certain Turk having lost his ass, came to the muezin, or cryer, desiring him to give notice at the door of one of their mosques. Which he did for three several festivals. But no news being heard of the animal, the owner urged the muezin to continue his former proclamations, with the reward of a fat pig to the finder. The muezin being an arch wag, and tired with the fellow's importunity, one day, when the ceremonies of their superstitious worship was over, and people flock'd amain out of the mosque, he made this following proclamation. *If there be any man here amongst you, who will come forth,*
and

and solemnly profess he never was in love, he shall have a fat pig.

An ungainly looiberly fellow, who was leaning listning on his staff, bawl'd out, *That he could safely take his oath, he was the person who had never been in love.* Whereupon the muezin taking him by the sleeve, presents him to the Turk, saying, *Here, friend, I have found your ass, the pig is mine.*

It is a custom with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the gaol, and bargain for the carcase with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so last session, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. —The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, 'Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half-starved all his life, and is now half-dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever liv'd highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest swells to your knife, and after *Jack Catch* has done, upon my honour you'll find me as sound as ever a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings, I am your man.' —Says the Surgeon, 'Done, there's a guinea.' — This witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries, — '*a Bite.* — *I'm to be hang'd in chains.*'

An intimate acquaintance of the late Sir Richard Steele dined with him one day after he had been lately married, and just then set up a chariot. His lady two or three times at dinner, asked him, if he used the *chariot* that afternoon? To which he only answered '*oysters*' When the table-cloth was taken away, she said, 'Well, my dear, I'll take the chariot.' To which he again reply'd, '*oysters, my dear.*' — She dropt a curtesy, and confessed she was in an error, and stood reprov'd. — On her retiring,

Sir

Sir Richard's friend thus addressed him. 'Sir, as absurd as your answer might seem to others, I know your manner so well, that I am assured there is some moral instructions in your word *oysters*; as it must be some gentle, humorous reproof, do me the favour to let me into the secret of it.'—'You know, says Sir Richard, we have just set up a chariot; and being apprehensive it might have such an effect on my wife's heart, and that she might inconsiderately talk of it too much, thereby betraying a weakness of mind I would have gladly prevented, I told her a story of a young fellow who had lately fet up an equipage, and had always the vanity to be talking of it;—which was as follows:

Ned Sparkish, on the death of his elder brother, left the attorney, to whom he was clerk, set up an equipage, and commenced Petit Maitre. He was so fond of his chariot, that he was seldom out of it, or making some mention of it. He was one day walking with some gentlemen in the Mall, when one of them asked him to be of their party to dine at a famous eating-house at Charing cross.—'With all my heart, my dear, says Ned;—I'll step to my servant and give some orders about my chariot, and be with you again in a moment.' On this, another gentleman said, 'How can you ask that coxcomb to be with us? we shall hear of nothing else but his chariot. I'll lay half a dozen of French wine he talks of it within ten minutes after he comes into the room.' 'As I think that impossible, says another, it is a bet.'—Ned by this time joined them again, and they went to Locket's. They were scarce in the room, when the gentleman who laid the wager, proposed to have some *oysters* before dinner as a whet; but at the same time feared there were none fresh enough at that end of the town, and proposed to send to Billingsgate for some. It was objected that would take too much time, otherwise they approved of his motion.—'Nay, says Sparkish, let that be no objection; my chariot is at the door, and I'll dispatch Tom away with it immediately, and he may bring the *oysters* in half an hour at farthest'—You see, continues Sir Richard, the intent of this story, on how absurd

a foundation soever it may be built: I told it my wife as a family-piece of instruction; and you see that she has good sense enough, on the mention of *oysters*, to see and to confess her error.

A gentleman crossing Moorfields, was followed by a middle-aged shabby fellow importunately begging for six-pence. The gentleman wondered at his odd demand, and told him he had not for him: but the fellow walked along, repeating his entreaties—till finding no likelihood of success.—‘ Well, Sir, says he, with a melancholy air, ‘ I shall trouble you no more!—but that small matter would have saved me from doing what I shall now be forced to do!’—Then fetching a deep sigh, he shook his head, and slowly moved away. The strangeness of his words and behaviour struck the gentleman; this poor creature, thought he, by want is grown desperate, and shall my refusal of such a trifle drive him to extremities? With that calling back the fellow, ‘ Here, friend, is six-pence for thee; but prythee tell me the meaning of what you said just now.’ The fellow thanked him, and pocketing the money, ‘ Why truly master, replied he, I’ve been begging here this whole day to little purpose, and unless your charity had saved me from it, *must have been forced to work, the thoughts of which gave me no small disquiet.*

A certain colonel, whose flight it was, when he had drank a glass or two to much, to fire off and play tricks with his pistols. One night the colonel having drank too freely, ordered his footman, who was an Irishman newly hired, to bring his pistols. Teague obeyed; the colonel loaded them both, and, having locked the door, commanded his man to hold one of the candles at arms length, till he snuffed it with a ball. Prayers and intreaties were in vain, and comply he must, and did, tho’ trembling; the colonel performed the operation at the first attempt, then laying down his pistols was going to unlock the door. Teague catches up that which was loaded, ‘ Arra maister, says he, but I will be after
having

having my shoot too.' The colonel call'd him rogue and rascal to no purpose, *Teague* was now vested with power, and would be obeyed. Accordingly his master extended the candle, but this being the first time of *Teague's* performing, he not only missed, but shot off a button from the colonel's coat. So narrow an escape had a good effect, and cured him of this humour of turning marksman in his cups.

A ship called the *Dorothy*, commanded by captain *Thwaits*, called at *Atcheen* for refreshments in her way from England to Bengal; and two English gentlemen residing then at *Atcheen*, went on board to furnish them selves with what European necessaries they had occasion for; and amongst other things, they bought some *Norwich* stuffs for cloathes, and there being no English taylor to be had, they employed a *Surat* taylor, who kept a shop on the Bazaar, or great market-place, and had generally half a dozen or half a score workmen to sew in his shop. It was an old elephant's custom to reach in his trunk at doors or windows as he passed along the side of a street, begging decayed fruits or roots, which the inhabitants generally gave him.

As he was one morning going to the river to be wash'd, with his *Carnack*, or rider on his back, he chanced to put his trunk in at the taylor's window, and the taylor prick'd him with his needle, instead of giving an alms. The elephant seem'd to take no notice of the affront, but went calmly on to the river, and was washed, and being done with washing, troubled the water with one of his fore feet, and then sucked up a good quantity of that water into his trunk, and pass'd unconcernedly along the same side of the street where the taylor's shop was; he put in his trunk at the window, and blew his nose on the taylor with such a force, and quantity of water, that the poor taylor and his life-guard were blown off the table they work'd on, almost frightened out of their senses; and the English gentlemen had their cloaths spoiled by the elephant's comical, but innocent revenge.

The

The activity and hardiness of Charles XII of Sweden, are well known: he was on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom, almost entirely alone. In one of these rapid excursions he met with a very singular adventure. Accompanied only by a few guards, whom he had left far behind, his horse fell dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirts his horse, claps the whole furniture upon his own back, and, thus accoutred, marches to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off. Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind; therefore, without further ceremony, he claps on his saddle and housings with great composure, and was just going to mount. When the gentleman who owned the horse was informed of the matter, he asked the king, bluntly, how he came to meddle with his horse, having never seen him before? Charles easily replied, squeezing his lips as was his way, that he took the horse because he wanted one. 'For you see, continued he, 'if I have none, I must be obliged to carry the saddle myself.' This answer did not satisfy the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword: In that the king was not much behind-hand with him, and to it they went. When the guards now came up, testified that surprize which is natural at seeing arms in the hands of a subject against his king, the gentleman was not less surprized than they, at this undesigned insult upon Majesty. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, called him a brave fellow, and assured him that he should be provided for. He was not worse than his word. The gentleman was afterwards promoted to a considerable command in the army.

Mr. Glover, the late dancing-master to the royal family, being in company with Picard the fencing-master, and the conversation turning upon their different professions,

fessions, each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other. At length words arose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms, next morning, in Hyde park. The combatants met. When Picard drew his sword, Glover drew his lit, and began to play a minuet, saying, '*Why don't you dance?*' Picard was very angry, exclaiming, '*He did not understand being trifled with.*' 'No, said Glover, *I don't trifle with you. This proves the superiority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse without the assistance of any one.*'

Quin, the celebrated comedian, when at Bath, dined along with some other gentlemen one day at a lady's house, who was a prodigious admirer of his ability as an actor. In the course of conversation, she addressed him in these words. 'Mr. Gwynn, I was once vastly entertained with your playing the ghost of Gimblet at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of quails upon the frightful porcupine. Do, pray, spout a little the ghost of Gimblet.'—'Madam, said Quin with a glance of ineffable disdain, *the ghost of Gimblet is laid, never to rise again.*' Insensible of this check; she proceeded, 'Well, to be sure, you looked and talked so like a real ghost; and then the cock crowed so natural, I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact, in the very nick of time; but, I suppose, he's game—an't he game, Mr. Gwynn?'—'Dunghill, madam.' 'Well, dung-hill, or not dung-hill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor, that I wish I had such another at my house to wake the maids in the morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?'—'Probably in the wor house of St. Giles's parish, madam; but I protest I know not his particular mew.'—'Good God, sister, cried her brother, how you talk! I have told you twenty times, that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn.'—'Hoity toity, brother, she replied, no offence, I hope! Gwynn is an honourable name, of true old British extraction. I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs. Helen Gwynn, who was of his own profession; and, if so be that were the case, he might

might be of King Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins. 'No, madam, answered Quin with great solemnity, 'my mother was not a whore of such distinction.— True it is, I am sometimes tempted to believe myself of royal descent; for my inclinations are often arbitrary.— *If I was an absolute prince, at this instant, I believe I should send for the head of your cook in a charger. She has committed felony on the person of that John Dory, which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even presented without sauce.*'

Once as the prince of Conde was passing on foot thro' a town in France, under his father's government, the chief magistrate of the place, who was an old man, met him, and began to make an oration with the best rhetoric he could. But the prince being in a frolicsome humour, took advantage of a very low congee the old gentleman made him, and leaped over his head, and stood still behind him. The magistrate not taking any notice of this wild prank, turned very gravely about, and addressed himself with a new obeisance, but not so low as the former. However, the nimble prince caught him upon the half bent, and setting his hand upon the old monsieur's shoulders, whipt over again the second time; which quite spoiled his intended speech, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

A constable whose name was *Nott*, being upon the watch, a jolly fellow who had some little knowledge of him, was brought before him; and then demanding where the constable was, the other strutting with his staff, said, I am he. 'You are *Nott* the Constable, replied the other.' 'Then said Mr. Constable *Nott*, I say I am the constable, and that you shall find to your sorrow, if you dare deny my authority once more. 'You do not hear me, reply'd the other, deny your authority; for I say, *you are Nott the Constable.* Well, take him to the Compter. And the next morning the Constable's ignorance appearing, in not knowing his own name, when he heard it, he was ordered to pay the fees; and give the party he had committed a treat of a guinea, to be friends with him.

A bookseller's wife having occasion to call at his printer's, and being pressed to sit down, Mrs. Type who was in the room, either through pride or bashfulness, never opened her lips the whole time. A gentleman present taking notice of such strange behaviour, asked the lady, in a whisper, what it could be owing to?—'O my dear Sir, said she, very smartly, *a Title-Page has very few Words.*'

During Lord Townshend's residence in Dublin, as viceroy, he often went in disguise thro' the city. He had heard much of the wit of a shoe-black, known by the name of blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door; having found him out, he stopped to get his boots cleaned, which was no sooner done than his lordship asked Peter to give him change for half a guinea? 'Half a guinea! your honor (said the ragged wit) change for half a guinea from me! by G—Sir, *you may as well ask a Highlander for a knee buckle!*—His lordship was so well pleased, that he left him the bit of gold, and walked off.

When Churchill finished his Rosciad, he waited on a well-known publisher with the copy, who was at that time busily employed in a work that made much noise in the world. The bookseller suffered so severely by the publication of poetry, that he was determined to have nothing more to do with the rhyming pupils of Apollo, unless the author would make such a deposit as would secure him from any loss. This, Churchill would not comply with.

The bookseller recommended a worthy young man to him, who had just ventured his little fortune in the uncertain sea of ink, and who would probably run the hazard of the publication. Churchill waited on him, and found every thing to his wish. The publication was advertised, and five days elapsed before ten copies were sold.—Churchill was thunderstruck: the bookseller was little less. At the end of four days more he called again, and found six copies more had gone off! The poet, conscious of the merit of his poem, was almost frantic, and hurried

to a friend to acquaint him with his hard fortune. His friend, who was intimate with Garrick, posted to him in the morning, and informed him what a beautiful picture of his astonishing abilities there was exhibited in the *Rosciad*. Garrick swallowed the gilded pill instantly, sent for the poem, read it, and founded its praises wherever he visited that day. The next evening the publisher had not a single copy left, and in a few weeks so many editions went off, that Churchill found himself richer than any poet whose estate lay at that time in Parnassus.

Mr. B—t of Covent-Garden Theatre, has been remarked through life for the brilliancy of his conversation. —Some years ago, when he belonged to Mr. Whiteley's company of strollers, he observed to the manager in a *tete-à-tete* conversation, how passionately fond he was of vegetables. 'Pray Mr. Brett, said the old man, what sort of vegetables are you fondest of?' 'O! replied the little operational gentleman, smacking his lips, of all vegetables in the world, give me a leg of mutton and a jowl of salmon.'

The same gentleman not long since, in the Green-room of Covent-Garden Theatre, exhibited a fine pair of buckles of the Artois fashion. 'Bless me! said one of the ladies, Mr. B—t you are ever changing your buckles?' — 'O yes, Ma'am (replied the gentleman) *I am a great epicure in buckles!*'

When the news arrived of Mr. Martyr's death, who it is well known died of a broken heart through the incontinency of a certain lady; one of the performers announced the intelligence in the Green-room, without making the distinction between Mr. and Mrs. 'What, said Mrs. Webb, with surprize, is Mrs. Martyr dead?' — 'No, replied Mr. Hull, very pointedly, *it is the Martyr!*'

The first night the pantomime of *Fortunatus* was performed last season, at Drury-lane Theatre, a player was placed

placed at the wing to go on and relieve one of the *petrified* figures that appear in succession in that piece. —
 ‘Go on! go on!’ (said the Prompter, when it came to his turn) ‘tis not my turn yet (said the fellow) I am not to go on ’till Mr. Grimaldi is *putrified*.

The day before Miss Satchell was married, she was in a company where the merit of the *great Kemble* was the topic: a lady turned to Miss Satchell and asked her with a significant smile, ‘which was the *great Kemble*?’ —
 ‘Upon my word, said the young lady, with a deep blush, I cannot now inform you.’ In a day or two after the nuptials, the lady paid her a visit of congratulation, and asked her if the *great Kemble* had been to visit her? —
 ‘Visit me! visit me!’ (said the pretty bride) ‘*Lord my dear, I am in possession of the great Kemble!*’

A young woman from the country, being sent by her mistress, who lived in Fleet-street, for a pound of loaf sugar, went to a baker’s in the neighbourhood for it; upon which the baker, to carry on the joke, filled a two-penny loaf with a pound of moist sugar, and sent her back with it, desiring her to tell her mistress, he had no other loaf-sugar in the house.

The late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George’s, Southwark, where he had been many years rector, called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account; to prevent being first asked for a settlement, enquired if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of 17s in favour of the tradesman; the doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some half-pence, a little silver, and a guinea, Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprize, exclaimed, ‘Good God, Sir, you seem to have got a *stranger* there?’ ‘Indeed I have Mr. Fig,’ (replied the wit, returning it again very deliberately into his pocket) ‘and before we part, we will be better acquainted.’

The following anecdote has been related by an American gentleman who arrived a few days ago in London, and may be depended on as a fact.—When the British and American armies were near each other in the neighbourhood of German Town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled in the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army: he immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender; they supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters. General Washington wondering at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, ask'd him, how he a single man could capture five? 'Why (says the Irishman) please your Excellency, by Jafus, *I surrounded them!*'—The General, who was very seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

A gentleman coming into a bookseller's shop, enquired if they had got any commentators [*commentaries on the Bible.*] The man astonished at the question, replies '*common tators!*' why, Sir, this is a bookseller's; but there is a green grocer's a little higher up, where I fancy you may procure *tators* of any sort you may require.

An Englishman and Dutchman disputing about the goodness of their different countries: says the Dutchman your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it; you have your Portsmouth's, your Plymouth's, your Yarmouth's; and you are all mouths together. 'Ay,' replies the Englishman, and you have your Amsterdam's, and your Rotterdam's, and *G—d d—n you all together, say I.*

A sharper at Edinburgh seeing a gentleman going to the Scot's Bank most superbly dressed, schemed to himself a plan to get possession of his coat, which he affected in the following manner;—he takes out of his pocket a sharp

sharp penknife, with which he goes behind the gentleman, and rips down the seam behind, from top to bottom, and then accosts the gentleman as follows : ‘ Sir, I beg pardon for the freedom I am going to take with you, but seeing the taylor has forgot to sew your coat behind, I think proper to acquaint you therewith ; the gentleman astonished, replies, ‘ Why I but just received it from my taylor’s as I came out, the gentleman put his hand behind him, and found the sharper’s story too true, and lamented what he should do, his residence being some way off, and the business requiring immediate dispatch, the sharper begged the gentleman to step into a shop just by, and he would take it to an acquaintance of his who lived very near, who would rectify it in the best and speediest manner ; the gentleman very politely thanked him, and accepted his offer. The Sharper being possessed of what he aimed at, took care the gentleman should not see him, nor his coat again, and so actually stole his coat off his back.

A merry fellow went to the late celebrated Dr. Rock’s, and finding him within, begg’d to speak with him in the most private manner ; the Doctor accordingly took him into a room secluded almost from light, and then begged him to explain his case ; the fellow urged on the Doctor the utmost secrecy, saying, ‘ If it should come by any means to his friends ears, he should be ruined, &c. The Doctor assured him of his taciturnity. ‘ Well, says the fellow, I believe Doctor you are the only man that can cure me ;’ the Doctor replied, he had no doubt but let his case be ever so desperate, he could effect a perfect cure. The fellow then begged to describe his disorder, which he did in the following manner : ‘ I’ve been a sad raking dog, and so’— ‘ Oh, says the Doctor, I understand you, I have made that disorder my constant study, as such can remove it in the most obstinate cases.’— ‘ Well, goes on the fellow, as I was coming up Fleet-street,’— ‘ you picked up a lady I suppose, says the Doctor,’— ‘ no, says the fellow, but seeing one of your men giving bills away, I took one, and having occasion a

little after to evacuate, I used one of your bills, which proved so small, that I be-foul'd my fingers, therefore all I beg is, *that you would print them on larger paper, to prevent like accidents in future.*

A female sharper having looked out several pieces of silks, at a mercer's facing the above celebrated Doctor's, after having a bill and receipt finished, begg'd the man of the shop to send them over to the Doctor's in a few minutes, and she would there pay for them. The lady afterwards went to the Doctor's, whom she begged to speak with, and then accosted him as follows. 'Doctor, I have a very near relation of mine, who has been a very great rake, and has thereby contracted a most vile disorder, he is withal so very modest, that he will not confess his disorder to any one, and indeed I found it out by mere accident; I have by a stratagem of pretending you want silks, persuaded him to visit you, and hope you will insist on knowing his disorder; and if you will effectually cure him, I will most thankfully repay the obligation.' The Doctor assured her he would comply with her request, and did not doubt but he should make a perfect cure of him.' The lady then retir'd, and going down stairs, met the man with the silks, which she took from him, saying, 'Go to the Doctor, who is up stairs, and he will pay you for them.' The misunderstanding that then must take place, is better conceived than expressed; but no doubt when they came to perfectly understand each other, they must admire the ingenuity of the plan: the Doctor would laugh with reason, while the poor mercer would scarcely know whether to laugh or cry.

A certain monk of the last century, having a grudge on a mason, took an opportunity of slaying him. The man's son having good reason to apprehend his father's murderer, had him taken up; and his guilt appearing so legible, that the jury unanimously brought him in guilty, and the punishment they awarded him was, That he should not exercise any part of his function for twelve months. The son considering the punishment by no means

means adequate to the crime, secretly petitioned the king to alter it to a more rigorous one. The king gave answer, that he himself thought the law very partial to the Ecclesiastics, and secretly hinted, if he would take like vengeance on the monk, he would find means to bring him off. The young mason took the hint, and the first opportunity dispatched the poor monk; which deed being perpetrated, he was immediately taken up and condemned to the most ignominious death. His case being referred to the king, he begged leave to alter the judgement, and instead of death, his punishment should be, *'That he should not touch stone or mortar for twelve months.'*

A clergyman coming to one of the Yea and Nay profession for his tythes, the Quaker kindly asked him in, begg'd him to seat himself, and then required if he would eat any thing; and on the parson answering in the negative, he proceeded, with asking him, if he would drink with him, and then, if he would *smoak a pipe with him?* to all which the parson answered no; well friend, says Yea and Nay, I have offered thee *a meat-offering, a drink offering, and a burnt offering, and I know of no other offering mentioned in the Scriptures; as such, if thee wilt not accept of these, I wish thee good day friend, for I shall offer thee no more.*

A Quaker, amongst other ridiculous stories in his sermon, told one of his wife's going to market and buying a bushel of pairs, which were all rotten at heart, and added, *And so are ye all my brethren.*

An old woman not going to church for a considerable time, was reprimanded by the Clergyman of her parish for neglecting her duty in that manner; the old woman the next Sunday goes to church with her stool on her head, and came in just as the people were saying, *'Lord have mercy upon us,' 'Christ have mercy upon us, &c.'* on which she cries out, *'What the devil do you cry Lord have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us for? Did you never see an old woman with a stool on her head before?'*

Mr. Vaughan, the author of ———, being at breakfast a few mornings since with a brother bard, to whom an accepted bill was brought for payment, but not being discharged, was threatened to be noted; Mr. Vaughan most readily and wittily observed, 'Why don't you, my friend, save the gentleman trouble, and tell him in the words of Balthazar, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—
'There's not a note of mine worth noting!'

The late extraordinary marriage of the wealthy Miss Sharpe being mentioned the other day at Lord Mansfield's table, his lordship asked what was the disparity of years? On being informed the bride was only 25, and the bridegroom 70, Lord Mansfield quaintly replied, 'Poor lady, she had much better have had *two thirty-fives*.'

In the Duke of Newcastle's time, a gentleman who dined with his Grace, having an extraordinary taste for gardening, gave the Duke his ideas of lawns, vistas, groves, &c. &c. but observing when he was going out two rows of servants in the hall, he called out to his grace at the head of the stairs, 'Don't you think, my Lord Duke, *these rows had better been thrown into clumps?*'

When Garrick was last at Paris, Preville invited him to his villa. Preville was reckoned the most accomplished comedian of the French theatre. Our Roscius, being in a gay humour, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that go to Versailles, on which road the villa of Preville lies. When they got in, he ordered the coachman to drive on, who answered, that he would do as soon as he got his complement of four passengers.—A caprice immediately seized Garrick; he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, a power which he so happily displayed in Abel Drugger, palmed himself upon the coachman for a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger.

passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville! He whipped out a third time, and addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, 'that he had already got his complement,' and would have drove off without him, had not Preville called out, 'that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room.'

Mr. Palmer going home after the business of the Theatre was concluded one evening, saw a man lying upon the ground, with another upon him, beating him most violently. Upon this he remonstrated with the uppermost, telling him that his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up, and have an equal chance with him. The fellow drolly turned up his face to Mr. Palmer, and drily replied, '*faith, Sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily.*

A peasant, who was hawking through Florence a load of firewood, often exclaimed, as he went along, *take care, take care*; a surly citizen, who would not stand out of the way, struck against him, and tore his cloak. Immediately he hurried the peasant before a magistrate, who having heard the sufferer's complaint, asked the peasant if it was true? to which he made no reply. Then turning to the plaintiff, he said, 'In what manner do you wish I should punish this dumb man?' 'This dumb man! he is not dumb (replied the citizen) for only a little while ago he cried with a loud voice, *take care, take care!*' 'If you had observed that caution (said the magistrate) your cloak would not have been torn—So be gone.

When the celebrated Nan Catley was making one of her annual excursions to Ireland, in company with some of her brethren and sisters of the stage, the weather was so bad in going from Holyhead to Dublin, that most of the passengers kept in the cabin. Just as they were entering Dublin-bay, a heavy sea laid the vessel down, after

sweeping every thing from the deck. A well-known master of music popping his head up to enquire what was the matter, Catley answered him, '*Oh! Sir, it is only Water parted from the Sea, in a forte strain.*'

Some years ago as Mr. Anstee was returning home with some jovial companions through Bath, about three in the morning, they accidentally met with the watch, who was regularly crying the hour.—In the mirth of he rt they were in, this was construed by some of the bucks to be a sort of satire upon them for keeping bad hours. Mr. Anstee therefore insisted that the fellow should cry past eleven o'clock instead of three, and on pain of corporal punishment. After some remonstrance, the poor man was obliged to comply: but, before he had finished his oration, suddenly recollecting himself, he said shrewdly, '*I know the hour I am to call, but pray gentlemen what sort of weather would you chuse to have?*' — '*Sunshine!* you scoundrel, to be sure—*Sunshine!*—upon which (notwithstanding its raining at that time violently) the accommodating watchman gravely cries out, in the proper key,—'*Past eleven o'clock, and by particular desire a sun shining morning!*

A gentleman crossing Ludgate-street, was applied to by a man who sweeps the crossings, for charity. The gentleman replied, '*I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return.*' '*Please your honour, says the man, it is unknown the credit I give in this way.*'

A tradesman lately calling upon a gentleman for the payment of a bill, desired to know when he would let him have the money for it, he answered, '*Call to-morrow, and I'll pay you.*' The tradesman accordingly called the next day, on which the gentleman told him; '*His word was his bond, as I told you when you called last, call to-morrow and I'll pay you, so I say now, you may trust to my word; your servant—To-morrow never came.*

General Dalzel passing by a centinel at Portsmouth, the fellow complained to him that he wanted shoes.—

Tis

'Tis very fit you should have a pair, says the General — Thereupon he takes a piece of chalk, and chalks out a pair of shoes upon the centry-box. 'There's a pair for you,' adds he, and goes his way. His back was no sooner turned than the soldier chalks out a man standing centinel, and then goes his way. The General, presently after, was surprized to meet the fellow in the town, and enquired, with severe threats, how he came to leave his post. 'Sir, said he, *I am relieved.*' — '*Relieved! that's impossible at this time of day. Who has relieved you? One (I'll answer for it) that won't stir from his post,*' replied the soldier. Hereupon the General goes with him to the place, 'There, Sir, says the fellow, *if I am to look upon this as a good pair of shoes, you must own that this is likewise a very good centinel.*

Beau Nash took a hack one night at Temple-Bar, and bade the man drive to Berkeley-square. The fellow, who had been wishing for the usual time of his going home, swore, as he was mounting the box, that he should be glad to drive his fare to hell. 'Do you consider, said Nash, when they were come to Berkeley-square, *that if you had driven me to Hell, as you said just now you should be glad to do, you must have gone there yourself!*' — 'You mistake, Sir,' replied the fellow, *for I should have back'd you in.*

A certain Lord Chancellor of a neighbouring kingdom, was no better than the son of an alewife. While he was in this high station, a countryman, who held a considerable farm under him, came one day to pay him a large sum for rent. Dinner was just over, and my Lord was drinking a bottle with some guests of quality; knowing his tenant, though a rustic, to be a man of some vanity, he thought he should gratify that in a high degree, by admitting him into the dining-room, and therefore, with an apology, begged his company's permission for so doing. He was accordingly introduced, and, after a few scrapes, seated himself modestly enough at an end of the side-board. A few complimentary questions being over, about his health, and that of his good wife and children, my Lord told him, there were variety

of liquors ; but that, as he supposed, wine, being unused to it, might not be altogether suitable to his palate, the butler should fill him a bumper of good October. The Farmer had sense enough to take this degradation of his taste for an affront, and was resolved to revenge it. He drank the beer, and, when it was down, smacked his lips, as if he was highly pleased. My Lord, fancying that to be the case, merrily asked him how he liked it? *Why really,* replied the arch rogue, *I cannot say but that it is very good ; and yet, by my faith, I think I have drank better at your mother's, the Crooked Billet, formerly, for two-pence a quart !*

Two gentleman, who were near neighbours and intimates, lived very happily many years with their respective wives. At length, one of the husband's dying, and likewise the wife of his friend, the two survivors, after a certain time, thought proper to make a match. But, though each of these had been very happy in a former marriage, they were now quite otherwise, and there was no agreement between them. The husband opening himself hereupon to one of his acquaintances, *I cannot conceive, said he, how it is ; I was very happy with my first wife ; so was my present wife with her former husband ; and yet we two cannot agree by any means : but there are everlasting squabbles between us. 'Tis very strange.* — *Not so strange as you seem to think it,* said his acquaintance, *I can explain it very easily. Of you four persons, you two husbands with your two wives, there were two that were wise, and two that were foolish. The two wise ones are taken away, and the two fools are left alive.*

About a year ago, Mr. Wilkes, dining at Dolly's Chop-house, met with one of the Aldermen ; who, tho' against him in the city, he very civilly accosted. To which the other made as furly and churlish reply. However, Wilkes took no farther notice, than tipping a wink to his companion. Presently the Alderman began to be very riotous for his dinner, frequently calling out, *My steak, my steak, my steak !* which at length was brought him : then Wilkes, turning to his next neighbour, said

pretty

pretty loud, 'Pray, Sir, observe the difference between Dolly's Chop-house and the Bear-garden. *There the bear is brought to the stake ; here the steak is brought to the bear.*

A physician who lived in London, visited a lady who lived at Chelsea : after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient to him to come so far on her account.— 'Oh, madam' replied the Doctor, 'I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes, who was looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for ? *I am searching,* said Diogenes, *for the bones of your father, but can't distinguish them from those of his slaves.*

A poor player having lent one of his comrades a small matter, spoke to him one night behind the scenes, in Covent-Garden Theatre, 'By G—, Tom, those two guineas I lent you ought to be paid me ; you know I'm in great distress' 'Don't talk to me about it, said the other, by heavens, within this week, I'll take care to pay you in *some shape or other.*' 'You will oblige me,' replied the creditor, *and pray let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as possible.*

The following odd cheat was practised some time ago in London. A man, not very conscientious in his disposition, was invited to a friend's house in the country, but neither having a pair of boots, nor money to buy them, he resolved to supply his wants by cozenage. He went to a shoemaker's, and ordered a pair of boots, which he said, he must have without fail the Saturday morning following, by *seven* o'clock ; he was also very precise in ordering a particular leather, and the make he would have them of : all which the shoemaker took in charge : at the same time promising not to fail him, at the hour
he

he commanded. From thence my chap goes to another shoemaker, where he ordered a pair of boots, of exactly the same leather and fashion of those he bespoke before, saying, he must have them without fail, the next Saturday morning, at *eight* o'clock, which the shoemaker likewise promised. The appointed day being come, the first shoemaker exactly at *seven* o'clock, brought the boots to the lodgings where he had been directed. The rogue pretended to be mightily pleased at his punctuality, tried one of them, and declared it fitted him to a hair; but in putting on the second, he pretended great difficulty, saying it pinched him so about the instep, that he could not bear it; he confessed, indeed, that one of his feet was larger than the other, and proposed to the shoemaker that he should take home that boot and stretch it, and bring it to him again at twelve o'clock, till which time he should not leave town, being retarded by an unexpected affair. Which the shoemaker, though he knew nothing of his customer, made no difficulty of doing. By this means he had got one boot, and only wanted a fellow to it. At *eight* o'clock the other shoemaker punctually brought him the other pair of boots, and he played exactly the same trick with him, he had done with the former. The boot fitted to a miracle. But the second must be carried back to be stretched a little. In a word, he found no difficulty with either of the tradesmen; and the minute he got shut of both, mounted his horse and rode off. At twelve the two shoemakers met at the door, with each a boot: a little cursing and swearing ensued, upon finding out the trick that had been played them; but in the end they adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house, and, as the boots were fellows, and one would be useless to each, they agreed to play a game at All-fours to determine which should have the pair.

An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to spend his money, though he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public house where it was proposed to spend six-pence a piece; the young spendthrift not contented with this reasonable expence, insisted that it should be a shilling; saying he knew no difference

difference between a shilling and sixpence : to which a sly old economist replied, *But you will, young gentleman, when you come to be worth eighteen-pence.*

An Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted upon the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn? — ‘Why,’ replied the Oxonian, the nearest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money!’ ‘Are you sure of that?’ replied the traveller, then drawing a pistol out of his pocket ‘as I am for execution, your money this instant.’ The wag submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his joke.

Quin, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him; and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited upon his lordship; but found the regale far from answering his expectations. — Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall: Quin finding that if he gave to each of them, it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, ‘Which was the cook?’ who readily answered, ‘Me, Sir.’ He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, ‘Here’s half a crown for my eating;’ and to the other, ‘Here’s five shillings for my wine; but, by G—, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life!’

Quin was some time after met, by the same nobleman, behind the scenes, who asked him, ‘Why he did not come and eat soup with him?’ ‘By G—, my lord, said Quin, I am ashamed to come, since I find your lordship keeps a *cook’s shop*.’ His lordship asked an explanation; when he told the nobleman, ‘His was the dearest and worst *ordinary* in London; for a man paid for his dinner *literally*, and very exorbitantly, at his lordship’s house.’ Quin was told by his lordship, that this should be rectified for the future, and that he should lay severe injunctions upon his servants to take no vails. — Upon this promise

mise Quin was prevailed to return; but, having failed to pay for his dinner, as usual, the next time he came he had a dirty plate given him for a clean one, bread for beer, and frequently neither one nor t'other, after repeated applications. When dinner was finished, he addressed himself to the company, in pushing round a plate with half a crown upon it, 'I think we had better pay for our dinner now, before we begin upon the wine; for I have a notion they imagine we intend to bilk them to-day.

A couple of Irishmen from the county of Kilkenny, meeting together, one had got lately married, 'Arrah, (says the first) and how d'ye, and so you're after being married.' 'Yes, faith, says the other, this eight weeks or two months.' 'Ay, faith, says Patrick, twash fery unkindly done of you, not to invite me to the wedding after it was over, that I might ha' been after throwing the stocking: well, now, and what sort of a wife have you got? for upon my shoul, I shall never recover my surprize if you don't tell me, and what sort of a family you're after getting.' 'Why Patrick, says Conno, *you know I am cole white, and she is cole black, and all our family are like to be pye-balls.*

A gentleman passing over a causeway in the country, which parted two waters, and was not railed on either side to secure passengers from falling, in case of their foot slipping, says to a countryman whom he overtook, *Metbinks this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, honest friend; pray are not people lost here, sometimes? Lost!* answered the tellow, *I never knew any body lost here in my life; there have, indeed, been several drowned, but they are always found again.*

A punster going along the Strand, when a great mob of spectators was gathered to see a malefactor pass to his execution at Charing Cross, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the crowd, 'What was the name of the fellow going to be hang'd?' He answered, one *Vowel!* — *Ah!* said the querist, *Do you know which of them it*

is, Sir ; for there are several of that name ?' ' No, returned the other, I do not.' ' Well, said the wag, this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither U nor I.

It is not long since Tom King, one of Thalia's greatest favourites, but whose cause the blind goddess had never till now espoused, meeting with a certain sporting gentleman, under the Piazza in Covent-Garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern to take a main at hazard for five guineas.—Tom soon lost his first stake, and with much resignation eat his supper, and drank his bottle.—His adversary, however, proposed to him a second main, which Tom at first refused engaging in, saying, he had not, he believed, money enough about him to answer the bett; but this was over-ruled by his adversary replying, his word was sufficient for a hundred times the sum. They renewed the party, and in a few hours Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife, who by the bye is a very good one, had sat up all night as usual, after having sent every where in search of him, without being able to gain any tidings, when he returned from his lucky vigil. Her enquiries were naturally very pressing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out so long? to all which he made no other answer than very peremptorily saying,—' Bring me a bible !'——' A bible !' she re-echoed with some ejaculation, ' I hope you have not poisoned yourself !'—' Bring me a bible,' continued Tom.—' I suppose, she resumed, ' you have lost some great sum ; but never mind, we can work for more.'—' Bring me a bible I say, still uttered Tom. ' Good lord ! what can be the matter ? (said Mrs. K.) ' I don't believe there is such a thing in the house, without it be in the maid's room.'—Thither she went, and found part of one without a cover; when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a most fervent oath never to touch a die or card again ; whilst she all the time endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which she considered this as the effusion, owing to some very considerable loss. When he had finished and rose up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in
Bank

Bank notes upon the table, saying, *There, my dear, is fourteen hundred pounds I have won to-night, and I shall receive a thousand more by to-morrow noon; and I'll be damned if I ever risk a guinea of it again.*

A very different fate about this period attended our modern Thespis, who after having cleared near three thousand pounds by the representation of the Devil upon Two Sticks, set out for Bath, to enjoy good company and the amusements of that place. Gaming is so immediately connected with them, that it is difficult to enjoy them, without sometimes engaging at that destructive pastime. A party at the Tuns, somewhat elevated with liquor, proposed dice, and Thespis losing his last shilling, was once more compelled to itinerate for *fame, or bread*. He had previously invited some friends to breakfast with him the next morning: but his spirits being somewhat depressed, he hung out at his chamber-door the signals of his distress, his breeches with their pockets turned inside out, and an empty purse pinned to the garters. Whilst his intended guests were endeavouring to account for this extraordinary phenomenon, Thespis was engaged in writing to his friend Mossop in Dublin, whom he acquainted with *the ill success of the infernal epilogue to the Devil upon Two Sticks, which had reduced him to a state of damned penury, from which nothing but a hellish good run of his Diabolical Majesty in Crow-street could retrieve him.*

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* had got poring over a *manuscript* of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage.—‘Oh! (says Pope sarcastically) by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it; upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, that there only wanted a note of interrogation

to make the whole intelligible: which was really the case. And pray, master, says Pope (piqued perhaps at being out done by a red-coat) *what is a note of interrogation?* 'A note of interrogation, (replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt) *is a little crooked thing that asks questions.* 'Tis said however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

The following laughable story is a serious portrait of human nature. ——— The present Earl Spencer's father was a man of sense, humour, and wit, very singular in his dress, and very determined in his actions. In a morning he walked the streets in a Tyburn top wig, with an oak stick, and a little *Couteau de Chasse*, under a plain brown frock. In this manner sallying forth one morning *a voir le monde*, a butcher's dog, not liking his phyz, flew at him, and shook him so soundly by the coat, that Mr. Spencer (then commonly called Jack Spencer) drew forth his *couteau*, and stabbed the dog. The enraged butcher not thinking it quite safe to attack a man so stout, and well armed at both points as Mr. Spencer then was, inclined rather to dog the assassin, which Mr. Spencer perceiving, he went into an ale-house, and called for a pot of beer, in order to give the butcher time to take such measures as he thought more prudent than a dogging match. The butcher fetched the constable, and charged him to take that man into custody for killing his dog. Sir Thomas de Veil was then the Fielding of Westminster, before whom the *noble culprit* was brought. Mr. Spencer seeing the pomposity of the justice, and knowing what a scrub he was, affected a face of concern and repentance. 'How dared you, Sir, (said the justice, as soon as the case was opened) kill this *bere* man's dog, nay, his servant, as a body may call him, who protected his shop with more care and fidelity than perhaps a Christian would have done?' And seeing the dismay his prisoner was under, added, 'Sirrah, what provocation had you to kill this honest man's dog?' Upon this severe interrogation, *Bow, wow, wow*, bark'd Mr. Spencer, and running his head furiously

furiously in De Veil's face, and taking hold of his coat collar in his mouth, made the *seat of justice*, justice and all, tremble again, to the astonishment of all present.— A dog killed! justice insulted! a poor butcher ruined! a court of justice contemned!— Why, it was almost death without benefit of clergy!— ‘Commit him! Commit him!’ cries de Veil— ‘What's your name, fellow,’ said the clerk, who was filling up the *mittimus*. At length silence being called, the prisoner, with a seeming penitential face, answered, ‘My name, may it please your worship, is Spencer John.’ ‘But your christian name? your christian name?’ ‘Why, that is John.’ — Now, Sir Thomas was no such fool, but he knew that Spencer John turned t'other way, was John Spencer, and that John Spencer was a singular character, and brother to the Duke of Marlborough, and then taking a more stedfast look in his face, recollected his person! A short pause was here very necessary; Sir Thomas took it, and then bursting out into a laugh, ran up to Mr. Spencer, and saluted him. ‘Mr. Spencer, said he, I am your most obedient humble servant. Pray, how does my Lord Duke your brother do? Pray Mr. Spencer, do me the honor to sit down; and turning to the butcher,— ‘Sirrah, away, *never let me hear again of your keeping dogs to insult gentlemen, and terrify his Majesty's faithful subjects in the streets. I have a mind to* — Here Mr. Spencer interposed, and desired that he might so far prevail as to let the man go quietly home, and look after his *mutton*, which Sir Thomas, who had just *saved his own bacon*, thought very equitable.

On the death of the late glorious King William, and the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of these realms, a young *clergyman*, whose talents were purely *evangelic*, asked a friend what alterations were necessary to be made in reading the prayers of the church upon that occasion? His friend answered, ‘No other than that where he said King before, he must then say Queen; and where he said Lord he must say Lady: our Levite went away well edified by his friend's instructions, as you shall hear: for, he next Sunday, when he was reading

ing divine service, and came to this prayer, ' Almighty, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,' he, with an audable voice, began, ' *Almighty, Queen of Queens, and Lady of Ladies.*

Foote, some time ago, took a house at Hammersmith, that was advertised to be completely furnished. But he had not been there long before the cook complained there was never a rolling-pin.—' No,' said he, ' then bring me a saw, and I'll soon make one ;' which he accordingly did of one of the mahogany bed-posts. The next day it was discovered there wanted a coal-scuttle; and he supplied this deficiency with a drawer from a curious japan chest of drawers. There was never a carpet in the parlour, and he ordered a new white cotton counterpane to be laid to save the boards. His landlord paying him a visit to enquire how he liked his new residence, was greatly astonished to find such disorder, as he considered it: he remonstrated to Mr. Foote, and complained of the injury his furniture had sustained. But the genius insisted upon it, all the complaint was on his side, considering the trouble he had been at to supply those necessaries, notwithstanding *he had advertised his house compleatly furnished.* The landlord now threatened the law; and Foote threatened to take him off, saying, an auctioneer was a fruitful character. This last consideration weighed with the landlord, and he quietly put up with his loss.

When it was reported that Dr. Ford, one of the Patentees of Drury-Lane, had sustained a considerable loss by not succeeding in opening a coal-pit, near Oxford, a certain genius at the Bedford, said, he must certainly be very avaricious, or else he might content himself with the opening of the pit in Drury-lane, which was superior in value to any coal-pit in England; and with respect to the vein he should endeavour to discover, it was the true vein of humour suited to the taste of the town.

A doctor was called for in a coffee-house in the presence of an ignorant country apothecary, who imagining
that

that one of the faculty was really wanted, he accordingly offered his service. The gentleman smiled, drank his health, and told him he was but a *rum doctor*.

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony. *Oh madam*, answered she, *it would be a heavenly life, if the first night would last always.*

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man ask'd *Alexander Stevens* what was to be seen? Only a *cobbler's end*, replied he.

A smart fellow, thinking to shew his wit one night at the tavern, called to the drawer, 'Here, *Mercury*, said he, take away this bottle full of emptiness.' Said one of the company, *Do you speak that, Jack, of your own head?*

A jealous-pated fellow pictured a lamb on his wife's belly, for he was going to sea; and staying out a long time she began to have an itching desire; and her lover visiting her, copied the lamb and put a pair of horns upon the head of it; and when the husband came home he wondered at the horns. 'Why, my dear husband, said she, *'ti two years since you went, and by that time all lambs have horns!*

An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living. Said the Welchman, there is such noble house-keeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding-dinner. 'Ay, answered the Englishman, that was because every man toasted his own cheese.

A company of gamesters falling out at a tavern, gave one another very scurvy language: at length these dreadful messengers of anger, the bottles and glasses, flew about like hail-shot; one of which mistaking its errand, and hitting the wainscot, instead of the person's head it was thrown at, brought the waiters rushing in, who

who cried, ' D'ye call, gentlemen ? ' ' Call, gentlemen,' says one of the standers-by, ' no, they do not call, gentlemen, but they call one another rogue and rascal as fast as they can.

A vigorous young officer, who made love to a widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his arms. ' Hey day, said she, what do you fight after the French way, take towns before you declare war ? — ' No, faith, widow, said he, but I should be glad to imitate them so far as to be in the middle of the country before you could resist me.

A certain author was telling Foote that a passage he found fault with in his poem might be justified, and that he thought it a metaphor. *It is such a one then,* said Foote, *as truly I never met-a-fore.*

Quin one day, after a pretty long walk, dropt into a chop-house not far from Somerset-house, and asking the mistress what she had ready, she replied, ' that there was some nice veal *a la-daube* quite hot.' ' Well then, said he, let me have some *a daubed* veal, I think you call it.' A plate was accordingly brought him, which he presently dispatched, and had another ; this was gone in a trice, and he had a fourth, fifth, and sixth, which might perhaps altogether weigh about three quarters of a pound. Upon enquiring what was to pay, the mistress told him *twelve shillings*. ' By G—, madam, it must be a mistake; how do you sell your daubs a pound ? ' ' Sir, she replied rather pertly, we do not sell it by the pound.' ' No, said he, I find you don't ; but by G—, you sell it at *half a crown an ounce*.'

Quin, Cibber, and some more brother comedians, were one night at the Shakespeare, when each other's infirmities were the subject of their raillery. Said Quin to Cibber, ' What in the name of wonder could ever make you think yourself a proper figure for the stage — a snuffling fellow without a nose, and a pair of bandy legs ? ' ' As to my nose (replied Cibber) that I give up, but

but I'll lay a bottle of claret there's a worse leg in company than this,' producing his right leg. Every one gave a contemptuous smile, thinking it an insult to accept the challenge. 'Why then, said he, producing his other leg, there's a worse,' which sure enough it was. This unexpected stroke from Cibber secured him so compleatly the laugh, that there was no farther attempt made upon his personal imperfections that evening.

A young gentleman, who had more good-will than experience, being alone with a lady who did not wait for either, cried out in a transport, 'Ah! that I had you but in a wood!' 'A wood! says the lady smiling, that might be very well; but methinks such a closet as this, with the door shut, and a velvet couch, is full as convenient a place.

An honest curate in the country, remonstrating to a married couple, who did not live together in the most agreeable union, on the indecency and even sinfulness of their contentions, since they were, in the eye of God and man, but *one*. 'But one! cried out the husband, surely if you were to come by the door, and hear us in the height of our quarrels, you would swear ~~we~~ were twenty!

The late Stephen Fox, brother of Charles, who was a man of an enormous size, happening to go *thump, thump*, with his great legs, thro' a street in London, where the paviours were at work, in the middle of July, the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. 'Ay, God bless you master, (cries one of them) it was very kind of you to come this way; it saves us a great deal of trouble, this hot weather.

A shrewd politician was asked by a certain patriotic nobleman, why the Germans were foremost to begin, and the last to end a continental war? 'My lord, said the politician, 'if the Germans scattered their gold, and we fought for bread, the balance of power would soon be settled by those whom it concerns.'

A Printer, a pickled dog, that used to mind the pot more than the press, rambling out one night strolled into St. Giles's, when seeing a man in bed with a woman, roared out pot-valiant—*'Damn me, Sir, turn out!'* which the man, being one of the light-fingered order, and seeing Type's new cloaths, being holiday ones he had on, coolly turned out, and rigged himself in the printer's new cloaths, and marched off.—Type waking the next morning, missed his cloaths, and having found the man, had him before Justice Wilmot.—The Printer charged a robbery, the man pleaded an exchange.—You took my wife, and I have your cloaths—It was by way of exchange. On which his worship was pleased to dismis the parties, advising the Printer to be cautious of other mens wives; and the cuckold of other mens cloaths,—or the next exchange for both parties might be to Bridewell.

It happened, in the early part of Mr. Hogarth's life, that a nobleman came to him to sit for his picture, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed. It was executed, after the necessary sittings, with a skill that did honour to the artists abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The Peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, never once thought of sending for a reflector, that could only insult him with his infirmities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without success. The painter, however, at last, hit upon an expedient, which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride, and by that means answer his purpose. It was couched in the following card:—*'Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ———, finding he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, he is informed again of Mr. H's necessity for the money. If therefore his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast*

* E man.

man. Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition-picture, on his Lordship's refusal.

This intimation had the desired effect. The picture was sent for home, and committed to the flames.

The late Marchioness, mother of the present Duke of Bedford.—A short time previous to the death of this inconsolable and lovely mourner, and when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, a consultation of physicians was held at Bedford house; and one of the gentlemen present desired, whilst he felt her pulse, that she would open her hand. Her frequent refusals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently asunder, when he perceived that she had shut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. O madam! (observed the physician) my prescriptions must be useless, if your ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes the representation of an object which (although deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness.' 'I have kept the picture (answered the Marchioness) either in my bosom, or in my hand, ever since the death of my dear lord, and thus am I determined to preserve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave.

An eminent tradesman at the West end of the town, remarkable for the blunt sincerity of his dealing, had delivered a bill for a debt of about 20*l.* to a noble Lord, not remarkable for the promptitude of his payments; the debt had been due for a dozen years, and the tradesman had called so often in vain, that he was exasperated.—But one morning, by the blunder of a new servant, he was admitted to his Lordship's presence. He was a man of a large and extensive trade, and having realized a fortune of 30,000*l.* he did not happen to pay much reverence to a Lord, when that Lord was long-winded in his payment. He therefore insisted in very positive terms on his money, and hinted something about the hardship of that law, which gave protection to insolvent peers.—
Fortu-

Fortunately he enraged his *noble* debtor so much, as to urge him to take the uncommon resolution of paying the bill that instant. He accordingly pulled out his purse, and having thrown the money upon the table, he declared that he never in his life saw so insolent a fellow, and he swore that he would punish him for his rudeness, by prevailing on every friend of his to discharge him from their employment. Old Vinegar taking up, and pocketting the money with all the comp-sure in the world, said in answer to this, ‘ *As to you, my Lord, I take care you never shall employ me—and if you will give me a list of your friends, I give you my word, they shan’t neither.*

The following is a fact. Mrs. W——, a lady at the West end of the town, remarkable for her avaricious meanness, being in her carriage on a visit to a noble family, on her way saw a woman with a basket of eels, of whom she bought two pounds, tied them up in her handkerchief (and not caring to leave them in the chariot, for fear her servants should pilfer them) put them in her pocket, and presently arriving at the place of appointment, where was a numerous assemblage of the politest company: she had not long sat, e’re the wriggling gentry having broke loose (unperceived by her) were shuffling away in a variety of directions from her petticoats, to the inexpressible surprize and diversion of all present, excepting herself, who, covered with confusion, left the room abruptly, but not before she had carefully picked up every one of her eels.

A gentleman being one day at a public entertainment where one of the company sat several hours without speaking a syllable; and, as from the character of the person, there was great reason to suspect that his silence was owing to a supercilious contempt of the company, he determined to shew his resentment the first opportunity that offered.—Accordingly when supper was brought in, he was remarkably assiduous in helping the silent man to the best upon the table, and taking care to

supply his plate when he saw it near empty : upon this, one of the company desired to know his reason for this extraordinary attention to the silent person. To which he replied, “ *I assure you, it is from the tenderness of my disposition, for I cannot bear to see a dumb creature want.*” This smart repartee had the desired effect.

A few years since the mate of an East-Indiaman asked a Custom-house officer if he was blind. The answer was, ‘ *only with one eye.*’ This was covered with a 36s. piece. ‘ *Lord,* (said the officer) *I have recovered the sight of the other eye,*’—That was likewise covered—‘ *How are you now ?*’ (said the mate) ‘ *I am not deaf.*’—each of his ears were covered with the coin of Portugal,—‘ *I can speak.*’—His mouth was now honoured with a Johannes, and he was as dumb as could be wished.

When his Majesty paid a visit to Admiral Parker’s fleet at the Nore, it was impossible that every sailor on board could have an opportunity of beholding his Sovereign. In consequence of this disappointment, the officers granted liberty to as many as possibly could be spared ashore, to go and see the Royal visitors at Sheerness and Chatham—When the King entered the lines at Chatham, the croud was extremely great, and pressing very hard to see him ; a sailor’s curiosity led him so far as to push in front of a serjeant of the 65th regiment, just as his Majesty and the Prince were passing, who was obliged to knock the butt end of his musket on Jack’s toes, to keep him back, which made him grumble very much ; the King overhearing the dispute, turned round to the serjeant, and desired him ‘ *to hurt no person ; if he could do his duty by gentle means, do it, if not, let the people satisfy their curiosity.*’ The enraged seaman, on hearing this, exclaimed, ‘ *God bless your Majesty ! I have leave from my officers ; and d—n my eyes if e’er a lobster in England shall hinder me from seeing your Royalship !*’ This had such an effect on the King and the Prince, that they were observed to laugh very heartily.

A la-

A labouring man was carrying home a leg of mutton and a bunch of turnips to his family, he was seized by the press-gang, who were for hurrying him to the place of rendezvous. The man remonstrated, by urging his situation, and the dependance of his family on his labours. At last he begged the lieutenant, he might have leave to carry home their sundays dinner. The officer consented, and sent two of his men with him for the safety of his return; but the man no sooner came within sight of his habitation, then taking his leg of mutton in one hand, and the bunch of turnips in the other, aimed two blows so successfully at his kidnappers, as brought them to the ground. He then raised a hue and cry, left them in the hands of the mob, who paid the usual civilities on such occasions, whilst he made his escape.

The late ingenious Doctor Ward, so justly celebrated for his discoveries in medicine, was not more remarkable for his humanity and skill, than wit and humour. An old woman to whom he had administered some medicines proper for a disorder under which she laboured, applied to him with a complaint that she had not experienced any kind of effect from taking them. *'No effect at all?'* says the Doctor. *'None in the least,'* replies the woman; *'why then you should have taken a bumping glass of gin;'* *'so I did, Sir;'* *'Well, but when you found that not succeed, you should have taken another;'* *'So I did, sir, and another after that.'* *'Oh! you did,'* (says the doctor) *'aye, it is just as I imagined; you complain that you found no effect in my prescription, after you confess yourself, that you swallowed gin enough to counteract any medicine in the whole system of physic.'*

One evening, a gentleman very much in liquor, was leaning against a post in Cheapside; a fellow coming by at the same time, seeing he was in such a situation that he could not pursue him, snatched his hat off his head, and ran away with it: another of the same fraternity, at a little distance, saw what had happened, and told the gentleman that a man had stole his hat and run away

with it, and asked him why he did not run after him?—
'I am so d—d drunk, says he, that I can hardly stand, and therefore I cannot run after him.' *'If that's the case, said the other, I may safely venture to steal your wig; which he immediately took from the gentleman's head, got clear off, and left the old toper bare-headed, hugging the post, and lamenting the loss of his hat and wig.'*

An Irishman said, he was very fond of the women in general; but that an *African girl*, with whom he got acquainted upon the Gold coast, pleased him better than all the rest of the *fair sex* put together.

A person in company said to another, you are a d—d scoundrel.—The other replied, *'Gentlemen, you must not mind what that man says, he is only talking to himself.'*

Some time before Lord H———d's trip to the Continent, when the *public defaulter* was the general subject of conversation, as he, his lady, and second son were in the coach going to H———d House, my Lord asked his son jocosely, *'What the world thought of him?'* The other excused himself for some time, observing he might be angry with him if he told him the truth, which the other assured him he should not, let it be what it would: *'Why then, sir, (says Mr. Fox) they say there is not a greater r——e unhang'd!'* *'And pray, sir, (returned the father with great emotion) where is your spirit not to resent such an injury?'* *'My Lord, replied the son, I should by no means want spirit, to resent any injury offered to my father, as I look upon it the same as to myself; nor should any single person dare to mention it with impunity. But surely, my Lord, you would not have me fight every body.'*

Some persons, in Edinburgh, murmuring and complaining that none of the Royal Family ever made a tour that way to visit Scotland; *'recollect yourself,'* said an Englishman, *'can you forget that the Duke of Cumberland paid you a visit in the year 1745?'*

Lord

Lord Deloraine (who stammers a good deal, being in a cockpit, and offering several bets, which he would have lost, if he could have replied in time, at length offered ten pounds to a crown.—A gambler who stood by said *done*; but his lordship's fit of stuttering happening to seize him, he could not repeat the word *done* till the favourite cock was beat. This so provoked the knowing one, that he swore—' *Damn your stuttering blood if you had been a plain spoken man, you would have been ruined by this time.*'

At a masquerade in Soho several ladies of *easy virtue* appeared as *Dianas*.—Footie was in the character of a fool.—One of the nymphs said to him, ' *So Mr. Fool, we seem to be all in character here.*' ' *No, madam, said he, for if we were, there would be more fools and no Dianas.*'

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. ' *Faith gentlemen (said he) if you all go in, it will not hold you.*'

When Mynheer Bentick, grandfather to the present Duke of Portland, went to Wales to be present at a meeting of the gentlemen of that country, he attempted to make a speech in broken English, and addressed them in the following manner: ' *Gentlemen, I bee com heer for all your goods.*'—' *Aye, aye, replied Sir Watkin Wynne, and our chattels too.*'

A countryman of a merry disposition, being inclined to joke with one of his neighbours, ' *Hodge, says he, how many cuckolds do you think there are in town, excepting yourself?*'—' *Excepting myself! what do you mean by that?*' quoth Hodge. ' *Nay, don't be angry, says the other, how many are there then including yourself?*'

A clergyman, who was inclined to write notes on Shakspeare's plays, carried a specimen of his performance to Mr. Sheridan, and desired his opinion. ' *Sir,*

says he, I wonder people won't mind their own affairs ;
*You may spoil your own bible, if you please, but pray let
 ours alone.*

Sir Richard Steele, though a man of real courage, often declared in public, that he would never fight a duel : This coming to the ears of a pert young coxcomb in the army, he resolved to build his reputation of bravery upon Sir Richard's supposed want of it, and accordingly took an opportunity of affronting him one evening at Button's Coffee-house, in order to be called out ; but Sir Richard very coolly said, That though he would not fight this son of Mars, he would beat him, and accordingly broke his oak-stick about his shoulders.

A French Gentleman who had lodged all his money in the hands of Mr. Fordyce, some little time before he stopped payment, had the good fortune to save it by a droll and lucky accident. While he was standing one day in a fruit-shop near the 'Change, a gentleman entered and ordered a desert of fruit of various kinds to the amount of five or six pounds, for his dinner. The Parisian, at his departure, enquired what great Duke or Lord, or Secretary of State that was, who had been so profuse in the simple article of fruit ? He was answered that it was Mr. Fordyce the Banker, '*Oh oh ! you say dat* (returned the astonished foreigner) *begar den me gy dis minute, and take all my money from him, or he will eat it all up.*' He drew out his money immediately, and Mr. Fordyce stopt payment two days after.

A country woman who had a cast in her eye, being employed in teaching her grandson the alphabet, advanced as far as the letter C ; but the boy being at a stand, she says to him, '*Look in my face and see what I do now.*' '*Squint, grandmama,* says the boy.' '*You should not say so,*' replies the grandmother, *but you should say see.*' — '*Thank you kindly for that,* says the boy, '*but you forgot you told me as thof I should never tell lies.*

A gen-

A gentleman being married on St. Thomas's Day, his friend told him he ought to be thankful that his wedding night would be the longest in the year.

A linen draper advertizing his stock to be sold under *prime cost* ; a neighbour of his observed that it was impossible, for *he had never paid a farthing for it himself.*

Sir John Fielding was present, when Charley F—x coming into a room at JUPP's, a monstrous stink ensued, whereupon some of the gentlemen present cried out, that one of the company had beshit his breeches. The scent being traced, Mr. F—x was singled out ; he denied the fact, offering to lay a wager, and to submit to be searched upon the occasion. Several trifling bets were offered : ' *Pshaw*, says Charles, *all this is nothing—I have been affronted by this company, and there are but two ways of deciding a dispute—a wager or a duel; as the former of these has been taken up I shall adopt it; but it shall be for something of consequence: I will lay any person here five hundred guineas (observe the terms of the wager) that I have not beshit my breeches.*' A gentleman who sat next Mr. F—x, immediately took him up; when by agreement submitting to a search, his breeches were found to be in a nasty condition, and all in company were ready to conclude against him; but to their astonishment, this extraordinary genius calling for the waiter, ordered him to fetch a porter, who attended by his command. When he came, ' *Walk forward, Tom*, says he, *what did you do for me about an hour ago?*'—' *I sh—t in your honour's breeches,*' replied Tom. Then said Mr. F—x, ' *I have won the wager, I did not beshit my breeches, but this honest man did me that favour:*' and accordingly he swept the money off the board. This was afterwards noticed, and ' *No sh—t breeches*' cried out at the Westminster election.

A gentleman who was giving directions for placing a great number of pictures, among which was his own, said, —' *Weil, hang this picture near the window; that by the glass; this uncle of mine shall be hanged in the corner;*

and

and here, fronting the door in the middle, I'll be hang'd myself.'

A very great boaster and bully having been once kicked by a gentleman for his impertinence, turning round, ventured to ask his chaffiser, whether he was in earnest? 'Yes, in very good earnest, I assure you,' said the gentleman half drawing his sword. The other, not having courage to answer him in that way, contented himself with saying, 'I am glad I know your mind, for I'll be d — d, if I like such jests.'

An Hibernian gentleman, very liable to make blunders, had laid a wager that he would not make one for twelve hours. The wager was a dozen of wine, and a supper. — In order to be safe from blundering, this gentleman scarcely uttered three sentences till the time was nearly elapsed, and the bett given up for lost; when one of the company observing how long the messenger staid that had been dispatched for the wine, — 'O faith (cries the Hibernian) I suppose he has broken the bottles, and stays to fill them again.' This timely bull occasioned the forfeiture of his wager, and the company were literally merry at his expence.

A taylor having made a suit of cloaths for one of his customers, as he was repairing to the gentleman with them, saw a funeral pass by, which was attended by an apothecary of his acquaintance, to whom he made the following remark, 'so, master, I see you are carrying your work home as well as I.'

As King George the Second was on his return from Hanover, his carriage happening to break down between Helvoetsluis and the Brill, on a road where they were obliged to put up at a common gin-house; coffee was procured for the King, and six bottles of gin for his attendants, while the carriage was getting ready. The reckoning being called for, the landlord, who was apprised of the quality of his Royal guest, was so modest as to

to make a charge of eighty pounds sterling for this poor fare. Lord Ligonier, to whom the bill was brought, severely reprimanded the fellow for his attempt to impose upon his Majesty ; but the King over-hearing the dispute, cried, ‘ *Come, my good Lord, let us pay the money ; the landlord would not have made so high a charge, but that the poor fellow knows Kings seldom call here.*

One Mr. Coke, an attorney in the Temple, being once romping with his laundrets, whose name was Littleton, it happened that they had a fall, and Mr. Coke falling uppermost, Sir John Fielding and a gentleman, who chanced then to come in, seeing them in this situation, the gentleman asked the justice what he thought of this fight ? Sir John, who knew the parties, replied, ‘ *It was the best edition he had remembered to have seen of Coke upon Littleton.*

Mr. S—bridge, a gentleman who was a candidate for a borough in the West, having only one vote, while his opponent had above one hundred, Captain A. hearing of it, said, he wondered Mr. Sawbridge did not demand a scrutiny, *as he lost the election only by one.*

The duke of Wharton one day was relating to Dean Swift many of his whimsical exploits, and various frolics ; but as they consisted principally of ingenious debaucheries, the Dean at length stopped him, and said, ‘ *My Lord Duke, I advise you the next time you have an inclination to engage in a frolic, to try the frolic of being virtuous ; and, take my word for it, you will find it the pleasantest frolic you ever played in your life.*

No people on the face of the earth are more partial to their own country than the Scotch ; on which account Mr. Foote never failed to chastise every Scotchman, who at any time in his company chose to ride his national hobby-horse.—On one of these occasions, a Scotchman having been figuring away concerning the great sagacity and ingenuity of his countrymen, Mr. Foote determined to pu-
E 6
nish

nish him by relating the following story :—‘ A ship being in distress at sea (said the wit) the compass was by some accident thrown down, and dashed to-pieces. This threw the Captain into a terrible dilemma ; he knew not how to steer without it, nor did he understand how to make one. A Scotch sailor, taking notice of his anxiety, said, ‘ Sir, *donna ye know how to make a compass.*’ ‘ No (replied the captain) *I wissh I did.*’ ‘ Out, out, mon (returned the Scotchman) *the muckle de’el gar me, but I’le shew thee how to make one, if you’ll give me a sheet of writing-paper.*’—A sheet of writing-paper being produced, the Scotchman very deliberately put his thumb and finger into the collar of his shirt, drew forth a louse, and placed it gently on the paper : ‘ Now, ken ye we’ell, captain, (said he) and observe ye, that a Scotch louse always travels Southward ; so that if ye mind the course of this louse upon the paper, ye may easily find whereabout the North is, and make your compass accordingly.’

A Welch parson wanting his chimney swept, sent for an old play fellow of his : While the job was doing, the parson came into the kitchen, and seeing the man’s son holding the bag for his father, says, ‘ How now, John, do you intend to bring your son up to this trade.?’ The sweep replied, he could not tell, but if he behaved well, and tractable, he believed he might ; but if not, he should make a parson of him ; for (says he) you must know, *it is a clever fellow that can go up a chimney, and sweep it ; but any fool can go up into a pulpit, and preach nonsense, as you do.*

A taylor’s apprentice was sent home with a suit of cloaths to a gentleman, who the Foreman told him always gave a shilling upon those occasions ; and, as that was the foreman’s perquisite, charged the boy not to cheat him, by pretending he had not received so much. When the boy arrived at the gentleman’s house, and delivered the cloaths, he made him a present of only six-pence.—The boy was highly chagrined at this disappointment, imagining the foreman would apprehend he had pocketed
half

half what he had received. He therefore thought of this droll expedient. ‘ Sir, (says he to the gentleman who gave him six-pence) *I wish you would give me two sixpences for a shilling.*’ He readily consented, but when he had given the boy the change, he presented him with the six-pence he had received from him. ‘ *Why this is only six-pence,* (says the gentleman) ‘ *You are mistaken, sir,* (replied the boy) ‘ *it must be a shilling, for our foreman says, you always give a shilling.*’—The gentleman was so pleased with the archness of the boy, that he gave him half a crown instead of a shilling.

As dean Swift was crossing over the ferry in Dublin, turning himself from the passengers in the stern of the boat, he addressed a poor man near him. ‘ Well, friend, what profession are you of?’ ‘ I am a taylor, Sir, (answered the other, not knowing the Dean) ‘ Are you married?’ (said Swift) ‘ Yes, Sir,’ (replied the taylor) ‘ And who wears the breeches?’ said the Dean. ‘ *My a—se,*’ answered the other.

Some merry companions talking of rare pieces of clock-work they had seen; one said he had seen something much stranger: which was, a mechanick that pulled out of his pocket three little cocks; one he called a *French*, the other a *Dutch*, the third an *English* one; then taking the *French* one, he struck him over the head, that made the *French* cock cry out, *Parley vous Monsieur.* The *Dutch* cock being struck in like manner, cry’d out, *Give me a little English beer.* Here he ended his story, whereupon, the company, and one especially, was very desirous to know what the *English* cock said, *Why,* replied he, it cry’d, *Put your nose here,* pointing to his breach, *put your nose here.*

A Welshman coming to an inn, saw a fat goose at the fire, and desired to have some of it for dinner, but it stunk confoundedly. Then he sent for the host, and told him of it, who swore bitterly, it was killed that morning. Well then, says the Welshman, *then bur am sure bur kill’d bur shitting.*

A fellow

A fellow courting a wench, she sat so long between his legs, that he fell fast asleep, she rose up and put the churn between his legs. He waking, hugg'd it, and said, *Well, and how are ye now? thinking the wench was there.*

A Welchman living in an alehouse, had run up a great deal for cheese; his hostess therefore demanded a shilling, *How the Devil, cuds splutter-a nails, can that be?* said he, *Why look here,* said she, pointing to the score behind the door. *Ah that's brave indeed,* said he, *what dost hur think hur does not know chalk from cheese.*

A countryman, that lived near Sittinbourn in Kent, had a very sickly wife, which had reduced him to a very low condition, and a Doctor of great repute being come into those parts, his wife persuaded him, who was a very ignorant man, to carry her water to the new-come doctor, and see what his judgment was. Accordingly the poor man goes one morning with her water, and being had into the room where the Doctor was, 'Good morrow to your Worship, Sir Confusion,' says he, 'Physician thou would'st say,' says the Doctor. 'Truly, said the countryman, I am no scholar, but a man very ingrum and unrudd; but my wife having pissed in a pot, I have brought it to your Doctorship, beleeching you to taste her water.' So the Doctor took the water, and put it into an urinal; and having viewed it, said, 'My friend, I find thy wife is very weak.' 'I found that myself long ago,' said the countryman, 'for I have had a wench this quarter of a year to lead her up and down the house: I did not bring her water to know that.' 'Was you ever with any Doctor before?' said the physician. 'Yes, indeed, Sir, said he, with many a one to my cost.' 'What did they tell you her distemper was?' said the Doctor. 'Truly they tell me she is in a *Presumption*.' 'Consumption, thou should'st say,' said the Doctor. 'I told you before, said the countryman, 'I didn't understand your *allegant* speeches; but I believe you speak true enough, for she has well nigh consumed all that ever I had.' 'Well, but
does

does she keep her bed ?' said the Doctor. ' No, truly, Sir; for being hard put to it for money, I was fain to sell her bed a fortnight ago.'—' Is she not very costive ?' said the Doctor. ' Costly, said the countryman, your worship is in the right on't there, indeed, for she hath cost me all that I have upon her already.' Said the Doctor, ' You mistake me, I don't say costly, but costive : I mean is she loose or bound ?' ' Indeed, Sir, she's *bound* to me during life, and I am *bound* to her too, the more's my sorrow.' ' Ah, but prithee, said the Doctor, tell me plainly, How does she go to *stool* ?' ' Why, truly, as she goes to a chair, I am fain to have one to lead her.'—' Pshaw ! says the Doctor, I see thou dost not yet apprehend ; I must be plain to make thee understand, How does she go to *shit* ?' ' As to that, Sir, the same way that other folks do, the backward way ; she has a free passage behind still.' ' But I mean, says the Doctor, is it *thick* or *thin* ?— O, as to that, says he, *in the morning it is so thick, you may cut it with a knife. And at night 'tis so thin, your Worship may eat it with a spoon.*

(A certain Judge being on a circuit to the West, out of twelve prisoners who were tried before him, ten were ordered for execution ; but before he wish'd to return, had agreed with a dealer in horses in the town, for a fresh pair ; but insisted upon a trial of the horses for three days, which was granted. During the time allowed, the horses gave every satisfaction, and the Judge was proceeding to prepare for his journey, one of the horses lag'd, and presently fell down dead ! The Judge looking out of the carriage, asked the Coachman with astonishment, if the horse was dead ? The Coachman replied, *that it was no wonder at all to him, that one out of the two should die, as they had been before him so long upon trial, sentence of death should pass.*

A young fellow by the name of John Day, was taken up by the Constable, and carried before a Justice of the Peace for the same town, for getting a servant-girl with child in a barn ; when the father of the girl insisted on
his

his being sent to prison. But the young fellow begg'd his Worship would give him a hearing first, that he might enter into the merits of the cause;—then his Worship in a passion began,

‘ Sirrah! isn’t your name John Day?’

Fel. Yes, (and please your Worship) so they say;

‘ Was it you that got the girl with child in the barn?’

Fel. O yes (and please your Worship) I thought no harm.

‘ And don’t you think yourself a pretty fellow?’

Fel. Yes (and please your Worship) was I but in your cellar.

‘ Sirrah! do you come here to make rhymes?’

Fel. Oh yes, (and please your Worship) sometimes.

‘ Sirrah! if you’re saucy, I’ll send you to the House of Correction!’

Fel. That, please your Worship, will be but little satisfaction.

‘ Take the fellow away! take him out of my sight!’

Fel. That’s what I wanted, Sir, so I wish you good night.

Charles Bannister coming down stairs in a tavern, his foot slipped, and accidentally beat against a door, which flew open, where some gentlemen were drinking, to whom he said, ‘ I did not intend to have intruded myself, but being so accidentally *fallen into* your company, I am resolved to drink with you before I go.’ One of the gentlemen who knew him, reply’d, ‘ Since by your *fall* we enjoy your company, give me leave to *rise* and bid you welcome.

A country-fellow sent on an errand, from Covent-Garden to Holborn, having his master’s cloak upon his arm, was loth to carry it so far, so he hung it upon the rails in Covent Garden, till he came back; but when he returned found the cloak stole. ‘ Why, says he, I have hung my coat vive or zix hours upon a hedge in our country, and the rogues never came, but I think they are all thieves here in London.

One asked, why men sued always to the women, and women never to men ? Because, said another, Women are always ready for the men, but men are not always for the women.

An elderly Quaker being joined in the band of wedlock with a brisk widow of the same persuasion, as he was entering the sheets with her on the wedding-night, he called for the Lord to direct him. ' Nay (saith *Tabitha*) the Lord strengthen thee, and I will direct thee.'

The Marquis of Granby being just returned from the army, went to wait upon the King at Windsor in his riding-dress, all dusty. Two Lords of the Bed-chamber meeting him in the anti chamber, in that dirty condition, ' What a pickle you are in, said they to him, smiling, why you look like a groom.' ' Right, gentlemen, answered the Marquis, just ready to curry you both very handsomely.

A gentleman being sent for to the sign of the *Horns* in Doctor's Commons, and coming accordingly, but not knowing the house, asked a young man that stood at the door, ' *Pray where is the sign of the Horns ?* (the gentleman at the same time stood under the sign) upon which the lad replied, ' Sir, you cannot well see them, but they are exactly over your head.

A young woman having newly dined, in the heat of summer, desired her husband to tumble with her upon the bed ; he perceived her meaning, and being as full of ice as she was of fire, told her the dog days were very unwholsome for that recreation. At night, being in bed, she desired her husband to lye closer, for though there were *dog days*, she never heard of *dog-nights*.

A married man having got a wench with child, was told by the justice, that he thought such a man as he would not have defiled his bed so ? ' You mistake, Sir, said he, there was no defiling of the bed in the matter, for it was done in the field.

An

An elderly lady was telling her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of the abominable lewdness and wickedness of the age, and what debaucheries were daily practised by vicious men, who made use of violence as well as art, to satisfy their brutal appetites; and how that swords and pistols had been put to women, threatening them with immediate death, if they refused their unlawful embraces; and then asked Miss, that if it should ever happen to be her fate to meet with such a trial, how she should behave? Says the girl, *Life is sweet, mamma.*

A taylor, who was accustomed to steal some of his customers cloth, when he came to make himself a suit, stole half a yard of his own; his wife perceiving it, asked the reason, *Oh!* said he, *'tis only to keep my hand in, lest at any time I should forget.*

A gentleman had often solicited his wife's maid for a little of that which *Harry* gave *Dell*; but she denied still, saying, he'd hurt her, and then she should cry out. —After all was done, 'look you there now, said he, did I hurt you?' Well, said she, or did I cry out?

A person sent his man to a lawyer for advice without a fee, and was slighted, upon which his master went, and gave him his fee. 'O now, says the lawyer, *I understand you.*' When he came home, he chid his man for not telling the business right. 'O, Sir, says he, I had not my *instructions* in my pocket.

A scrivener's man, reading a bill of sale to his master, said, I do demise, grant, and to farm let, all my lands, &c. but on a sudden the cough took him; at which, quoth his master read on, with a pox to you, your heirs, and their heirs for ever.

A certain preacher having changed his religion for a good benefice, was much blamed by some of his friends for deserting them. To excuse himself, he assured them, he should not have done it, *but for seven reasons.*
Being

Being asked what they were, he answered, *A wife, and six children.*

The famous Brereton, of facetious memory, having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-house; which obliged Brereton to take notice of it; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman, a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up; to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another. *'With all my heart,* says Brereton, *come, I'll wound you first;*' so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears in his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief; *'Come,* says the gentleman, *now where shall I wound you?—B.* putting himself in a posture of defence, cried, *'Where you can, by G—d, Sir.'* *'Well, well,* says the other, *I can swear I received this wound of you;*' and so marched off contentedly.

* An Irish gentleman being met by two of his acquaintance in St. James's Park, who, observing he had got a new coat that sat very awkwardly upon him, asked him how his taylor came to make it so badly? To which the Dear-Joy answered, *'That he was so unfortunate as not to be at home when his Taylor took measure of him.'*

During the late election for Westminster, divers constables, with their watchmen, were set at several places, to hinder the concourse of people from flocking thither without some necessary occasion; amongst others, one gentleman (being somewhat in the garb of a serving-man) was examined what Lord he belonged unto? To which he readily replied, *'To the Lord Jehovab!'*—
Which

Which word being beyond the constable's understanding, he asked his watchmen, if they knew any such Lord? They replied, 'No.' However, the constable being unwilling to give distaste, said, 'Well, let him pass, notwithstanding, *I believe it is some Scotch Lord, or other.*

A certain great lady passing in her chariot thro' Long Acre one morning, perceived her son coming out of a brothel; the spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion: The old lady ordered the coachman to stop at the door, and called out, '*My son, my son, never be ashamed of coming out of a bawdy-house; but for ever be ashamed of going into one.*'

A handsome young gentlewoman, of a good family and small fortune, was asked, 'Why she did not apply to be a Maid of Honour?' She answered, '*because she couldn't push for it.*

X A brisk young sempstress having outwitted many an airy fop, and sparkish gallant, was at last outwitted herself in this manner. A town-shift, in very good habit, coming into her shop, cheapened and bargained for a considerable parcel of linen; and then pausing, said, 'Oh! I'd like to forgot one thing: I want a shirt of the largest make; it is not for myself, but for one as big again.' She shewed him thereupon several; but he complained they were too strait; and she then shewed another, which he seemed to like, saying, 'Pray, madam, do me the favour to slip it over your own cloaths;' which, to please and humour so good a customer, she did: Then he turned her about to see how it sat, fastened privately the hinder lappets with two large pins, through all her cloaths to the hinder part of her smock; then snatching the linen he had bargained for off the counter, out he ran; she thereupon followed him, crying, Stop him! stop him! and hastily going to pull the shirt over her ears, as ashamed to pursue him in such a

gar-

garment, *she with it drew up all her cloaths, and exposed her naked posteriors to the public*; and so ran on, still pulling to get off the shirt; whilst some matrons, who supposed her to be mad, stopped her, sensible that she ought to be covered behind; which gave the sharper an opportunity to run cleverly off with his booty.

A man and his wife were chiding together, one advised them to agree as man and wife should do; 'Why sowe do, says he, for we are like a pack of cards, *shuffle with one another all day long, but at night lye close together as friends.*

A man having a strong opinion that his wife had often cornuted him; for an experiment to find out the mystery, he cuts off the spurs of several young cocks, and with some soft wax, stuck one upon his forehead, and came to his wife; 'Look here thou naughty woman, said he, this is the fruit of thy lewdness.' 'You are an unworthy man, said she, I never wrong'd you in my life.' 'I have now prayed, says he, to Jupiter, that I may have so many horns as thou hast been false, and he hath sent me one already.' 'Nay, said she, if it be of Jupiter's sending, 'tis in vain to dispute his register; I must confess, once I did transgress, but it was much against my inclination, *with a lusty young groom, for which I ask your's and Jupiter's pardon with all my heart.*' Then he clapt on another young horn, and taxed her further.— 'Indeed, said she, I have a very frail memory, but I perceive Jupiter is much in the right, for I remember *another time with one of the brewer's porters.*' 'Well, said he, I will never leave praying to Jupiter, till I have compleated the number of all thy treasons, and I do already feel some more budding forth.' 'Pray husband, said she, let me beg of you upon my knees, leave troubling of Jupiter, *for I know not, but if you continue praying, you may have horns all over.*

A scholar blowing his fire, the nose of the bellows dropt off; says he, 'I see its cold weather, *for the nose of the bellows drops.*'

Which word being beyond the constable's understanding, he asked his watchmen, if they knew any such Lord? They replied, 'No.' However, the constable being unwilling to give distaste, said, 'Well, let him pass, notwithstanding, *I believe it is some Scotch Lord, or other.*

A certain great lady passing in her chariot thro' Long Acre one morning, perceived her son coming out of a brothel; the spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion: The old lady ordered the coachman to stop at the door, and called out, '*My son, my son, never be ashamed of coming out of a barwdy-house; but for ever be ashamed of going into one.*'

A handsome young gentlewoman, of a good family and small fortune, was asked, 'Why she did not apply to be a Maid of Honour?' She answered, '*because she couldn't push for it.*

X A brisk young sempstress having outwitted many an airy fop, and sparkish gallant, was at last outwitted herself in this manner. A town-shift, in very good habit, coming into her shop, cheapened and bargained for a considerable parcel of linen; and then pausing, said, 'Oh! I'd like to forgot one thing: I want a shirt of the largest make; it is not for myself, but for one as big again.' She shewed him thereupon several; but he complained they were too strait; and she then shewed another, which he seemed to like, saying, 'Pray, madam, do me the favour to slip it over your own cloaths;' which, to please and humour so good a customer, she did: Then he turned her about to see how it sat, fastened privately the hinder lappets with two large pins, through all her cloaths to the hinder part of her smock; then snatching the linen he had bargained for off the counter, out he ran; she thereupon followed him, crying, Stop him! stop him! and hastily going to pull the shirt over her ears, as ashamed to pursue him in such a gar-

garment, *she with it drew up all her cloaths, and exposed her naked posteriors to the public ; and so ran on, still pulling to get off the shirt ; whilst some matrons, who supposed her to be mad, stopped her, sensible that she ought to be covered behind ; which gave the sharper an opportunity to run cleverly off with his booty.*

A man and his wife were chiding together, one advised them to agree as man and wife should do ; ‘ Why sowe do, says he, for we are like a pack of cards, *shuffle with one another all day long, but at night lye close together as friends.*

A man having a strong opinion that his wife had often cornuted him ; for an experiment to find out the mystery, he cuts of the spurs of several young cocks, and with some soft wax, stuck one upon his forehead, and came to his wife ; ‘ Look here thou naughty woman, said he, this is the fruit of thy lewdness.’ ‘ You are an unworthy man, said she, I never wrong’d you in my life.’ ‘ I have now prayed, says he, to Jupiter, that I may have so many horns as thou hast been false, and he hath sent me one already.’ ‘ Nay, said she, if it be of Jupiter’s sending, ’tis in vain to dispute his register ; I must confess, once I did transgress, but it was much against my inclination, *with a lusty young groom, for which I ask your’s and Jupiter’s pardon with all my heart.*’ Then he clapt on another young horn, and taxed her further. — ‘ Indeed, said she, I have a very frail memory, but I perceive Jupiter is much in the right, for I remember *another time with one of the brewer’s porters.*’ ‘ Well, said he, I will never leave praying to Jupiter, till I have compleated the number of all thy treasons, and I do already feel some more budding forth.’ ‘ Pray husband, said she, let me beg of you upon my knees, leave troubling of Jupiter, *for I know not, but if you continue praying, you may have horns all over.*

A scholar blowing his fire, the nose of the bellows dropt off ; says he, ‘ I see its cold weather, *for the nose of the bellows drops.*

A deserter just going to be turned off the ladder, gave a silver cup to a gray Friar, his Confessor. Jack Ketch, being vexed that he had given it to the Friar, rather than to him, *Pray Father, said he to the religious, since you are paid for it, e'en hang him yourself.*

A poor cavalier Corporal, being condemned to die, wrote this letter to his wife the day before he expected to suffer, thinking it would come to hand after his execution.

‘ Dear Wife,

‘ Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing ; this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children.

‘ *Your's, till death, W. B.*

Mr. Alderman Bates was boasting of a discovery that he had lately made at the last venison feast at Goldsmiths Hall ; which was, that he had found out the best cut in the haunch. Mr. Wilkes asked him, to tell him which it was, ‘ *Not for fifty pounds, Mr. Chamberlain, do you ~~but~~ consider what a corporation I have got to maintain, in comparison to your soup meagre complexion.*

A watchman met a person one evening, who was going along in great perplexity, to whom he said, ‘ What arms have you about you ? ’ He replied, a dagger, Sir. But searching him, he found that it was a bottle of wine; which he drinking off, returned him the *bottle*, saying, — ‘ *Here friend, I return you back the sheath again.*

The celebrated singer, Mr. Bannister being at a gentleman's seat in the country, on a visit, where, at an inn adjacent, there was held a jovial meeting weekly, of gentlemen farmers and mechanics of the place. On the night appointed, the gentleman takes, in disguise, Mr.
Banni-

Bannister with him, in order to hear a famous blacksmith perform, who had long bore the bell for the best pipe in the country, who unluckily was absent that night: The gentleman in order to have his place in a measure well supplied, begs our Bannister to tune his pipes; which he doing with his usual great humour, so roused and animated an honest hearty miller there, that when done, he flew from his seat, comes round to Bannister in the greatest rapture, and says, 'Give me your hand mon, egad you sing most as well as our blacksmith.'

A patriotic gentleman standing at the window of his house with his wife, whom he had married a few days before, and seeing a beautiful young woman pass along, he said to his wife, 'My dear soul, I'll make you laugh; you must know, that *I had to do several times* with that girl there before she married, but she was so silly as to go and tell her mother of it:' His wife replied, 'Oh, the silly brainless wretch, *I in like manner have had to do an hundred times* with our coachman and footman, and never said a word of it to my mother.'

As the celebrated Mrs. Robinson was going one Sunday to mass, met an upstart peasant at the church-door, who was for apeing a gentleman, when she, in order to ridicule him, asked him, if the mass for the *peasants* was ended; he immediately replied, 'madam, it is ended, and that of the *strumpets* is just beginning, make haste in, and you'll be time enough with the rest.'

Lord Chatham making one of a party at whist, one of the gamesters, with a bitter oath declared, he had the *worst hand* in the company; a considerable bet was proposed, and agreed to by his lordship, that he *had a worse*. He pulled off his glove, and shewed his *gouty hand*, when the company unanimously pronounced it in his lordship's favour.

Two gentlemen having words in a tavern, at length fell to fighting with their canes. A stander by observing one of them to strike his antagonist over the head, while the other only belaboured his sides and shoulders ; after the affray was over, asked the latter why he did not strike upon the head also ; ‘ Oh, Sir, said he, if I had hit him over the *head*, I should have *broke my cane*.

× A young woman being on Tower-hill to see the fire-works on his Majesty’s birth-day, was complaining of her shortness, a young man offered her a stand on his shoulders. ‘ Then, says she, you cannot see the *fire-works*.’ ‘ True, said he, but I shall see the *water-works*.’

Colonel Mordaunt said, that a *gap* in chastity was like a *chasm* in a young tree, always *widening*.

A country clergyman, who was spending an evening with some of his fair parishioners, requested one of them, a young lady about eighteen, to give a toast, which she immediately complied with, and gave *Truth*. The parson observed it was a very good toast, but he did not conceive the whole of its excellency, ’till he was at church the Sunday afterwards, when Mr. Amen gave out part of the psalm, with a very laudable voice in these words, *His truth at all times firmly stood*. The parson from thence was convinced of the ingenious meaning of the lady, and acknowledged it to be orthodox wit.

A beautiful young creature, of thirteen years of age, being to be married to a strapping fellow of thirty ; the young lady’s mother was severely rallied at a tea-table conversation, for consenting to such an unequal match ; the mother said in her defence, that she had much rather her daughter should *smart* than *itch*.

Sirrah, (says Justice W — — to one brought before him) you are an arrant knave ; says the prisoner, ‘ Just as your worship spoke, the clock struck *two*.

As the late Dean Swift, was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night ; in the morning the Dean called for his boots ; the servant immediately took them to him ; when the Dean saw them, ' How's this Tom, cries he, my boots are not cleaned ? ' ' No Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again ; ' very well, said the Dean, go get the horses ready ; ' in the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready ? ' Yes, Sir, says the servant : ' ' Go bring them out then ' says the Dean ; ' ' I have not had my breakfast yet, Sir, says Tom ; ' ' Oh ! no matter for that (says the Dean) if you had it, you would soon be hungry again. ' They mounted and rode off ; as they rode the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket and fell to reading ; a gentleman met them, and seeing the Doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. ' Who is that gentleman ? (said he to the servant) ' ' 'Tis my master, Sir, said Tom ; ' ' I know that, you blockhead, said the gentleman, but where are you going ? ' ' We are going to heaven, Sir, ' says Tom. ' How do you know that ? said the gentleman. ' *Because I am fasting, and my master is praying, Sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place.*

Previous to the first blow given in the war which commenced in the year 1740, a Captain English, who happened to be on board Lord Aubrey Beauclerk's ship in the West-Indies, told Mr. Leslie (then his lordship's Lieutenant,) that he had a *presentiment* that his own life would be the first sacrifice in that war.—A few days after, Lord Aubrey fell in with a fleet of French men of war, whom he hailed, and called upon to lower their top-sails. The Frenchman refused, and Lord Aubrey ordered Mr. Leslie to go forward, and fire one of the fore-castle guns among them. As Leslie left the quarter-deck to obey this pleasant order, (for war, you know, is the soldier's harvest) he clapt his hand upon

poor Captain English's back, and said, *Now for it my friends, the game is going to begin.* The Frenchman returned a broad-side before Mr. Leslie got back to the quarter-deck, where he found Mr. English dead as a door-nail, the only man who had received any personal injury on board the ship. But this was not all, *when the body was stript no wound appeared, nor was the manner of his death to be accounted for till some hours afterwards, when it was found that a shot of the enemy had struck against one of the muzzles of a quarter deck gun, and some particles of the spray, or honeycomb of the gun, had penetrated thro' the skull into the brain.*

One who had been obliged to take up his lodgings in St. George's Fields, being brought up by habeas corpus to give evidence on a trial at Westminster-hall, the late Counsellor Dunning asked him with a sneer, whether he was not a King's Bench Collegian? 'Yes, Sir, replied the other, *and I really thought that by residing there, I should have avoided the impetunences of Dunning.*

The late Pope (Ganganelli) seeing a young man very intent upon taking off some fine pieces in one of the churches at Rome, sent for him, and desired to know his profession. The youth replied, that he had been bred to none, but that his father was a merchant, who had failed and died in Florence. 'Whatever your father was (said his holiness) *I see you are inclined to be a painter; but it is not customary to take off church-pieces in the manner you did.*' The young man began now to excuse himself; but the Pope desired him not to be alarmed, insisted on seeing his piece, and had him instructed in drawing, at his own expence. Some of those about him expressed their wonder at his Holiness's generosity to this stranger, and the more so as they said it appeared he was a protestant, from which heresy not a step had been taken to convert him. 'Ah, (said Ganganelli) *as a Pope I am bound to commend your pious care; but as a man, I must tell you, that painting is of no religion.*

A gentle sprinkle of rain happening, a plough boy left his work and went home; but his master seeing him there, told him that he should not have left his work for so trifling an affair, and begged for the future he would stay till it rained *downright*. A day or two afterwards proving a very rainy day, the boy stayed till dusk, and being almost drowned, his master asked him why he did not come before? *'Why I should (says the boy) but you sed I shou'dn't come hoam vore it rained downright; and it has not rained downright yet, for it was asslaunt all day long.'*

An Irish gentleman, who had been appointed an ensign in the army, had his regimentals made in a very awkward and bungling manner; and in particular, his sleeves were four or five inches too short. Some friend of his observed that his cloaths did not fit him at all. —*How the Devil should they (said the honest Hibernian) for when the taylor took measure of me, he was in London, and I was in Dublin.'*

An ambassador from England, on being presented to his Spanish Majesty, was told to do some particular homage, which, as being rather inconsistent with the instructions of his master, and too humiliating for the character he bore, he begged leave to decline. The King was so offended at this imaginary insult, that, with the view of putting him out of countenance, he cried aloud to the courtiers around him, *'What I has my good brother the King of England no other men in his court, that he has sent me a fool to represent him?'* *'Q yes, may it please your Majesty, (replied our countryman) My master has many men about him, far wiser than me; but he always makes it a rule to suit every Ambassador to the King with whom he is about to reside.'*

A droll fellow being in an alehouse, was teased by an old woman to read the news-paper to her; whereupon taking it up he began as follows. *Last night, yesterday morning, about three o'clock in the afternoon, just before breakfast, a hungry boy, bought a penny custard for*

two-pence, and threw it through a stone brick wall nine feet thick, and then jumping over it fell into a dry horse-pond, and was drowned. The same day, about forty hours after, a high wind at Covent Garden blew down an old new house at Whitechapel, which killed a sow and nine dead pigs at St. Giles's, where a great boar cat kittened a magpye, and a dead horse kicked a blind man's eyes out.

A student in one of our Universities sent to another student of his college, to borrow a certain book. *I never lend my books out*, said the latter, *but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chamber, he may make use of it as long as he pleases*. A few days after, he that had refused the book, sends to the other to borrow a pair of bellows. — *I never lend my bellows out*, says this other, *but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chambers, he may make use of them as long as he pleases*.

William Penn, the quaker, once waiting upon King Charles II. kept on his hat. The King, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. *Friend Charles*, said Penn, *Why dost thou not keep on thy hat?* — *Friend Penn* (replied the King) *it is the custom of this place for no more than one person ever to be covered at a time*.

A formal fellow enquiring for Mr. Owen at his own house, and looking over the hatch, asked an arch boy, in a drawling way, ‘ if Mr. O—wen was within? — To which the boy merrily replied, N—o.

Two women chattering together, one of them said, ‘ My daughter has not laid her eyes together these four nights. ‘ *You fool*, says the other, *how should she, Does not her nose lie between?*

When General Bligh was a Captain in a marching regiment. As he and his lady were travelling in Yorkshire, they put up at an inn, where there happened to be only just as much in the larder as would serve them for

for dinner, which was immediately ordered. In the mean time some sporting gentlemen of the country coming in, and finding there was nothing in the house but what was getting ready for another company, asked who they were? The landlord told them, he did not directly know; but he believed the gentleman was an *Irish Officer*. ‘*Oh! if he’s Irish (says one of the company) a potatoe will serve him.*’ ‘Here, waiter, take up this watch, (pulling out an elegant, gold watch) carry this up stairs, and ask the gentleman what’s o’clock?’ The waiter at first remonstrated; but the company insisting upon his delivering the message, he was obliged to comply. Mr. Bligh, as may well be imagined, was surprized at such an impudent message; but recollecting himself a moment, took the watch from the waiter, and sent his compliments to the company, that he would tell them before he parted. This message, however, produced his dinner to be sent up to him in quiet; which, after he had eat, he claps a couple of large horse pistols under his arm, and going down stairs, introduced himself into the company who had sent up such a message, by telling them he was come to let them know what *o’clock it was*; but first begged to be informed, to which of the gentlemen the watch belonged; here a perfect silence ensued. Mr. Bligh then began on his right hand, asking them severally the question, each of whom denied knowing any thing of the circumstance. ‘*Oh! then gentlemen (says he) I find I have mistaken the company; the waiter some time since brought me an impudent message from some people in this house, which I came, as you see (pointing to his pistol) properly to resent; but I find I have mistaken the room.*’ Saying this, he wished them a good evening, which they as politely returned: paid his bill, he then slept into his carriage, and drove off with the watch in his pocket, which he kept till his death, and has lately left it by will, with a large fortune, to his brother, the present Dean of Elphin.

In the late war, a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when

one

one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the ostler brought him out a short-back'd, light galloway, about fourteen hands high. — 'Zounds, (says Jack) this won't do for me! he is too short in the back.' 'Oh, Sir, (replies the ostler) 'he is the better for that.' 'Damn him, he won't do, I tell you, *get me a horse with a longer back, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike.*'

When Lieutenant O'Brien (who was afterwards called Sky-rocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with pleasantry, '*I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself.*'

When Admiral Parker commanded in the East-Indies, he was blown off the coast in a hurricane, when the ship leaked so, they despaired of saving her; upon that, he ordered the colours to be hoisted. 'Oh, Sir, (says one of the lieutenants) 'it's in vain to display them, we cannot get any assistance.' 'I know it (says the Admiral) *but she shall sink like a King's ship, with her colours flying!*' Soon after the storm abated, and they got into port.

General Armiger's death being very sudden, and on the night of his nuptials, a maid of honour asked Mr. Chace Price the cause of it. 'Miss, (replied the wit) *the General died of a parenthesis.*'

Lord Sandwich was one day at Huntingdon races, when a horse by the name of Satan ran for the plate.— Lord Sandwich coming up to a gentleman, said, 'Sir, *my eyes are not very good; which horse is first? I have bet on Satan.*' 'Aye, (replied the other) *you are on the right side; the Devil is always a friend to your Lordship.*'

Goldsmith was, without exception, the vainest man of his person, and a man of the plainest person you could see; when he dined with Foote, he used to place himself at table opposite a large pier-glass, in which the Doctor would be always admiring himself, and neglect his viſtuals; however, vanity led the Doctor to the thoughts of matrimony, and he believed a beautiful lady where he viſited was much in love with him. — These trifles got air, and some of the particulars were mentioned in a paper published by Evans, in Pater-noster Row. The Doctor, incensed, flew to the shop, and when he entered, the Bookseller was stooping for something behind the counter; Goldsmith, not regarding that, struck him with his cane, and knocked him down. The man astonished and confounded got up, and beat the Doctor so severely that he was confined for some time for the impetuosity of his temper.

Mrs. Foote, mother of Aristophanes, was of a very whimsical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her son. The day she was sent prisoner to the King's Bench, Foote was taken to a spunging-house, when the following laconic letters passed between mother and son. '*Dear Sam, I am in prison.*' Answer, '*Dear mother, so am I.*'

Lady M. W. Montague, and Mr. Pope, from being very intimate friends, and perhaps something more, became most inveterate enemies. Pope, on being told that the lady had spoken very sarcastically of his person and writings, desired the gentleman who informed him, to acquaint her Ladyship, 'that she should hear from him in black and white.' 'Ay! (said Lady Mary) does the little thing say so? Pray tell him then, that he shall hear from me in black and blue.'

There is a poor blind man, who has for these twenty years at least stood begging at Newcastle-house, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, but his usual stand is at the end of the house in Great Queen-street. When the Earl of Bute was mounting to power, in the present unhappy

reign, and all the courtiers, bishops, &c. left Newcastle-house, (where they had so often been fed, cloathed, placed, &c. by the good old Duke) to pay their court to the rising sun; the late old Earl of Winchelsea, one day going by the Duke's house, and seeing the poor old blind beggar, said, with surprize, '*Ah, old acquaintance, I will give thee a shilling; for thou art the only grateful beggar that has not left these walls.*'

When the Duke of Grafton was informed of his divorced Duchess being married to Lord U—p—t—y—, 'Aye,' says his Grace, 'it is high time, for she has long been under O—f—y.'

After a long stay at Rome, Salvator Rosa was seized with a dropsy, and during his illness he married his mistress, a Florentine, by whom he had several children.—It was with the utmost reluctance he consented to this marriage. He knew that she had shared her favors with several others, the thoughts of which made her at that time, the object of his aversion. His friends and his confessor made use of every argument that religion could suggest to remove his disgust to the match. At length one of them said in a heat, 'Salvator, if you will not marry her, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.'—'Well, replied he, *if I cannot get admision into heaven without being a cuckold, I will marry her.*'

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensuing, the tar took the robber, who meeting some people, they persuaded him to bear away with his prize to the justice of peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said, he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man: the sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, '*He, damn him, he put me in bodily fear! No, nor any that yet lived; therefore, if that is to be the case, you may let him go, for damn me if I swear to such a lie.*'

The

The late Captain Patrick Beard, of the navy, a man as celebrated for humour and wit, as for his classical learning, who had experienced a variety of vicissitudes of life, and acted in the capacity of sailor, priest of the Roman church, pilgrim, &c. was commanded to the coast of Guinea, where he visited all the black Princes with presents from the crown; among the rest, King Tom, of Anamaboo; but when introduced to his Majesty, he found him seated cross-leg'd on a throne of mud, surrounded with half-naked nobles, with a laced coat on, without shirt or breeches, and a dirty red night-cap on his head. Captain Beard wore a full-powdered wig, and when introduced to the King, his Majesty rose, shook his head, spluttered some strange jargon, and threw the greasy cap in his face; Mr. Beard, a little surprized at the oddity of this salute, after recollection, spluttered again in a similar jargon, and dashed his great white wig in the black fellow's face: this set them all a laughing, and made him and King Tom the best friends.

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's Island, General Lee was one day reconnoitring the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid-de-camps, a very young man, shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. — 'Sdeath, Sir (cried Lee) what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above an hundred aid-de-camps in one campaign?' 'So I understand, Sir, (replied the young officer) but I did not think you could spare so many.'

When Mossop, the tragedian died, his circumstances were in a reduced state, and on examining his breeches, a penny was only found in his pocket. This particular a gentleman was relating with some emotions of distress and pity to Foote, when the wag replied, 'Why, Sir, you can't say then that he died penniless.'

Notwithstanding Lord Rochester was the most debauched and imprudent nobleman of his time, and tho' he had even exhibited as a mountebank on Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence sufficient to speak in the House of Peers. One day, making an attempt to speak, he gave a true picture of this *mauvais honte*. Says he, 'My Lords and Gentlemen, I rise this time——My Lords and Gentlemen, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches.——My Lords and Gentlemen, if I ever attempt to branch in this place again, I'll give ye leave to cut me off root and branch for ever ;' and he sat down.

Captain Bob Faulkner, who married the regal Miss Ash, had spent three fortunes in his life-time, to the amount of 150,000*l*. A brother sailor calling on him one morning to borrow some cash, he took a blue worsted stocking full out of his chest, and said, 'There, Jack, take a handful, and pay me when you can.'

A learned gentleman at the bar, when interrogating a sailor who was called as a witness to a murder aboard ship, asked him where the defendant was when he saw him strike the person murdered. The defendant! replied the sailor, I do not know what you mean by the defendant?—Counsellor B. addressed himself to the bench, and argued that he was not a competent witness, who did not understand what plaintiff or defendant meant : however, the sailor was suffered to proceed in his evidence. In the course of which he was asked by the aforesaid counsellor, in what part of the ship he (the evidence) stood, when the fact was committed? *Where did I stand?* replied the sailor with sea faring roughness, *why, I stood abaft the binnacle.*——*Abaft the binnacle!* (says counsellor B) pray where is that?—*'There is a pretty fellow of a counsellor,* replied the sailor, *who does not know where abaft the binnacle is !*

Counsellor Bearcroft was employed in Mr. Vanfittart's famous cause. In his address to the jury, he said, 'That for brevity's sake in the course of the trial, he should shorten Mr. Vanfittart's name, and call him Mr. Van.

Van. When Mr. Vansittart's examination came on, he begged leave that he might be indulged with the same liberty as the learned counsel, by shortening his name, and he should therefore call him Mr. *Bear*.

An Irish gentleman was visited by a friend, who found him a little ruffled, and being asked the reason of it, said, 'He had lost a new pair of black silk stockings out of his room, that had cost him eighteen shillings; but that he hoped he should get them again, for that he had ordered them to be cried, and had offered half a crown reward.' The other observed, that the reward was too little for such valuable stockings. '*Pho*,' said the Irish gentleman, *I ordered the cryer to say, they were worsted.*

A countryman at Bury assizes was indicted and arraigned for stealing a goose, but the accusation was false, for he brought a neighbour of his, who swore positively, that he remembered that very goose in his possession ever since it was a gosling.—An Irishman, who was a prisoner for stealing a gun, hearing this able defence, prevailed on a fellow countryman of his to swear that he remembered the gun in his possession ever since it was a *pistol*.

In November last, a rider to a capital house in Watling-street, being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester, by a single highwayman, who taking him by surprize, robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. 'Sir, (said the rider with great presence of mind) I have suffered you to take my property, and you are very welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm: but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any defence, I should take it kind of you just to fire a pistol through my hat.' 'With all my heart, (said the highwayman) where-about will you have the ball?'— 'Here, (said the rider) just by the side of the button.'—The unthinking highwayman was as good as his
F 6 word;

word ; but the moment he had fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and with the assistance of a traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester Gaol.

As the celebrated Dr. Johnson was sitting in a coffee-room, where a dog was rather troublesome, he ordered the waiter to kick him out ; the waiter not being so alert as he should be, the doctor repeated his orders ; upon which a young genius said to the doctor, ‘ Sir, I perceive you are not fond of dogs ? ’ ‘ No, said the Doctor, ‘ *nor of puppies neither.*

General Guise, when Captain, had the honour of taking Field-marshal Tallard prisoner. Many years after, as the General was driving through that part of Versailles where the Marshall lived, he ordered his coachman to stop. When the servants came to the door, the General asked if *Tallard was at home ?* In a country where etiquette is so much observed as in France, the servants rather wondered at his freedom ; however, the enquiry was followed by an invitation to dinner, when the Marshall took notice in a humourous manner of his servants surprize at his asking, whether Tallard was at home ; to which the General replied, *Why, Cæsar was Cæsar, and Pompey was Pompey, and Tallard is Tallard, and what would Tallard be more ?*

The marquis of Carmarthen being at Mitchener’s Coffee-room at Margate, was much solicited by a poor man to buy some tooth-picks. ‘ *Well,* said the Marquis, *what is the price of your tooth-picks ?* ‘ *A guinea a-piece,* replied the man. ‘ *A guinea a-piece !* said the Marquis, ‘ *Why tooth-picks must be very scarce at Margate surely, by your asking such an exorbitant price.*’ ‘ No, replied the man, *tooth-picks are not scarce here, but Marquisses are.*

The Earl of A——n shewing his curiosities at his villa near Oxford, to some gentlemen of the University, at last came to an ostrich, one of whose properties his lordship

Lordship told them was to digest iron. ‘ *Ay, said an Oxonian, then I’ll be hang’d if this bird has not swallowed the key of the cellar, or we should have had something to drink before now.*

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber who was shaving his head, the tonfor was giving him an account of the present seat of war in America, and describing General Prevost’s situation before Charles Town. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much, the gentleman told him, that *he hoped he was not drawing a map of the country upon his head with the razor.*

A gentleman who possesses a small estate in Gloucestershire, was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose ; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his pretended friend, and told him that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and told him, he was very much rejoiced at the event : But pray, Sir, said he, where is your place ? ‘ *In the Gloucester coach,* said he, Sir, *I secured it this morning ; and you, Sir, have cured me of any higher ambition.*

It is very common for people in general, who live at any great distance from the metropolis, or any other place where particular articles are to be purchased which they want, to trouble any person travelling there with a variety of commissions. It happened that a gentleman of Verona was about to take a long voyage, and as usual, almost all his friends begged the favour of him to purchase for them such and such commodities, and only one of them advanced him the amount of the desired purchase. Now, had this gentleman complied with the solicitations of all his friends, it would have taken up much more money than he could spare, and would have procrastinated his journey to an unusual length ; he therefore entirely omitted every one, except that for which he had the money in advance. Upon his return,
after

after about a year's absence, he had numberless applications for the different commodities, and he gave this general answer, *As I was upon my voyage, and standing one day upon deck, I was looking over my different commissions, when suddenly there came a gust of wind, which blew them all away, except one, and the weight of the money inclosed in the commission prevented its sharing the same fate.*

George S——n meeting a gentleman at the Smyrna coffee-house, who had a remarkable stinking breath, asked him where he had been riding that morning?—The gentleman replied, that he had been riding to Hampstead, but had the north wind full in his face.—*'Come, come,* said George, *don't you complain, for I am sure the North wind had the worst of it.*

Foote was very fond of good eating and drinking, and naturally frequented those tables where the best was to be found. He one day, not long before his death, called upon an Alderman in the city, (with whom he was intimately acquainted) just at dinner time, when, instead of the usual delicacies, he saw only some green peas soup, and a neck of mutton; he suffered both to be taken away, and said he would wait for something else. The Alderman could not refrain telling him, that they had an accident in the morning which spoiled the whole dinner, and nothing had escaped the catastrophe but these two dishes, for the kitchen chimney had fallen in. *Oh! is it so,* said Foote, *then John, bring back the mutton, for I find it is neck or nothing with us.*

Soon after Mr. Wilkes was chosen Sheriff of the city of London, Foote met him in the Strand, and observing the chain about his neck, told the patriot, that he could have saved him the expence of that chain, had he consulted him. *'How so,'* (said Wilkes) *'Why,* said Foote, *Garrick would have lent you his jack-chain, for he has no manner of occasion for it.*

A party of gentlemen at the Baptist's Head coffee-house, one evening lately, made an appointment to set out early the next morning for Cox Heath Camp; one of them said, he was so drowsy in a morning, that he could not wake without being called. An Irish gentleman, one of the party, said, *for his part, it was no trouble to him to rise early, for he had been so fortunate as to buy an alarm, and therefore he had nothing to do but to pull the string; and then he could wake himself at what hour he pleased.*

A rider to a capital house in the city, celebrated for his humour, as very many of that fraternity are, being at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers to sup with him at his quarters; presently after, some of the friends were anxious to hear the rider sing, but being inconsistent with their plan of purity to request so profane a favor, they went a round about way to work. Friend, said one, *dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself with singing a song?* I do, said he. *Then if thou art inclined, resumed old broad brim, to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee.* After repeated solicitations of this kind, he began *amusing* himself in that way, and the friends seemed as much amused as he.—It is to be observed, that it was Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as he had sung three verses of a song, not fam'd for its strict accordance with the rules of modesty: the rider paused and said, he did not chuse to proceed, as it was Sunday morning. *'Thou may'st finish thy song, friend, said one of them, for I can assure thee, that clock goes five minutes too fast.*

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? *'O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in Heaven before twelve o'clock to-night.'*—The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, *'O God forbid.'*

Admiral Drake, whose birth and education are not so generally known, as his courage and prowess in his line
of

of duty, being asked, when he was going to take the command of a Squadron, whether he could speak French, replied in the negative; but added, *he believed he could make his guns talk that, or any other language he could dictate.*

Lord Kelly being in company the other evening at a celebrated house in St. James's Street, till the circulation of the glass had, after the language of his friends, *set fire to every carbuncle in his face*, and put the whole, as it were, in a blaze; a wit present, took occasion to ask the noble Lord, if he was to have any part of the 1000*l.* premium given to Berkenhout and others, for the invention of a scarlet dye.

On a certain lady's meeting a gentleman whom she had not seen for some time, asked him if he was married? 'No, madam,' replied he. 'How extremely well and fresh you look,' cried the lady, *surely you make use of viper broth?* 'On the contrary, madam, (said the gentleman) the cause I look so well is, that I am not married, and consequently have nothing to do with vipers.

The famous Daniel Burgefs dining with a gentleman of his acquaintance, a large Cheshire cheese uncut was brought to table. 'Where shall I cut it?' said Daniel. Any where you please, Mr. Burgefs, said the gentleman. — Upon which he gave it to the servant, *bidding him carry it to his house, and he would cut it at home.*

Bishop Burnet, who was a tall large-boned man, preaching once with some vehemence before King Charles the Second, closed one of his sentences with a violent thump upon the cushion, and this note of interrogation, Who dares deny it?— 'No body, says the King, in a whisper, *who stands within the reach of that devilish great fist of your's.*

An Englishman going into one of the French ordinaries near Soho, and finding a very large dish of soup, with

with about a pound of mutton in the middle of it, began to pull off his wig, his stock, and then his coat; at which one of the Monsieurs being very much surprised, asked him what he was going to do? *'To do! why, I mean to strip and swim through this ocean of porridge, that I may get at that little island of mutton.'*

When the Duke of Ormond was young, and came first to court, he happened to stand next to Lady Dorchester, one evening in the Drawing-room, who being but little upon the reserve on most occasions, broke wind backwards; upon which he looked full in the face, and laughed. *'What's the matter, my lord?'* said she — *'Oh! I heard it, madam,'* replied the Duke. *'You'll make a fine courtier, indeed,'* said she, *'if you mind every thing you hear in this place.'*

When the celebrated beau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the Doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription? *'No faith, Doctor,'* said Nash, *'if I had, I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of the two pair-of-stairs window.'*

A highwayman presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in his chariot, demanded his money, with the usual compliments; the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. *'With all my heart,'* said the highwayman, and gave it the gentleman, who instantly turned the muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him. *'That you may, if you can,'* replied the highwayman, *'for I promise you it is not loaded;'* and rode off very coolly with his booty.

A certain swaggering officer being in company with Mr. Charles Brander, bragg'd egregiously of the number he had slain by his own hand abroad, insomuch that

that, by his own account, he had demolished at least five hundred. ‘ Sir, says Charles, I have killed in my time, let me see—*five at Madrid—ten at Lisbon—twenty at Paris—thirty at Vienna, and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarcely disembarked before a desperate son of a bitch of a fellow killed me.*’— ‘ Killed you ! says the officer, *D—n you, what do you mean by that ?*’— ‘ Sir, replies Charles, *I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine ?*

A gentleman just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear wife.’ ‘ *Faith, Sir, says the wit, I see you are no hypocrite, for she is truly your dear wife.*

A young widow of wit, beauty, and fortune, was courted by a country gentleman, who, according to the vulgar notion, thought that those freedoms which would disgust a virgin, were absolutely necessary to be used in courting a widow ; and therefore at the first visit behaved very indelicately ; on which the lady angrily asked him the meaning of such rude behaviour ? He replied, ‘ You must excuse me, widow, it is spring time, and the sap will rise :’ ‘ *Truly then, says the lady, I will rise up too, for you are too sappy for me ; and so getting up, walked off and left him.*

Two country attornies, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked, why his fore-horse was so fat, and the rest so lean ? The waggoner knowing them, answered, *That his fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.*

At an entertainment given by the heads of a parish where Charles Bannister was invited, the company, when the glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry ; when the clerk of the parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any gentleman to sing, except such songs as he thought proper

proper to call for. ‘ Hey-day, Mr. Amen, says Charles, this is making too free, methinks; for tho’ you make the company sing what you please on Sundays, I can see no reason you should oblige them to do so every day in the week.

A lady, belonging to a wealthy parish in London, having had the misfortune to bury several of her family in a little time, the sexton brought her a bill, which she thinking unreasonable, demanded some abatement, and tendered him five shillings less than he had charged.— ‘ The sexton ey’d the money, and at length took it up, saying, *As you have been a good chap, madam, and I expect more of your custom, I’ll take it for this time, but I really can’t afford it.*

The late Prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself *incog.* went to see a bull-baiting near Hockley in the Hole. The bull (being true game) gave a great deal of sport, and foiled every dog that attacked him. At last, old Towzer, whose owner, (a butcher in Claremarket,) stood close to the Prince, fairly pinn’d the bull. At which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his Royal Highness a swinging clap on the back, saying, *see there, my Prince, that is my dog, rot me if it ’ent.*

A Welchman seeing his master tearing some letters, ‘ Pray Sir, give hur one,’ says he, ‘ no matter which, to send to hur friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.

A gentleman on his travels call’d his servant to the side of the post chaise; ‘ Tom, (says he) here’s a guinea, which is too light, and I can get no body to take it, do you see and part with it some how or other on the road.’— ‘ Yes, Sir, (says the footman) I’ll endeavour.’— When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea? ‘ Yes, Sir, says the man, *I did it slyly.*’— ‘ Aye! Tom, (says the master) I fancy thou art a sly sort of a fellow; but tell me how?’ ‘ *Why, Sir, (says the*

the footman) *The people refused him at breakfast, and so they did where your honor dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the Turnpike, I whipp'd him in between the half-pence, and the man put it in his pocket, and never saw it.*

Beau Nash was one evening employed in collecting money for the Bath-Hospital; a lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, '*You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket.*' 'Yes, madam, says he, that I will with pleasure, if your Grace will tell me when to stop;' then taking an handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, 'One, two, three, four, five.' 'Hold, hold (says the Duchess,) *consider what you'r are about.*' — 'consider your rank and fortune, madam, says Nash, and continued telling, 'Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.' — Here the Duchess called again, and seemed angry. — 'Pray compose yourself, madam, (cry'd Nash) and don't interrupt the work of charity; 'Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen.' Here, the Duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. 'Peace, madam (says Nash; you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam, and upon the front of the building ma'am: 'Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.' — 'I won't pay a farthing more,' says the Duchess. 'Charity hides a multitude of sins,' (replies Nash) 'Twenty one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.' — 'Nash, says she, *I protest you frighten me out of my wits, L—d, I shall die!*' 'Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be the better for you, answered Nash, and was about to proceed; but perceiving her Grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued: when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her Grace for thirty guineas. The Duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him, '*stand farther, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him.*' But her Grace afterwards, having a run of good luck, called Nash to her. 'Come,

says

says she, *I will be friends with you, tho' you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity.*

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. 'Sir, said he, I wonder you could do so?' 'Prithee where is th' wonder?' says the other, 'if she had got me with child, you might have wondered indeed.'

A gentleman having some company to dinner, one of them cried out, 'Lord bless me, I've forgot my laced waistcoat!' The master of the house told him there was no need of any apology, for he was very well dress'd. — 'You mistake me, replied the guest, *I don't mean a gold lace waistcoat, but my waistcoat with a lace behind.*

Counsellor Dunning, who had got a trick of hemming several times in the course of a speech, once upon a trial concerning a broken winded horse, told a coachman that he did not know what broken-winded was. *Yes, but I do,* says the man, *for he cries a-hem, hem, just as you do.*

A printer going home late one night, was stopped by the constable, who asked him what he did out so late, and what was his name? 'My name, says he, is *Twenty Shillings.*' 'Where do you live, says the Constable?' 'I live, says he, *out of the King's dominions.*' — 'So, says the Constable, where have you been?' Says he again, 'Where you would have been with all your heart.' 'It may be so, says the constable, but where are you going?' 'Where you dare not go for your ears — I do not intend it, says the constable, to-night, but you shall go to the Compter' The next morning he was brought before a magistrate, who check'd him for answering the constable so crossly. 'Sir, says he, *it was partly the truth. As to the first question, my name is Mark Noble. To the second, I live in Little Britain. To the*

the third, I had been drinking a glass of good punch. And to the last, I was going to-bed to my wife.— So for the joke-sake he was dismissed without fees.

One losing a bag of money, about 50*l.* between Temple-gate, and Temple-bar, fixed up a paper, offering 10*l.* reward to those who took it up, and would return it. Hereupon the person who found it, wrote underneath, *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my loss.*

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, in a new coat; the parson asked him in a haughty tone, ‘Who gave him that coat?’ ‘The same people, said the shepherd, that cloath you, the parish.’ The parson nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty way, and sent his man back to ask the shepherd, if he would come and live with him? for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd accordingly, and delivered his master’s message, concluding thereby that his master really wanted a fool.— ‘*Why, are you going away then?*’ said the shepherd.— ‘No;’ answered the other. ‘*Then you may tell your master, replies the shepherd, his living won’t maintain three of us.*

When Quin lodged in the country, he turn’d his horse to grais and lost him. Making an enquiry after him, he asked a country fellow if they had any thieves among them, for his horse was stolen? ‘No, says the clown, *we be all honest folks here; but they say, there is one Quin, I think they call him, a strolling player from London, mayhap he may ha’ stol’n him.*

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade, was told of some of his tricks by a merchant on ‘Change; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said, ‘What, Sir, do you call me a rogue?’ ‘No, I don’t call you rogue, said the merchant, *but I’ll give you ten guineas, if you find any one here, who will say you are an honest man!*

An

An arch barber, at a certain borough in the West, where there are but few electors, had art enough to suspend his promise till the voters, by means of bribery, the old balsam, were so divided, that the casting vote lay in himself. One of the candidates, who was sensible of it, came into his little dirty shop to be shaved, and when the operation was finished, threw into the basin twenty guineas. The next day came the other candidate, who was shaved also, and left thirty. Some days after this, the first returned to solicit the barber's vote, who told him very coldly, *That he could not promise.* 'Not promise!' says the gentleman, *why I thought I had been shaved here!* 'Tis true, says the barber, *you was, but another gentleman has been trimmed since that; however, if you please, I'll trim you again; and then I'll tell you my mind.*

Harry Howard of facetious memory, being once carried before a justice who was very crooked, and seemed to be rather prejudiced against him, when he was asked whether he had any thing to say for himself, replied, 'Yes! but I am sure it will be to no purpose; for I see you are all of one side.'

An honest publican, whose heart was better than his head, and who was very fond of drinking with his customers, when the pot or bowl was out, always insisted that he who emptied the *last* should begin upon the new one, observing, that *tops* and *bottoms* should go together. — One afternoon, two men genteelly dressed went into the back room, where they called for a tankard of beer, and accordingly the liquor was brought them, as was then the custom, in a silver tankard. Having paid their reckoning, they went away, when the landlord going down stairs to draw beer for other customers in the same vessel, found the bottom was taken out. On this, coming up again in a violent passion, a plain dressed man who had all the while sat in the tap-room, inquiring into the cause of his uneasiness, was no sooner informed of it, than he said he was acquainted with the persons in question; that he knew them to be sharpers, and could easily

easily trace out their haunts if the landlord would go with him. This was accordingly agreed upon, and after an absence of near half an hour, this man returned seemingly in great agitation, telling the landlady that he had caught the men, who were then before Sir John Fielding; but added, that they could not be committed unless the remainder of the tankard was sent, in order to identify the bottom of it.—This was readily granted, and he departed; but the husband returning soon after, when his wife congratulated him on his having taken the thieves, declared this was so far from being the case, that his guide had deceived him, and escaped through some courts, where all pursuit was vain.—Being told of what had since passed, he again burst into a violent passion, when an old customer of his, who remembered his usual sayings, cried, ‘Landlord, it signifies little for you to be angry, and besides you know *tops* and *bottoms* ought always to go together.’

When the Prince of Orange, afterwards King William III. was first preparing for his expedition to England, one of his officers ventured to ask his highness what were his intentions? ‘Answer me a question in your turn, (said William) Can you keep a secret?’ ‘Certainly, (said the other, expecting to be trusted.)’ ‘And so can I (said the Prince) for which reason you must excuse me from telling you my intentions.’

An officer in the English service going on the expedition against the Americans at Bunker’s-hill, gave orders to his taylor to make him a suit of cloaths, and to put within side of the lining of the waistcoat, a plate of brass, as a shield from the enemy; which the taylor, through a lucky mistake, placed in the inside of the lining of the breeches; for the officer being immediately after led on to battle, a precipitate retreat immediately ensued, and being closely pursued by the enemy, endeavoured to make his escape by jumping over a hedge, which one of the enemy perceiving, thrust the bayonet in his tail, as he thought, and push’d him over. The enemy left him. When he got safe to camp, he could but extol the taylor’s conduct, *who knew where his heart lay better than himself.*

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence ; upon which the prosecutor cries out, *Ten-pence ! my lord, why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds. Oh ! says his lordship, we must not hang a man for fashion sake.*

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of giving the lie in conversation, and therefore, he advised, when a man was telling a tale that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry *twang*, which would not irritate passion as the lie would. Afterward digressing into the story of the great miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them, that they were not such loaves as are used now, but were as big as a mountain ; at the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang !* What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend ? No, says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were that baked them.*

A certain nobleman, who used to dangle after Miss Younge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love ? Your lordship, said she, *is the best* in the world.

A young lady of pretty high spirits, who was just entering into the marriage state, told her gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *obey*, and was resolved she would not. When the ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried, honour and *be* ; nay, madam, said the parson, you must say *obey* ; I cannot say you are married if you do not speak the words as the office directs ; but still she would only say as she had done ; and the parson again reproving her, ' Let her alone, Doctor, says her husband, let her only say *be* if she has a mind to it now, and I will make her cry *O* at night.

Jemmy Johnson being asked what wine he chiefly chused for his own drinking, answered, *that of other people's.*

Alderman K———n one day seeing his footman with an old greasy hat, slouching over his shoulders, Sirrah, says the alderman, who gave you that cuckold's hat? *Indeed Sir, says John, it was my mistress gave it me, and told me it was one of yours.*

A Scotch member of parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the Marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great opposition between him and Lord North, told his lordship that he had some very bad news to acquaint him with. What's the matter? quoth the Marquis. Be me troth, quoth he, what I hae to tell you is very bawd on our seed. 'Prithee, says the Marquis, don't keep me any longer in suspense; what is it?' 'Don't you lordship ken that Sawney Wedderburn is bought over?' 'That's impossible, says the Marquis, for a stauncher man does not live than honest Sawny. But, what makes you think so?' 'Why, and please your lordship, I saw the other morning a five hundred pound bank note in his hand; and I am sure Sawney never brought that out of his own country.'

At the Grosvenor trial in Westminster-hall, a witness being produced that had an enamelled nose, counsellor Dunning thinking to daunt him, said, 'Now you are sworn, what can you say, with your copper nose?' 'Why, by the oath I have sworn, I would not change my copper nose for your brazen face.'

Two Irishmen coming to London from St. Alban's, one of them asked a man that was at work by the side of a road, How many miles it was to London; to which he replied twenty; one of the Irishmen said, we shall not reach London to-night: 'pho, says the other, come along, it is but ten miles a piece.

A young

A young lady, who being lately married, on seeing her husband about to rise pretty early in the morning, said, my dear, what are you getting up already? pray lye a little longer, and rest yourself. 'No, my dear, I'll get up and rest myself.'

A country fellow subpoenaed for a witness upon a trial on an action for defamation; he being sworn, the judge bade him repeat the very same words he had heard spoken: The fellow was loth to speak, and humm'd and haw'd for a good space; but being urged by the judge, he at last spoke. 'My lord, said he, *you're a cuckold.*—The judge seeing the people begin to laugh, called to him, and bad him speak to the jury, *there were twelve of them.*

A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, 'What shall we do, Bels, if you prove with child?' 'Oh! very well, said she, *for I am to be married to-morrow.*

A young fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggy, call'd out to a clown that was ditching, and ask'd him if it was hard at the bottom? Aye, answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you.' But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle skirts, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. 'Why thou whorson rascal, said he to the ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom?' 'Aye, replied the other, *but you are not half way to the bottom yet.*

A Westminster justice taking coach in the city, and being set down at Spring Garden Coffee-house, Charing Crots, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The justice ask'd him, if he would swear that the ground came to the money. The man said, 'He would take his oath on't.' The justice replied, 'Friend, I'm a *magistrate*, and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow his six-pence, saying, 'He must reserve the shilling to himself for the *affidavit.*

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe, had a garden in common, but with one gate: Sir Godfrey, upon some occasion, ordered the gate to be nail'd. When the Doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir Godfrey, *'Well, replied he, I can take that, or any thing else but physic, from my good friend Dr. Ratcliffe.*

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the *honest* attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill *but what was fair and reasonable.* 'Nay, said the country gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and fourpence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir?—' *Oh! Sir,* said he, *that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's that you sent me for a present out of the country.*

A great deal of company being at dinner at a gentleman's house, where a silver spoon was laid at the side of every plate, one of the company watching for a convenient opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his pocket; but being observed more narrowly than he was aware of, the gentleman who sat opposite to him, took up another, and stuck it in the button hole of his bosom; which the master of the house perceiving, ask'd him in good humour, What was his fancy for that? *Why,* said he, *I thought every man was to have one, because I saw that gentleman, over against me, put one into his pocket.*

A country fellow getting into a gentleman's orchard one night, with the design of robbing a mulberry tree, had not been long in it, before one of the men and one of

of the maids came just under the place where he was, which made him lay as snug as he could, 'till the business they came about was over ; when the chambermaid began to give vent to those fears which the fury of her appetite would not admit into her thoughts before. *Lord, John, said she, now you have had your filthy will, what if I should prove with child, who will take care of it ?—* *There is one above,* replied John, *I hope will provide for it.* — *Is there so,* said the countryman, *but I'd have you to know, that if I provide for any body's bastards, it shall be for one of my own begetting.*

Captain Faulkner, who, for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship ; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon-ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck. A seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for a surgeon. *No, no,* said the captain, *the carpenter will do.*

The late Sir Robert Henley, having received a commission, constituting him Captain of the *Eleanor fireship*, was the same evening passing home to his lodgings, when a fine madam meeting him in the street, earnestly intreated the favor of a glass of wine ; the baronet cursing her for a silly whore, said, *He was well content with one fireship in a day.*

A fellow and a wench being taken in comical circumstances in a pound, and brought before a justice of peace ; but both avering their innocence, the justice called the wench aside, and promised her, if she would confess, she should go free for that fact : upon which she own'd the truth, and the fellow was sent to prison. But upon taking her leave, the justice called the wench back again, and asked her, What the fellow gave her ? If it please your worship, *Half a crown.* Truly woman, answered he, *that does not please me ; and though for the fact you have confessed, I have acquitted you, as I promised ; yet I must commit you for such extortion, as taking half a crown in the pound.*

A beautiful young lady, but extremely fanciful and humorous, being on the point of resigning herself into the arms of her lover, began to enter on the conditions that she expected should be observed after the articles were signed and executed. Among the rest, says she, positively, I will lye in bed as long as I please in the morning. *With all my heart, madam,* says he, *provided I may get up when I please.*

When recruits were raising for the late wars, a serjeant told his captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary man. *'Aye,* says the captain, *prithee what's he?'* *'A butcher, Sir,* replies the serjeant, *and your honor will have double service from him, for we h. d. two sheep-stealers in the company before.*

An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employed her chambermaid in the business. At the next meeting he enquired what answer the lady had sent him? *'Answer!* said the girl, *why she has sent you this for a token (giving him a smart slap in the face)* *Aye,* cry'd the old fellow, *rubbing his chaps, and you have lost none of it by the way: I thank you.*

A farmer who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exercises, such as wrestling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many occasions to try his skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him; among the rest, a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion; and being told that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand, till he came where he found him at work; so hanging his horse upon the pails, he accosted him thus; *'That having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him.'* The champion, without more words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him on such an advantageous lock, that he pitched him clear over the pails; so with a great deal of unconcern, took up his spade, and fell to work again; the fellow getting upon his legs again, as nimble as he could, call'd to speak to him.

him. ' *Well, says the champion, have you any thing more to say to me ?* ' *No, no* (replied the fellow) *only to desire you would be so kind as to throw my horse after me.*

An ingenious young gentleman, at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the colleges, at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of Scripture for his text, *What ! cannot ye watch one hour ?* at every division he concluded with his text; which by reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awak'd him. This was so noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole University, and withall it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some excuses, he at length condescended; and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the first and the sixth waver not*; meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland; at first the King was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary: After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford, to make his recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of the former text, *Sleep on now and take your rest.* Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, *Whereas I said before*, which gave offence, *What ! cannot ye watch one hour ?* I say now, *Sleep on and take your rest*; and so left the University.

A gentleman falling to decay, shifted where he could; among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and stayed with him seven or eight days, in which time the man began to be weary of his guest, and to be rid of him,

feign'd a falling out with his wife, by which means their fare was slender : The gentleman perceiving their drift, but not knowing where to go to better himself, told them, *He had been there seven days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before ; and that he was resolv'd to stay seven weeks longer, but he would see them sends again.*

An ignorant clown, who had the reputation of being a great scholar in the country, because he could write and read, coming to London, and enquiring into all the strange things he saw, at last read on a sign-post *Here are horses to be lett.* 1748. *Jesu*, says he, *if there are so many horses in one inn, how many are there in the whole city ?*

A bridegroom, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her, ' When I solicited thy chastity, hadst thou condescended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith*, said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolv'd to be fooled no more.*

The bishop of D——m had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the House of Peers relating to a provision for officers widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other as usual, in his breeches ; and beginning to speak, ' I have something in my hand, my Lords, said he, for the benefit of the officers widows.' Upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupting him, ask'd, *In which hand, my lord ?*

King Charles II. on a certain time paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the Doctor is said to have strutted thro' his school with his hat upon his head, while his Majesty walked complaisantly behind him, with his hat under his arm ; but, when he was taking his leave at the door, the Doctor, with great humility, thus address'd himself : *Sir, I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto ;*

therto ; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them.

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon lifted himself; returning again, he was asked by his friends, What exploits he had done there ? he said, *That he had cut off one of the enemy's legs*; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head : *Oh !* said he, *you must know his head was cut off before.*

In a little country town, it happened that the 'Squire of the parish's lady came to church after her lying-in, to return thanks to God, (or as it is commonly called) to be churched. The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain woman a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this woman*, said, *O Lord save this lady*. The clerk resolving not to be behind hand with his master, answered, *Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee.*

Mr. Foote being at one of the French opera's at Paris, and seated in a box with a nobleman he was free with, who, as usual in France, sung louder than the performer, burst into bitter invectives against the last ; upon which his lordship gave over, to enquire the reason, adding, that the person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest voices they had. *Yes*, replies Foote, *but he makes such a horrid noise, that I can't have the pleasure to hear your lordship.*

A living of 500l. per annum, falling in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, Sir T—— R——— recommended one of his friends as very deserving of the benefice, whom his lordship approved of. In the interim, the curate, who had served the last incumbent many years for poor 30l. per annum, came up with a petition, signed by many of the inhabitants, testifying his good behaviour, setting forth that he had a wife and seven children to maintain, and begging his lordship would

stand his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy ; and, in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10l. a year, he should for ever pray. His lordship, according to his usual goodness, promised to use his utmost endeavours to serve him ; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was designed, coming soon after to pay his respects, my lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60l. a year instead of 30l. The parson, in some confusion, replied, He was sorry he could not grant his request, for that he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word. — ‘ How ! (says my lord) have you promised the curacy before you was possessed of the living ? Well, to keep your word with your friend, if you please, I’ll give him the curacy, but the living, I assure you, I’ll give to another :’ And saying this, he left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his destiny, my lord told him, that he had used his endeavours to serve him as to the curacy, but with no success, the reverend gentleman having disposed of it before. The curate, with a deep sigh, returned his lordship thanks for his goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my lord calling him back, said, with a smile, *Well, my friend, ’tis true I have it not in my power to give you the curacy ; but if you will accept of the living, ’tis at your service.* The curate, almost surprized to death with joy, in the most moving expressions of gratitude, returned his lordship thanks, whose goodness had in a moment raised him and his family from a necessitous condition, to a comfortable state of life.

The said noble lord, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for this living. ‘ Why really, said my lord, I wish you had come a day sooner, but I have

have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;’ so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of All Fours unfinished, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagonist he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out. — Now for fear any tricks should be played with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve; he had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was; which he readily did; and turning to the parents of the child, ‘Are you not ashamed, said he, to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? — I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.

Dr. South being one morning visiting a gentleman, he was asked to stay dinner; which he accepting of, the gentleman stepp’d in the next room, and told his wife he had invited the doctor to dinner, and desired her to provide something extraordinary for dinner. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, till at last her husband, being very much provoked at her behaviour, protested, ‘That if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors.’ Upon which the doctor, who had heard all that had passed, immediately stepped out, crying, *I beg, Sir, you’ll make no stranger of me.*

The Earl of Crawford, notwithstanding his great good nature, upon some provocation was, at a certain time; forced to lay his cane across the shoulders of Sir Harry —, who took it very patiently. Some time after

Sir Harry himself caned a fellow, who was a great coward : Upon which my lord meeting him the next day, told him, he was glad to hear he behaved so gallantly yesterday. ' Ay, my lord, said he, *You and I know our men.*

An honest highwayman, walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry, *Rogue, Scot ; Rogue, Scot ;* his northern blood fired at the insult, he drew his broad sword, and looking round him on every side, to discover the object of his indignation, at last he found that it came from a parrot, perched in a balcony within his reach ; but the generous *Scot*, disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying, *Gin ye you we're a mon, as ye're a green goose, I wou'd split your weem.*

A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Benferand, who had often jeered him : ' Sir, said he, for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to-bed of a boy two days ago.'— ' Faith, replied Berenford, I never questioned your wife.'

It was a fine saying of my Lord Russel, who was beheaded in the reign of King Charles II. when on the scaffold, he delivered his watch to Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury ; *Here, Sir, said he, take this, it shews time, I am going into eternity, and shall have no longer any need of it.*

An old woman, who had a very handsome daughter, had a great jealousy and fear, that one Mr. John Turner, a young fellow in the neighbourhood, had a great mind to be too busy with her ; and as she apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very fact upon the bed in the garret ; upon which she halloo'd out, with a dismal groan, *O ! John Turner ! John Turner !* ' No, I think mother, said he, *she lies very well already.*

A gen-

A gentleman living in Jamaica not long ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world: however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, blest'd likewise with a termagant spouse, asked the widower, If he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would for it. No, said the other, *I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shan't marry again.*

A scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, 'I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.'—The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or, as they call'd it, hors'd upon another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud as the delinquent had done: 'I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breach, if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.'—'I forbid the banns,' cry'd the boy; 'Why so,' said the Doctor. 'Because the parties *are not agree'd,*' reply'd the boy. Which answer so pleas'd the doctor, who lov'd to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

The celebrated Michael Angelo having received some insult from one of the Cardinals of Rome, in revenge painted a most striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned suffering the torments of hell.—The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The Cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his Holiness. Pope Leo X. was too much the lover and patron of the fine arts, to gratify the Cardinal's desire; and he therefore

therefore told him, he had it not in his power to punish the offender. 'If, said he, the insult had been laid in Heaven, on the earth, or even in Purgatory, I could, perhaps, have redressed you, for I have something to say in all those places, but I have no interest in hell.

Soon after the appearance of Mr. Garrick at the Theatre of Drury-lane, when he, by his astonishing powers, brought all the world to that Theatre, and Mr. Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent Garden, to empty benches; the two gentlemen, Mr. Garrick and Mr. Rich, met one morning at the Bedford, they fell into conversation, and Mr. Garrick asked the Covent Garden manager, How much his house would hold when crowded with company. 'Why, master,' replies Mr. Rich, in as elegant a compliment as ever was given, 'I cannot tell, but if you will come and play Richard for one night, I shall be able to give you an account.'

When Lord Howe commanded on the American station, it was a regulation in the fleet, for the marine officers to keep watch with the lieutenants of the navy. His lordship once remarking at his table, that pursers, surgeons, and even chaplains, might occasionally be employed on that duty. A son of the church who was present, opposed the doctrine; 'What!' cries his lordship, 'cannot ye watch as well as pray!'

Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, one proposed play, but, said another of the company, I have fourteen good reasons against gaming. 'What are those?' said another. 'In the first place,' answered he, '*I have no money.*' 'Oh! said the first, if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another.

A worthy citizen, not far from Cheapside, who was himself a little stricken in years, having married a very pretty young wife, the journeyman, a brisk blade, fancying himself better able to please her than his master, had often solicited for the last favor; but she refusing,
tho'

tho' as he thought, but faintly ; his master having occasion to go into the country for a few days, he thought that might be a proper opportunity to accomplish his design ; so taking the time when his mistress was in the kitchen by herself, the maid being gone out of the way on some errand, he told her that night he would steal softly into her chamber, when she was in bed. ' If you do, said she, beware of yourself, for I will take this great kitchen knife up with me into my bed-chamber.

—— At night the spark opened the door very gently, but, remembering the knife, was afraid to go forward. She hearing him, ask'd who was there ? ' 'Tis I, answered the journeyman, and was resolved to come to bed to you, but that I remembered the great knife.' *Oh ! what a silly jade was I,* said she, *to leave the knife in the kitchen.*

A gentleman having a very pretty woman to his wife, in a certain country place, could not forbear being a little jealous of her having too great an intimacy with, or at least casting too favourable an eye upon, a young Captain in the neighbourhood ; and being obliged to go a journey from home, for two or three days, his head ran so upon the Captain and his wife, that after he was got four or five miles, the roughest and dirtiest part of the whole way, he calls to his man, and orders him to go back to his wife, and tell her, ' That for some particular reasons, he desired she would not see the Captain in his absence.' The man was very much displeased at being sent back again through the dirt on such an idle errand ; and having a little more discernment than his master, knew, that forbidding a woman to do a thing, was oftentimes the readiest way to egg her on to it, resolved not to carry the message : But when he came home, and his lady with great surprize asked him the reason of his return so soon, and if his master was come to any hurt ? He answered her, ' No, but that he had sent him back with a very odd message to her, he could not imagine the meaning of it : He desires, said he, madam, of all love and kindness, that you will not ride upon our great dog, Ball, during his absence.' — ' Ride upon

upon Ball, cried she, ' the man's mad, sure ! Well, well, you may tell him, I shall hardly disobey his commands.'

— But the man was no sooner out of sight, but she calls to her maid, and tells her of the ridiculous orders her husband had sent her ; and that Harry came back four or five miles upon no other account ; ' For my part, continued she, such a thing would never have come into my head, if he had not taken such pains to have put it there ; and now, methinks, I long to ride upon Ball.— Do you think he can carry me, Betty ? I shall never be easy till I try.

The maid, who was always ready to assist her mistress in any thing, to gratify her inclinations, told her, she would go and bring the dog to her, and that she verily believed he could carry her.

Ball being brought forth, and his mistress mounted on his back, began to curvet and prance round the hall, but unfortunately threw his rider with her head against the frame of the great old-fashioned table, which gave her such a cut in her forehead, that she was obliged to have it plastered and bound up with a linen cloth, which she could not get well enough to leave off before her husband returned, who enquiring with much concern into the occasion of it. *Why, what did you send me word, by Harry (said she) that I should not ride upon Ball ?* The man standing close by his master, (on his master appearing angry) whispered in his ear, *Better so, Sir, than worse.*

Tom Selby, the organist of St. Sepulchre's, being reckoned to have a fine finger, drew many people to hear him, whom he would oftentimes entertain with a voluntary after evening service ; and his auditory seeming one day greatly delighted with his performance, after the church was cleared. *Adad, Sir, said his organ-blower, I think we did rarely to day. We, firrah, said Tom, Ay, we, to be sure, answered the other, what would you have done without me ?* The next Sunday Tom sitting down to play, could not make his organ speak, whereupon calling to the bellows-blower, asked him what he meant ? why he did not blow ? *Shall it be we then ?* said the other. Which Tom was forced to consent to, or there had been no music.

The

The new ninety-gun ship the *Atlas*, that was lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure of *Atlas* supporting the globe. By an error of the builder, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in.— This part happened to be no other than all North America; and what was more remarkable, the person who was ordered to take the hatchet and slice it off, was an American.

Sir S. C. waiting on Oliver Cromwell the Protector, with an address, and being rather a bulky man, had some difficulty in rising after kissing his Highness's hand, and in the attempt, a pretty loud *erepetus* exploded. 'How now, cries the Protector, do you, Sir, in my presence, dare to release prisoners?' 'No, please your highness, replies the Knight, it was an impudent rascal that escaped thro' the postern.'

Swift, Arbuthnot, and Parnell, who were all contemporaries and intimates of Lord Bathurst, took the advantage of a fine frosty morning to walk down to a little place his Lordship had, about eleven miles from town.— When they were about half way, Swift, who was remarkable for being an old traveller, and getting the best room and warmest bed, pretended he did not like their pace, and said he would walk on before, and inform his lordship of the journey. This they agreed to, but he was no sooner out of sight than they, judging his errand, sent off a horseman by a bye way, to inform his lordship of the particulars. The man got there time enough to deliver his message, when his lordship recollecting Swift never had the small-pox, thought of the following device. When he saw him coming up the avenue, he ran out to meet him, expressing his happiness at seeing him, but was mortified at one circumstance, as it must deprive him of the pleasure of his company, and that was, that a raging small-pox was in the house, but begged he would accept such accommodations as a little house at the bottom of the avenue would afford. Swift was necessitated to comply, and in this lonesome situation

situation, afraid to speak to any one around him, he was served with dinner. In the evening, however, the wits thought proper to release him, by going down in a body to inform him of the deception, and that the fifth best room and bed in the house were at his service. Swift, however he might be inwardly mortified, thought it his interest to join in the laugh: when they all adjourned to the mansion-house, and spent the evening in that manner that can be very well conceived by those who were in the least acquainted with the brilliancy of their characters.

A few years since Mr. Stevens, who was for many years grave-digger at St. James's Church, being on an examination in the Court of King's Bench, in a parish suit, Lord Mansfield demanded of him, previous to other questions, his name, and profession? 'Why and please your honour (says he) my name is Will Stevens, and I am a grave-digger, at your *worship's* service.'

An old gentleman, who used to frequent one of the medical coffee-houses in this city, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his health; accordingly he one day took an opportunity of a *tete-a-tete* in one of the boxes, to ask one of the faculty, as a friend, what he should take for such a particular complaint as he then laboured under. 'I'll tell you what you should take, replied the Doctor jeeringly; I think, Sir, you ought to *take advice*.'

Monf. Bouret, the famous Farmer General, a man of immense fortune, but stupid even to a proverb, being one day in the King's apartment at Versailles, called L'œuil de beuf, where two noblemen were engaged in a party at piquet; one of them happening to play the wrong card, and by that lost the game, he exclaimed, —'Oh! what a Bouret am I!' Offended at this liberty, Bouret instantly repented it in these words, 'Sir, you are an *ass*.'—The very thing I meant, replied the other, with a *sang froid* that gave the epigram its full poignancy.

A young performer on the French stage, who had all the grand requisites of the mind to the performing a masterly play; who had sensibility, fire, and an excellent understanding; but, with all these, a figure very ill made for representing a hero, would attempt the character of Mithridates; he played it in such a manner that his auditors would have been charmed with him, if they had been blind; but, unluckily, in spite of all his merit, the disagreeableness of his person prejudiced the whole house against him. In one of the scenes, where a Princess who is with him, perceiving some uncommon emotion in his face, tells him, 'You change countenance;' a pleasant fellow cried out, 'O! let him, let him by all means:' In a moment all the merit of the actor was lost and buried, and the audience thought of nothing, during the remainder of the performance, but of the disproportion between his person and the character he represented.

A Turkish Emperor was desirous of seeing Flanders on a map of Europe, as it had been the theatre of so many wars among the Christians; he was surprized to see the contemptible figure it there made. "Is this the pitiful place, says the emperor, which has made such a noise? If it had been my affair, I would have soon terminated their disputes, by sending a few score of pioneers who should have thrown the whole country into the sea."

P. Hein, a Dutchman, from a cabin boy rose to the rank of an admiral. He was killed in an action at the moment his fleet triumphed over that of the Spaniards. — Their High Mightinesses sent a deputation to his mother at Delft, to condole with her on the loss of her son. This simple old woman, who had still remained in her original obscurity, answered the deputies, 'I always foretold, that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch that he was; he loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly.'

When

When Francis I. was conducted prisoner to Madrid, a Spanish grenadier made his way through the crowd, and presented the captive knight with a gilded ball. 'Sire, says he, I had cast this ball in order to have killed you, for a life like your's ought not to have been ended without some particular distinction : I had however no opportunity for using it, and therefore I take the liberty to offer it to your Majesty as a present.' The monarch received it with a smile, and ordered that he might be immediately recompensed.

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, a wit said, 'The original is indeed excellent, but every thing suffers by a translation, except a *bishop*.'

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name ; being informed it was *Russel*, 'Pray, (says the gentleman) is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's ?' 'As to our arms, your honour,' says the porter, 'I believe they are pretty much alike ; but there is a damned deal of difference between our coats.'

A physician went lately to see a sick patient, and was told by the servant that she had just expired. 'Your lady may be apparently dead, said the doctor, yet not actually so.' He alighted from his carriage, and went up stairs, where he found his patient really dead, with the customary fee in the palm of her hand, and taking it, 'I see, said the doctor, (with much seriousness) the poor lady expected me ; God rest her soul.'

A gentleman at the West end of the town dining lately at his own house with a friend, on some cold roast mutton, and a couple of rabbits, was accosted after dinner by his servant, in the following manner : 'Please, Sir, to order the cook to hash the mutton for our dinner, for I cannot eat cold meat.' His master bid him not to be impertinent before company, and he should take another oppor-

opportunity of speaking to him ; however, the man persisting in his request, the gentleman turned him out of the room. The next morning the master called him before him, and told him to provide himself with a place. ' Do you really mean I should leave you then ? ' said the man. Certainly, replied the gentleman. ' I'll expose you then, (quoth the servant) to the whole neighbourhood, how you use us ; a man may make a shift to eat cold meat when he is out of place, (says the fellow) but I am determined my master, whoever he be, shall always provide me with hot dinners.'

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Pallais*, a place in Paris somewhat like what our Exchanges formerly were, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's there, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him : the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of these times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels ; upon which the thief, for such he was, began to have a design ; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity : the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags ; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and sily drowing out of his pocket a penknife, which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close from his head. ' Murder ! murder ! ' (cries the thief) ' Robbery ! robbery ! ' (cries the gentleman) upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, cried, *There are your tags and buttons.* ' Very well, (says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner) *There is your ear.*'

Old Tafwell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green room with Mrs. Clive the actresses, ' Madam, says he, I have heard of tartars and brimstones, but, by G—, you are the *Cream of the one, and the Flower of the other.*'

Some years ago the late Colley Cibber dined at a great man's house. Five things were placed on table in silver dishes, and silver covers to each; when the company were called from the study to dinner, which consisted of the gentleman of the house, a hungry Scotch author, a captain of a ship, and Colley. As soon as they came to the table, each dish was uncovered by a fine gentleman in a laced waistcoat and ruffles, and given to five footmen to carry off; and, to their great surprize, consisted of, at top a silver dish with seven veal chops, broiled off a neck of veal; at bottom, six Yarmouth dried herrings (broiled) in a silver dish; on one side a silver dish with boil'd spinnage, and five poached eggs; on the other side a silver dish, with nine boiled white potatoes; in the middle a silver dish, mounted on a silver stand, with some potted char.—It being Christmas time, Colley only eat one chop and a little char, expecting the second course something more substantial; when, all on a sudden, (as soon as they had got down each a chop) the gentleman cried out, *Do any of you love toasted cheese?*—As none of them had dined, they all cried 'Yes.' Immediately a fine silver cheese-toaster, in a silver pan, was brought in with the toasted cheese.—Then the master of the house, who had all dinner-time drank port wine and water, drank the King's health in a bumper, which was pledged by all the company; then another toast was drank, which finished that only bottle they had; when he cried out, *Bring in the tea*; and bid the coachman have the chariot at the door at six; which was genteelly bidding them go off by that time, which they did; yet, as they passed thro' the hall, five fellows with ruffles had the impudence to stand open sisted to be touched; but Colley cocked his hat, and taking the Scotch author with him; 'Gentlemen, (said he, in my lord's hearing) *I am going to dine at the Cardigan Head, and shall pay for my dinner there.*'

His late Majesty, at a review of his Horse Guards, asked Monsi. de Bussy, the French Ambassador, if he thought the King of France had better troops? 'Oh, yes, Sir, (replied the ambassador) 'The King of France has

has his Gen-d'armes, which are reckoned the best troops in the world. Did your Majesty never see them ?' The King answered, ' No.' Upon which General Campbell, Colonel of the Scotch Greys, (who lost his life in the battle of Fontenoy, and who was then within hearing, steps up and says, ' though your Majesty has not seen these troops his Excellency speaks of, I have seen them, and have cut my way through them twice ; and make no doubt of doing the same again, whenever your Majesty shall think it proper to command me.

A country gentleman of no great breeding, happened to have a little greyhound bitch with him, one day when he paid a visit to a lady, to whom he made his addresses. ' Dear me, cried the lady, what a pretty dog this is !—' Madam, said he, 'tis not a dog ; 'tis one of your own sex.

' You are mad,' said a very filly fellow to one of his acquaintance, ' for you are often talking to yourself.'—' If talking to one's self be a proof of madness, (said the other) there is no one more mad than you ; since nobody gives attention to any thing you say.'

A fellow, who had picked up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with *Quelle heure est-il Monsieur ?* (In French, *What is it o'clock, Sir ?*)—To which the gentleman answered *Nescio*, (in Latin, *I don't know*.)—' Damn it (said the fellow) *I did not think it was near so late ;*' and ran off, as though he had something of consequence to do.

Mr. Foote, the late Will Collins, and one or two of their acquaintances, went once to hear Orator Henley, one of whose subjects for that evening was a fellow, who had been lately hanged at Tyburn. While he was haranguing hereupon, these sparks took it into their heads to groan : Upon which Henley stops short. ' Gentlemen, says he, *you* have a right to groan : for I make no doubt the deceased was one of your *near* relations.

Three

Three sailors having drank pretty freely on board their ship in the River, hail'd a boat to carry them on shore at Greenwich, and in order to regale themselves at Bet Simpson's with a cann of grog, had provided a bottle of brandy for that purpose; but the waterman happening to run foul of a hawser, nearly overset the boat; when one of them fell overboard, and was not perceived for some time; when one of them looking round, and perceiving Tom in the water, said, 'Hip, Will, look out, Tom has fell overboard.'— 'Is he, by G—, (replies the other) 'D—n his blood *he's got the brandy bottle with him!*— *Ay,* replies the other, *he's gone to Bet Simpson's with it.*— And then bid the waterman bear a-head.

A recruiting serjeant happening to be at a public house in the Borough, enlisted several recruits; and being very joyful and merry, another person present seemed to enjoy the fun, and being asked by one of the recruits if he would go for a soldier? answered, he would, if they would give him some money to drink.—To which the Serjeant replied, yes, and immediately gave him half a crown; which when he had got, begged leave just to go and see one or two of his acquaintances, and he would return immediately, which was granted. When going to a neighbouring public house, meets with two soldiers drinking, and tapping one on the shoulder, told him, if he would go with him he would give him plenty of beer, and on giving him a shilling, he accepted the offer. When returning to the Serjeant, said, 'I told you I would *go for a soldier*; see, I have been as good as my word,' and immediately left the room, to the no small entertainment of the company.

A blind fidler, playing in a company, and playing scurvily, the people laughed at him. His boy that led him perceived it, cried, 'Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at us.' 'Hold thy peace boy,' said the fidler, 'we shall be paid presently, and then we'll laugh at them.'

An ingenious COLLECTION of
CONUNDRUMS.

WHO was the first man that bore arms ?

Adam.

Why are bishops call'd overseers ?

Because they overlook their flocks, and especially themselves.

Why are the stocks like a paper kite ?

Because they are raised, lowered, and kept up by wind.

What kind of water is most deceitful ?

Woman's tears.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot ?

Because it is out of the head.

Why are concave glasses like liars ?

Because they will magnify.

Why do fantastical ladies admire fops ?

Because they keep their follies in countenance.

Why have elephants teeth been the ruin of many families ?

Because dice are made of them.

Why do we buy new shoes ?

Because no one will give them us.

Why is a cane like Sunday ?

Because it hangs upon some mens hands.

Why is a grave digger like a waterman ?

Because he handles skulls.

Why is a parson's gown like charity ?

Because it covers a multitude of sins.

Why is an impertinent fellow like a waterman?

Because he often puts in his oar.

Why is the House of Commons like an account-book?

Because there are many cyphers in it.

Why is a picture like a Member of Parliament?

Because it is a representative.

Why is money like a whip?

Because it makes the mare to go.

Why is a madman like two men?

Because he is one beside himself.

Why is swearing like an old coat?

Because it is a bad habit.

Why is a milkman like a sailor?

Because he gets his bread by water.

Why is a lady, when painted, like a pyrate?

Because she hangs out false colours.

Why is a looking-glass like experience?

Because it lets you see yourself.

Why is a company of ladies like a ring of bells?

Because their clappers go merrily.

Why is a dancing-master like a cook?

Because he cuts capers.

Why is beauty like a flower?

Because it fades.

Why are the city patriots like a light guinea?

Because they want weight.

Why is Lord North like a cypher?

Because, when he stands by himself, he is useless.

Why is King George like a steeple?

Because he is the head of the church.

Why is a talkative fellow like a sheep's head?

Because he is all jaw.

Where should a lady clap her hands, if a man should enter a room when she is quite naked?

On the man's eyes.

Why is a taylor like a sprout?

Because he will cabbage.

Why is a good sermon like a plumb pudding?

Because there are reasons in it.

Why is a bad pen like a wicked man?

Because it wants mending.

Why is a filly fellow like a feather-bed ?

Because he is soft.

Why is thy wig, reader, like a butcher's shop ?

Because there's a calf's head in it.

Why is my Lord Mayor like an almanack ?

Because he serves but a year.

Why is a man on horseback like a fan ?

Because he is mounted.

Why is tragedy like an army on a march ?

Because it is moving.

What's that that's often heard, often felt, and never
seen ! ——— *Wind.*

Why is a poor man like a cucumber ?

Because he is seedy.

Why is a lusty man like a tallow-chandler's shop ?

Because he rolls in fat.

Why is a fullen lady like a pigeon ?

Because she pouts.

Why is a comb like a crocodile ?

*Because it hath long teeth, a narrow back, and bunts the
living.*

Why is the King of France like a close-stool ?

Because those that wait on him are all bare.

What is a man like in the midst of a desert, without
meat or drink ?

Like to be starved.

Why are lawyers the best parsons ?

Because they bring most to repentance.

Why is a tavern like a table ?

Because it has drawers in it.

Why is a condemned malefactor like a cannon ?

Because he is cast.

Why is a man that is deceived like a girl in leading
strings ?

Because he is mis-led.

Why is a man in a fever like a burning candle ?

Because he is tight-headed.

Why is a fish hook like a bull ?

Because it is sometimes baited.

Why is a little man like a good book ?

Because he is often looked over.

Why is a woman with child like a gentleman ?

Because she shews her breeding.

Why is man like a melon ?

Because best risen in a hot bed.

Why is marriage like a curtain ?

Because it serves for a blind.

Why is a lady in her shift like the Hague ?

Because she is in Holland.

Why is a red hair'd lady like a band of soldiers ?

Because she bears fire-locks.

Why is a Scotch coal like a true lover ?

Because it burns with a pure flame.

Why is the book called the Whole Duty of Man like
a pair of breeches ?

Because it contains the duty of an husband to his wife.

Why is Wales like a neck of mutton ?

Because it is craggy.

Why is claret like an oath ?

Because it is binding.

Why is a peevish man like a watch ?

Because he is often wound up.

Why is a pretty lady like an oat cake ?

Because she is often toasted

Why is a passionate man like a lady's smock

Because he is generally ruffled.

Why is a false note like a bar of iron ?

Because it is forged.

What is that which God never made, and commanded
not to be made, and yet was made, and has a soul
to be saved ?

A cuckold.

Why are sleepy eyes like amber ?

Because they draw straws

Why is a man in debt like a nobleman ?

Because he has many to wait on him,

Why are a parcel of rakes like a pack of bad hounds ?

Because they are sad dogs.

S E L E C T
 N E W a n d D I V E R T I N G
 R I D D L E S.

With their EXPLANATIONS.

I Daily *breaths*, yet have no life,
 And kindle *feuds*, yet cause no strife.

A pair of bellows.

MY voice is heard a mile or two,
 I talk so very loud ;
 I speak when lovers cease to woo,
 And when they wear a *shroud*.

A Bell.

MY master often lies with me,
 His wife I oft' enjoy ;
 Yet she's no whore, nor cuckold he,
 And true to both am I.

My cloaths nor women fit, nor men,
 They're neither coat nor gown ;
 Yet oft both men and maidens, when
 They're naked, have them on.

What's oft' my belly is oft' my back,
 And what my feet, my head ;
 And tho' I'm up, I have a knack
 Of being still a-bed.

A Bed.

I'M in ev'ry one's way, yet no christian I stop,
 My four horns ev'ry day,
 Horizontally play,
 And my head is nail'd down at the top.

A Turnstile.

EVER eating, never cloying,
 All devouring, all destroying,
 Never finding full repast,
 Till I eat the world at last.

Fire.

WHEN storms and tempests do abound,
 You see me black and most times round,
 But when the sky's serene and fair,
 I'm then cock'd up with shape and air.

A Hat.

I WAS to morrow, but am to-day ;
 Yet shall be two days past ; my name display.

Yesterday.

MY head and tail both equal are,
 My middle, slender as a bee ;
 Whither I stand on head or heel,
 'Tis all the same to you or me ;
 But if my head should be cut off,
 The matter's true, although 'tis strange,
 My head and body sever'd thus,
 Immediately to nothing change !

A Figure of Eight.

OF a gigantick form I'm made,
 Four arms I have beside ;
 A mouth I have that's very wide,
 A belly large I have beside ;
 A stomach great I mostly have,
 Tho' mostly feeding yet I crave ;
 As much I every day devour,
 As forty men would keep, or more :
 Yet I sometimes do surfeit take,
 And nothing eat perhaps a week ;
 And tho' I often go and move,
 And night and day about do rove,
 Yet I am dead, and nothing know,
 Nor from my first place ever go.

A Windmill.

ONE father had twelve sons, those each a race
Of thirty daughters with a double face ;
Their looks are black and white successively,
They all immortal are, and yet all die.

The Year.

READER, Philosophers agree,
‘What has been may be’—may be not;
I have been, am not, cannot be,
Wish’d to be, and I was not—what ?

A maidenhead.

WITH what the element produces,
It serves my turn for best of uses ;
When hot and feeble in their beds,
I make them raise their drooping heads.

A water-pot

MY head it is large and ragged I’m sure,
And the ladies to touch me they cannot endure,
But order their maids to use me at their will,
And we do what we can, and exert our best skill.

A Mop.

I WATCH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot ;
I take them all in too, (to add to your wonder)
Tho’ many and various, and large and asunder,
Without jostling or crouding, they pass side by side,
Thro’ a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide.

An Eye.

BELIEVE what I say, tho’ in my own case,
Is not either fable or lie,
Sleek and round, all that’s witty at once I embrace,
Three corner’d appear to your eye,
Gold and silver I wear when I chuse to be fine,
With lords and with ladies I come ;
In a coat black as jet I commonly shine,
Except when I travel from Rome.

A Hat.

IN a small cell I live, that is arch’d over head,
Not with stone, brick, or plaister, wood, silver, or
lead.

An Oyfter.

NEW and ENTERTAINING R E B U S S E S.

With their SOLUTIONS.

ONE of the softest things in nature,
Beareth the name of my dear creature.

Miss Cotton.

THE pleasure of the sportsman's chase,
The pledge in matrimonial case,
With twenty hundred weight beside,
Name her I wish to make my bride.

Miss Harrington.

WHAT's done when we buy, and done when we
play,
Is the name of a lady that's sprightly and gay.

Miss Selwin.

THE mate of a cock, and fore-runner of wheat,
The grace of a cat, and the house of a hermit,
Is the name of a man, who was in music compleat.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

WHAT's vulgar y John,
And a child that's a male,
Will name a fine girl,
But wonderful frail.

Miss Jackson.

THE thing the old and sick'y fear,
Will name the girl I love most dear.

Miss Frost.

WHAT we say of a man that's greedy and keen,
Will name you at once the girl that I mean.
Miss Sharp.

TAKE the name of a circle, the delight of a boy,
Which often encloses what fill us with joy,
And the half of a dyer, will plainly discover,
The girl who shall ever have me for a lover.
Miss Hooper.

WHAT we say when a bottle no more will contain,
And add what it is to do wrong:
And thus you'll the name of my charmer explain,
To whom all the graces belong.
Miss Fuller.

AN animal's name, that in park doth reside,
Or a name by which cuckolds are known,
And a fine piece of ground, it will name you a bride,
Whom I could have wish'd for my own.
Miss Buckland.

WHAT old folks in cold weather do,
Join'd to a thing that warriors use,
Will name an English poet true,
Who is the subject of my muse.
Shakespeare.

WHAT we say of a sailor,
That's gallant and stout,
Will name a young lady,
Who loves me—no doubt.
Miss Hardy.

THE name of a liquor,
In London well known,
Will name a fair maid,
Whom I wish was my own.
Miss Porter.

THE thing that gamesters hope to find,
Will name a girl that's fair and kind.
Miss Luck.

WHAT British sailors often do,
Will name a girl that's fair and true.
Miss Dare.

THE thing that all men wish to gain,
Will name a girl that's proud and vain.
Miss Dare.

MY waistcoat, coat, and breeches too,
 Expose my charmer's name to view;
 And every porter's brawny thigh,
 Can tell her name as well as I.

Miss Buttons.

WHAT's warm to the earth, and in winter oft
 seen,
 What we say of a thing that is perfectly clean,
 Will quickly discover the damsel I mean.

Miss Snow.

WHAT death puts us all on, and heirs that are male,
 Is the name of a smart whose father sold ale.

Mr Parsons.

THE sea-port for Dublin, and the heroe's desire,
 Is the name of a peer whom all must admire.

Earl of Chesterfield.

THE greatest noise on Sundays made,
 Tells us her name in masquerade,
 Whom I must kiss, or be a shade.

Miss Bell.

TAKE the Devil's short name, and much more than
 a yard,
 You've the name of a dame I shall ever regard.

Miss Nick-ells.

WHAT in man is a grace, and in woman a joke,
 Or what foreigners swear by, when wrath does
 provoke ;

Or when remov'd is wash'd and clean after,
 Is the name of a man who has won a lord's daughter.

Mr. Beard.

THAT is a sweet thing, if you could it obtain,
 Would refresh you, and make you forget ev'ry
 pain,

Restore your lost spirits, dispel all your fears,
 Your sorrows divert, and dry up your tears,
 If you guess what it is, you will then know the dame,
 Who, tho' colder than ice, can make all others flame.

Miss Knap.

A COLLECTION of Excellent EPIGRAMS,
Merry STORIES,
Droll EPITAPHS, &c. &c.

Truth told at last.

SAYS Colin in rage, (contradicting his wife)
' You never yet told me one truth in your life.'
Vext, Fanny no way could this Thesis allow,
You're a cuckold, says she, do I tell you truth now?

The prudent Lass.

NINE months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to-bed;
She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd by the noise;
But when Florimel chose to lie privately in,
Twelve months before she and her spouse were a-kin,
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once
squeal.

Learn husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

On a lady's writing her design of not marrying, on a window.

THE fair-one who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass, because it should be broke.

The Feather.

IN Florimel's arms, as quite out of breath,
 I'll kiss thee my charmer, I'll kiss thee to death,
 Cry'd Thyrsis in raptures—but soon on her breast,
 He sunk down his head, and compos'd him to rest.
 Not long had they lain thus unactive together,
 E'er the wanton pluck'd forth from the bolster a feather,
 And grasping him hard, 'till he open'd his eyes,
 In a tone of derision, the witty one cries—
 To prevent being kill'd in the manner you said,
 I resolve with this feather to chop off your head.

The Storm.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution,
 Which done, and the weight of their sins they'd confess,
 Were transferr'd as they thought, from themselves to the
 Priest,
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
 They toss'd the poor par on soule into the ocean.

Chloe's Petition.

CHLOE, at church, with looks devout,
 Was overheard to say,—
 ' My morning-glass is almost out,
 ' An husband, Lord, I pray!'

A drollish spark who by her sat,
 Determin'd for a joke,
 Cried out, with voice effeminate,
 As though an angel spoke—

' Chloe, thou shalt not die a maid,
 ' Thou hast neglected been ;—
 ' I thank you, good spirit,' Chloe said,
 And loudly cry'd, ' Amen.'

Extempore. On Miss Gunning.

CUPID, one day, to show his cunning,
 Laid by his bow, and took to Gun ning.

The

The Good Wife's Wish.

GIVE some wives an inch, Sir; and they'll take an ell,
 Mine takes but a yard then, and says 'tis as well.

The Caution.

SAYS Roger to his wife, my dear!
 The strangest piece of news I hear:
 An edict soon the land will pass
 To purge the matrimonial class.
 Cuckolds, if any such there be,
 Must to a man be thrown i' th' sea.
 She smiling cry'd, my dear, you seem
 Surpriz'd! pray han't you learn to swim?

The Hosier.

ONE day a dainty-footed dame
 For stockings to a hosier came:
 ' Sir, they must be of finest silk,
 ' As thin as gauze, as white as milk.'—
 ' Madam, I'll look you out a pair,
 ' Shall suit your ladyship to a hair—
 ' These, madam, these, I'll answer for't:—
 ' These! no Sir, these are much too short,
 ' And never were design'd for me,
 ' Because I tie, above the knee.'—
 ' Above the knee!—God bless the king,—
 ' Aye, please your ladyship—*there's the thing.*

Acrostic on a Macaroni.

MUCH gaudy show, but little solid sense,
 A pocket totally devoid of pence:
Curious in trifles—dead to all that's good,
 A bunch of patches, hung on flesh and blood;
Resolv'd to set the fashion of the day,
Or his the loudest at the last new play.
No one like him can dance, or prate, or sing,
In sense an ape—in fancy he's a king.

The Young Lady's Choice.

LET the bold youth, who aims to win me, know,
 I hate a fool, a clown, a sot, a beau :
 I loath a sloven, I despise a cit,
 I scorn a coxcomb, and I fear a wit.
 Let him be gentle, brave, good-humour'd, gay,
 Let him, in smaller things, with pride obey ;
 Yet wise enough in great ones to command ;—
 Produce me but the youth, and here's my hand.

The contented Cuckold.

POOR George, when he heard that his wife was in
 labour,
 Invited each useful, respectable neighbour ;
 Her groans were so loud that they melted his heart,
 And he rail'd at himself as the cause of her smart ;
 “ Wipe your eyes, George, said she, and from weeping
 refrain,
 “ I cannot blame you as the cause of my pain.”

An extraordinary specimen of generous Oeconomy.

FRANK, who will any friend supply,
 Lent me ten guineas—come, said I,
 Give me a pen, it is but fair
 You take my note.—Quoth he, hold there,
 Jack ! to the cash I've bid adieu,
 No need to waste my paper too.

On a Buck.

HERE lie I must,
 Quite choaked with dust,
 And destin'd to be sober ;
 Ye bucks take care
 How you come here,
 For, faith here's no October.

On a Man and his Wife.

HERE lies honest Strephon, with Mary his bride ;
 Who merrily liv'd, and cheerfully dy'd ;
 They laugh'd, and they lov'd, and drank while they
 were able,
 But now they are forc'd to knock under the table,

On a gentleman who died a day after his lady.

SHE first departed ; he for one day try'd
To live without her ; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Epitaph.

ALAS ! no more I could survive,
For I am dead and not alive ;
And thou in time no longer shalt survive,
But be as dead as any man alive.

Another.

HERE lies a man, who labour'd hard,
Did break his neck in twain ;
He broke his neck, and broke his neck, and broke his
neck again.

Another.

Beneath this stone lies Johnny Garret,
Who kill'd himself—by drinking claret.

Epitaph on Mr. Fenton. By Mr. Pope.

THIS modest stone, which few vain marbles can,
May truly say—Here lies an honest man !
A poet blest'd beyond a poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great ;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace ;
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear ;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

Epitaph.

HERE lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
Took wise St. Paul's advice, and all things try'd ;
Nor stop she here ; but follow'd thro' the rest,
And always stuck the longest to the best.

Betty's Thought.

AH, me ! quoth Betty, who cou'd e'er have thought,
Such mischief cou'd arise almost from nought ?
Which had she known ere she began to swell,
Each yard of pleasure she'd have made an ell.

By Mr. Walsb.

CHLOE, new marry'd, looks at men no more,
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

Liars compared.

SUCH a liar is Tom, there's none can *lie* faster,
Excepting his maid, and she'll *lie* with her master.

To a lady sitting cross-legg'd for a gentl. man at cards.

WHAT various charms can Celia boast,
By nature thus befriended;
Whose legs are both a charm, when cross'd,
And charming, when—extended!

The Kiss.

AN am'rous wag once sought the bliss,
To steal a soft and balmy kiss!
When Sylvia stamp'd (and some say, swore)
That he shou'd gain the prize no more:
He smil'd, and said, if 'tis such pain,
Pray, miss, return it back again.

John's Reproof.

A House-maid once took great delight
Oft at the looking-glass, Sir,
Nor in, nor out the room—but she
—Must squint—or could not pass, Sir.

This flattering glass was chiefly set
Upon the chamber window;
Her face to tempt the men she thought
A charming innuendo.

One day, as she surveying stood
Her callico sweet skin, sir,
Pleas'd to the life—while thus she gaz'd,
The man tripp'd sly in, sir.

A rough-hewn chap, of manners void,
Possess'd of some low wit, sir,
Ow'd Kate a grudge,—and now he thought
Of vanity he'd twit her.

First stood awhile—then silence broke,
 And strait began to teaze her;
 Then bluntly cry'd—consider Kate,
 ' You're nothing but mop-squeezer.

A true Maid.

NO, no, for my virginity,
 When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die.
 Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Iick,
 Rose, were you not—extremely sick?

Dutch and French.

THOMAS in High-Dutch once did court a wench,
 And to his cost, she answered him in French.

On Chloe.

PRITHEE is not Miss Chloe's a comical case?
 She lends out her tail, and she borrows a face.

Solid Worth in a Wife.

WHEN Loveless married lady Jenny,
 Whose beauty was the ready penny;
 I chose her, says he, like old plate,
 Not for the fashion, but the weight.

On a Welchman.

A Welchman coming late into an inn,
 Ask'd the maid what meat there was within?—
 Cow-heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mutton;
 But, quoth the Welchman, since I am no glutton,
 Either of these shall serve: To-night the breast,
 The heels i' th' morning, then light meat is best;
 At night he took the breast, and did not pay,
 In the morning took his heels, and ran away.

The Rapture.

CRY'D Strephon, panting in Co melia's arms,
 I die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms;
 Clear up, dear youth, reply'd the maid,
 Dissolv'd in am'rous pain,
 All men must die (bright boy, you know)
 Ere they can rise again.

The Penance.

WHEN Phillis confess'd, the father was rash,
 And so, without further reflection,
 Her delicate skin he condemn'd to the lash,
 While himself would bestow the correction:
 Her husband, who heard this, oppos'd it by urging;
 That he, in regard to her weakness,
 And to save her soft back, would himself bear the
 scourging,
 With humble submission and meekness.
 She piously cry'd, when the priest gave accord,
 To shew what devotion was in her,
 He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,
 For, alas! I'm a very great sinner.

On Mary Creswell.

UNDERNEATH this stone lies one,
 Whom many times I've lain upon;
 I've kiss'd her sitting, standing, lying,
 When she rises again, have at her flying.

HERE lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
 But dead as a door-nail, God be thanked.

To a Sempstress.

OH, what bosom but must yield,
 When, like Pallas, you advance,
 With a thimble for your shield,
 And a needle for your lance:
 Fairest of the stitching train,
 Ease my passion by your art;
 And in pity to my pain,
 Mend the hole that's in my heart.

Wrote on the door of the Angel Inn, on the road to New-market, which was kept by two sisters, but just then shut up, and the sign taken down.

CHristian, and Grace
 Liv'd in this place,
 An angel kept the door,
 But Christian's dead,
 The Angel's fled,
 And grace is turn'd a whore.

On Snuff.

JOVE once resolv'd, the females to degrade,
 To propagate their sex without their aid;
 His brain conceiv'd, and soon the pangs and withro
 He felt, nor cou'd th' unnat'ral birth disclose;
 At last, when trv'd, no remedy wou'd do.
 The god took *snuff*, and out the goddess flew.

The Numscull.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
 Knock as you please, there's nobody at home,

The Bilboquet.

AS Celia with her catcher play'd,
 Young Damon standing by,
 With am'rous looks the wanton maid
 He tofs'd the ball the picked way,
 Gave Damon it to try.
 But could not stick it on;
 Fumbler, cry'd she, I'll better play
 With *two*, than you with *one*.

To an old Woman who used art.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
 And nature's failing honestly confess;
 Double we see those faults which art would mend,
 Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

To a bad Fiddler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd old Nick,
 While thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

On a famous Toast at Oxford.

ONE single stone now keeps poor Kitty down,
 Who when alive mov'd half the stones in town.

The various humours of Mankind.

GIVE me a charming lass, young Rakish cries,
 I know no happiness, but love's sweet joys.
 Give me the bottle, says the red-fac'd sot,
 Damn whores, they are not worth a single pot.

For

For flights and similies the poet raves ;
 The learn'd philosopher true knowledge craves ;
 The parson for a benefice lays wait ;
 The proud man covets to be rich and great.
 The lover courts to gain a blissful spot,
 And nice *Sir Courty* wants—he knows not what,
 The soldier loves to conquer, when he fights,
 And in the plunder of the town delights.
 The lustful matron seeks a strong gallant,
 The ripe young virgin does a husband want.
 But I, poor I, want ev'ry thing by turns,
 Except a scolding wife, and cuckolds horns.

A Receipt to make an Epigram.

A Pleasing subject first with care provide ;
 Your matter must with nature be supply'd ;
 Nervous your diction, be your measure long,
 Nor fear your verse too stiff, if sense be strong ;
 In proper places proper numbers use,
 And now the quicker, now the slower chuse ;
 Too soon the dactyl the performance ends,
 But the slow spondee coming thoughts suspends ;
 Your last attention on the sting bestow,
 To that your good or ill success you'll owe ;
 For there not wit alone must shine, but humour flow.
 Observing these, your epigram's compleated ;
 Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' seven times repeated.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not ;
 But take his word for't ; Hal's not worth a groat.

A Pun.

A RAGGED prig extoll'd himself
 As born of men of note :
 Cries Blunt—" You've got a coat of arms,
 " But no arms to your coat."

The Lady's Choice.

A MAN that's neither high nor low,
 In party nor in stature ;
 No noisy rake, nor fickle beau,
 That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And let him be no learned fool,
That nods o'er musty books;
That eats and drinks, and lives by rule,
And weighs my words and looks.

Let him be easy, frank, and gay,
Of dancing never tir'd;
Always have something smart to say,
But silent, if requir'd.

The SPIDER and the BEE.

A FABLE.

OPPRESSORS never want excuse
To varnish o'er their deeds,
They still can palliate each abuse—
He's *guiltless* that *succeeds*.

A *Spider*, with mechanic pow'r,
His net insidious drew,
Near where a *Bee*, at ev'ning hour,
Secure of treach'ry flew.

Queen of the roseat bow'r, her thighs
With fragrant *thyme* were bound,
While still from flow'r to flow'r she flies,
In sportive airy round.

Thus, thoughtless, as her course she kept,
She struck th' envenom'd loom,
When from his den the felon crept,
And strait pronounc'd her doom.

Pity in vain she hopes to draw,
Where none could e'er abide;
Necessity (the tyrant's law)
He urges on his side.

"Bees were," he said, "his destin'd prey,
"And she his food must be;"
But better fortune found the way
To set the captive free.

The net, which she incessant shakes,
 Its flimsy hold foregoes ;
 And as its texture sudden breaks,
 To earth the Spider throws.

A Sparrow, from a thicket near,
 His plight with joy espies ;
 His late discourse he chanc'd to hear,
 And hastes to seize his prize.

But now th' oppressor, aptly caught,
 A thousand arts essays,
 And, by his fears, submission taught
 For life he earnest prays.

" Thy worthless life," the Sparrow cry'd,
 " Still work'd thy neighbour's woe ;
 " Thy death alone, if well apply'd,
 " Can ought of good bestow.

" The Bee, thy malice would destroy,
 " To merit has pretence ;
 " But still it is thy only joy
 " To ruin innocence.

" Or if thou plead'st necessity
 " To cover thy design ;
 " If Bees are destin'd prey for thee,
 " So Spiders too are mine."

So in the end (my friends) shall fare
 Th' oppressor and the cheat ;
 And tho' they weave their webs with care,
 The Spider's fate shall meet.

On Nan.

NAN's nose hangs down so low, one would suppose,
 When e'er she gapes, that Nan would eat her nose.

On

On Peg.

PEG lets her husband boast of rules and riches,
But she rules all the roast, and wears the breeches.

On Poverty.

IF poor thou art, thou ever may'st be so,
Few men do gifts, but on the rich bestow.

On a Madman.

ONE ask'd a madman, if a wife he had?
A wife! quoth he, I never was so mad.

Epigram.

ONE wept, and stamp't, and scratch'd his head,
Because his darling wife was dead!
Says one (who near the Numscull stood)
It is a dish of cold meat good,
I wish at home, your wife I'd got,
And you my vixen scolding hot.

Another.

A FOOL had a bow, and loudly did hoot,
Ev'ry cuckold in England, he surely wou'd shoot.
Quoth a wife, dearest husband! pray come from the spot?
Don't you hear what he says, and see what he's got?
Like a hog that was stuck, he star'd in surprize!
I hope I'm no cuckold, the good man replies:
She simper'd and smil'd, and answer'd thus smart,
'But an arrow may glance thro' the obdurate heart.'

Epitaph on a Woman. By her Husband.

TREAD gently, friend, lest you disturb her rest,
And strait discover how I once was blest:
Her nimble tongue will ring you such a peel,
'Twill make you stare, and with confusion reel,
Nay more, she will so serenade your ears,
You'll hardly hear the bells that ring to pray'rs.

THO' wedlock by most men be reckon'd a curse,
Three wives I did marry for better for worse:
The first for her person, the next for her purse,
The third for a warming-pan, doctress, and nurse.

Verses on a Farmer's Daughter.

LET wanton bards a nymph implore,
 Which they in fancy'd colours dress;
 A real goddess I adore,
 For Betty, sure, is nothing less!
 When Betty roasts or boils the meat,
 She does it with such charming skill,
 With more than common gout I eat,
 And never think I have my fill.—
 When Betty hands the wine around,
 Her eyes to nectar change the grape,
 Its power does the heart confound,
 And lets the weaker head escape.
 Her words as soft as zephyrs blow,
 And must with all mankind prevail:
 Her breasts as white as puddings shew;
 She smiles as sweet as bottl'd ale.
 When e'er my passion I repeat,
 Or try her lovely form t' embrace,
 She does with rage my transports meet,
 And hurls the dish clout in my face:
 No longer, Betty, frown and fight,
 Nor to your swain a kiss deny;
 But let me safely sip delight,
 And lay th' uplifted patten by.

*The New Year's Gift. Presented with a pair of silk
 Stockings to a young Lady.*

TO please the fair, in courtly lays:
 The poet plays his part,
 One tenders snuff,—another praise—
 A tooth-pick,—or a heart.
 Alike they all, to gain their end,
 Peculiar arts disclose,
 While I submissive, only send
 An humble pair of hose.—
 Long may they guard from cold and harm,
 The snowy legs that wear 'em,
 And kindly spread their influence warm,
 To every thing that's near them.

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were condemned to be hang'd the same day at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervor, the gay robber was attentive, and the other approached near to his fellow sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer, when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, *Keep farther off, can't you?—Sir,* replied sweep, *I won't keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much right to be hang'd as you!*

A few years ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late Charles Bryan, Esq; when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town.—Mr. Bryan seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay. 'No, no,' says Foote, 'was I to stay any longer, you would not let me have a leg to stand on.' 'Why, sure,' says Mr. Bryan, 'we do not drink so hard.'——'No,' says the wit, 'but there is so little wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with my right leg.'

General Burgoyne being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be *the Stage Coach*, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it; as soon as the curtain closed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. '*The Stage Coach*, Sir,' says Buskin, bowing very respectfully, 'O then, Sir,' says the General, 'will you be so good to let me know

when you perform this again, that I may be an *outside passenger*.'

Counsellor Harwood, a late celebrated Irish lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue*, as for his *bon-mois*; being counsel against a young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent assault, opened the court in the following manner: 'My lord, I am counsel in this cause for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your lordship that this *soldier* here —' 'Stop, Sir,' says the ignorant military hero, (who thought he used the word *soldier* as a term of reproach) I would have you know, Sir, I am an *officer*.' 'Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon,' says the counsellor, very drily, 'why then, my lord, to speak more correctly, this officer here, who is no *soldier*—'

Lord Townsend, when young, being at the battle of Dettingen, as he was marching down pretty close to the enemy, was so very thoughtful (as usual with most officers on their first battle) that he took no notice of a drummer's head that was shot off just before him, tho' he received some of the brains on his coat. A veteran officer observing this, went up to him, and endeavoured to rouse him, by telling him, the best way in these cases was not to think at all. 'Oh! dear Sir, says his lordship with great presence of mind, 'you entirely mistake my reverie, I have been only thinking what the devil could bring this little drummer here, who seemed to possess such a *quantity of brains*!'

A handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of crim. con. before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by Countellor Dunning, who thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for all counsellors are complete judges of physiognomy) whether the truth came from her lips. After he had put many ridiculous questions to her, he asked her whether her mistress had ever communicated the important secret to her? 'No, Sir,' said the woman, 'she never did.' And how can you swear to her infidelity? 'Because I saw another gentleman besides my master in bed with her

her.' Indeed ! said the counsellor. ' Yes, indeed, Sir.' And pray, my good woman, said the modest countellor, thinking to silence her at once ; did your master, (for I see you are very handsome) in return for his wife's infidelity, go to bed to you ? ' *That trial* (says the spirited woman) *does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabberchops.*'—Lord Mansfield was tickled to the soul, he thrust his hand into the waistband of his breeches, (his custom when highly delighted) and asked Dunning if he had any more interrogatories to put ? ' No, my lord, I have done,' said the chop-fallen orator, settling his wig, and sitting down.

The well-known Dagger Marr, Tommy Clough, and Harry Vaughan, all of Drury-lane Theatre, met one morning at rehearsal ; Clough, kept his hand in his coat pocket a long time, which Dagger taking notice of, asked him what he had got there ; ' I have got a partridge, (says Clough) which I intend to present to the little man,' meaning Mr. Garrick. ' Tut ! (says Vaughan) he won't accept of it. ' Won't he,' says Dagger, who was well acquainted with the penurious spirit of Garrick) ' yes, by G—, he'll take it, or a roll and treacle if you offer it to him.'

Dagger Marr, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury-lane Theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park ; one day, while he thought himself unnoticed, he observed one of the ducks swim about as swift as any three of them, and gobbled up so much of the bread, that Dagger roared out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him, ' Get out of that, you gobbling rascal, I see you are a manager, by G— !'

When Mr. Dibdin was engaged to compose the music for an opera that was to appear at Drury-lane, the nature of this employment became the subject of conversation one night in the green room. It was observed by one, that the musician was deeply indebted to the author. ' Then (retorted Mr. Bannister) he is likely to

be rid of that incumbrance, for he is at present preparing to discharge it by giving him his notes."

Foote being some time since at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its age, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble full. 'Fine wine, upon my soul (says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips)' 'Is it not very curious?' (says his lordship). 'Perfectly so indeed (says the other)' 'I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before.'

A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the late engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies (being a man of humour) he could not suppress his joke, saying, *It was high time for him to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down.*

When the distinguished Major Rogers took up his abode in a spunging-house in Southampton-buildings, Holborn, like a true philosopher, he endeavoured to make his situation as agreeable as possible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, sent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the house, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being in high spirits, after dinner, one of them being called upon for a toast, gave, 'The d—l ride rough shot over the rascally part of the creation.' When every body was going to drink the toast, the Major, (who was at the bottom of the table, cried out) 'Stop, gentlemen, every man fill a bumper.' 'Oh, there is no occasion for that,' (says one of the company,) 'Yes, but there is, (says the Major) *consider it is a family toast, and ought to be done justice to.*'

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicking even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitat-

imitating a late general officer in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the general was remarkable, so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, "Come Sam, let us have the General's company." A friend at length acquainted the officer of it, who sent for Foote; "Sir, (says the general) I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule." "Oh Sir, (says Foote, with great pleasantry) I take all my acquaintances off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myself off." "God so (says the other) pray let us have a specimen." Foote on this puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really *taken himself off*, by leaving the house. The officer was General Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrick on his bureau, "Do you know my reasons (says Foote) for making Garrick stand centry there?" "No, (replied his friend) 'I placed him there, (resumed the wit) to take care of my money, for by G— I can't take care of it myself!'"

Mr. Garrick passing through a town in Yorkshire, seeing the Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee, advertised in the town, waited that night to see the play. The Theatre happened to be a barn, and Sir Harry Wildair, the hero of the piece, a recruiting serjeant, who wanted his left hand. At the opening, Mr. Garrick attended, as he thought, quite disguised, but it was not the case; a man who had been a candle-snuffer to Drury Lane, being one of the company, knew him, and communicated this knowledge to the rest of his brethren. A council was instantly called in the Green Room, the result of which was, to return him his entrance-money. The man who found out the secret was deputed for that purpose, who accordingly came round where Mr. Gar-

rick was sitting, and (after delivering the compliments of the gentlemen of the buskin, in very polite terms) begged the acceptance of his eighteen-pence, as they never took any thing from a brother.

When Lord Townsend was Viceroy of Ireland, his butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. You blockhead (cries his lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand) 'How did you do it?' 'Upon my soul, my lord, they happened to fall just so,' replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth, into a thousand pieces.

When Mr. K. first appeared on Drury-lane Theatre, in the character of Falstaff, being a man of some genius, he used to puff constantly in the news papers, upon his excellency in the part, all which, however, availed but little, as he never could bring a full house: one Bignell, sitting with a few of the players in the Black Lion, had taken up and filled a pipe, the funnel of which was slept, and after several attempts to light it, he threw it down in a passion, saying, 'By G—d, gentlemen, I'm like your new Falstaff; I have been puffing, and puffing, this long while past, but all to no purpose, for I'll be d—m—d if I can draw!'

Lord Hawke, when a young man, was pressed very much by a taylor, to discharge a debt which he was at that time unable to pay. 'You know, Sir, (said Mr. Buckram) my bill is very long, and frightful to think of.' 'D—n it, replied the blunt tar, don't threaten me with your bill; my talons will prove a match for your bill any hour!'

Colonel G——, coming to Foote in Suffolk street, in an elegant new phaeton, at parting, desired Foote would come to the door, just to look at it: 'Tis a pretty thing, (said the Colonel) and I have it on a new plan.' 'Before I set my eyes on it (says Foote) my dear Colonel, I'm damnably afraid you have it on the old plan,—never to pay for it.' A

A certain new-created lord, standing at a well-known bookseller's shop at the West end of the town, a dissipated young nobleman drove by in a remarkable high phaeton, and six as remarkable horses. Struck with the tout ensemble of such a groupe, his lordship asked, 'What strange figure that was?' 'Oh, my lord (says Type, in the true family pronunciation) that is the celebrated Lord ———, who hath long figured away in the walks of fashion and extravagance.'—'Ah! (says the peer) we have got strange kind of lords now-a-days,'—'Indeed, my lord (replied type, without ever meaning to be pointed,) *you* may say that.'

Philips, the noted Harlequin, was taken up in London for suspicion of debt, and dealt with the honest officer in the following manner: He first called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no small joy of the bailiff, who was rejoiced to have a calf that bled so well, (as they term it.) Harlequin made the honest bailiff believe, that he had six dozen of wine ready packed up, which he would send for to drink while in custody, and likewise allow six-pence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulderdab listened to the proposal with pleasure. The bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it should be sent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter, sweating under his load: the Turnkey called to his master, and told him the porter and hamper were come in. 'Very well (says he) then let nothing but the porter and hamper go out.' The porter performed his part very well: came heavily in with an empty hamper, and seemed to go lightly out with Philips on his back. He was dishampered at an alehouse near the water side, crossed the Thames, and soon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on such an emergency.

The wife of a farmer near Richmond, was taken in labour: the farmer wished for a son, and waited in the next room for the intelligence; it proved a boy, and the

man jumped from his chair, and clapped his hands with ext cy. A few minutes after the maid servant came in, and told him her mistress was delivered of another child, a fine girl:—*a girl!* (said the farmer with astonishment) *well, well, we must endeavour to give it a bit of bread.* A short while after the girl appeared again, and told him her mistress was delivered of a lovely boy! *What, another child!* (said the farmer, almost frantic with surprize) *d—n it, Nanny, is your mistress pigging?*

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers in his school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty schoolmaster told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a rat—for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and, instead of a whipping, gave him half a crown.

A very extraordinary affair happened lately at Dr. Katterfelto's Exhibition-Room, No. 24, Piccadilly:—A Welch gentleman being informed that the Doctor was a very great favourite of his Majesty, and the Royal Family; being the greatest philosopher in the three kingdoms; and that he had exhibited several times before the

the

the King, and the whole Royal Family, which raised the above gentleman's curiosity to see that gentleman's exhibition; and what made him more desirous of seeing the Doctor, the same gentleman, with a party of ladies, had been three nights there, but could not obtain any admittance, till some evening last week, the room being so much crowded each night; and as soon as Dr. Katterfeito began to shew some of his dextrous feats, the Welch gentleman swore that the Doctor was the *diawel!* *the diawel!* which is, in English the devil! So one of the gentlemen present asked the Doctor what he had done with his black cat and kittens; the Doctor, to the great surprize of the whole company, conveyed immediately one of the kittens into the Welch gentleman's waistcoat pocket, at six yards distance, purposely to make that gentleman believe he was the devil; on finding the kitten in his waistcoat pocket, the above gentleman ran out of the room, and cried in the street, as well as in the exhibition room, that *the diawel!* *the diawel!* *was in London!* which caused a very great laughter to all the company, and that gentleman has not been with his friends in town since.

Bon Mot of the late Counsellor Clive.] It is no secret that the marriage of Mrs. Clive, the celebrated comedian, with the Counsellor of that name, was attended with continual jars and squabbles; which, according to public report, chiefly arose from the shrewish disposition of the lady. In a few months they parted, by mutual consent, to the great satisfaction of the henpecked Counsellor; who, upon his return, soon after to his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, from the Western circuit, finding his washerwoman had pawned some of his linen in his absence, dispatched his footman to engage another person in that capacity, whose honesty might be depended upon. A laundress was soon found, and, on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while his man was counting out the dirty cloaths to her, he made some enquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him some account of the many respectable people she washed for; and after mentioning the satisfaction she had given to several Serjeants, Benchers, and other limbs of the law,

Sir, says she, I also work for a namesake of your honour's. — A namesake of mine! says the counsellor; Yes, and please you, says she, and a mighty good sort of a woman too, tho' she be one of the player folks. — Oh! what you wash for Mrs. Clive, the actress, do you? — Yes, indeed, Sir, and she is one of my best customers too. — Is she so, replied the Counsellor. Stop John! toss the cloaths back into the closet again. — Here, good woman, says the counsellor, I am sorry you had this trouble — here is half a crown for you; but you can never wash for me; — for I will be d--d if ever I suffer my shirt to be rubb'd against her shift any more as long as I live!

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip-box, with the following label:

These must be used as your necessities require, be patient, and of good heart.

He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

Lord Cornwallis, after a battle, found a grenadier sitting at the foot of a tree, wrapped up in a cloak, who very composedly said to him; 'Noble General, order these wounded men to be taken care of, as their lives may be still saved.' 'Well, but friend, said the officer, you have no thought about yourself?' — The grenadier answered with drawing up his cloak, and shewing both his thighs carried off in the middle.

[A dragoon

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? To which he replied, *he ran away with him?* What (said the officer) *did you do with the money you sold him for?* That, please your honour, (said the fellow, with the utmost indifference) *ran away too.*

The late Duke of Ancafter, when Lord Lindsay, went into Lincolnshire to raise men for the service in America. During his stay in that county he so eminently distinguished himself by his generosity, and affability, that he gained the good-will, not only of all the gentry, but of every individual in the neighbourhood; so captivating was his manner among the lower rank of the people, that every day he made a fresh acquisition of recruits; among the rest, a country fellow, the only son of an old woman, from whose industry she derived her support, in imitation of the example of some of his companions, in the hour of gaily enlisted into the service: The report of it soon reached the ears of his mother, who next morning waited on his lordship, requesting a discharge for her son, representing to him her situation in the most lively colours, whilst the tears ran down her aged and furrowed cheeks. His lordship, with that tenderness peculiar to him, turned upon his heel to conceal his emotion; when he had recovered himself, he turned, took the poor woman by the hand, and taking five guineas from his pocket, gave them to her, saying, *Good woman, you are poor—take this—from this moment your son is discharged—for the King, my master, never wishes to recruit his forces by oppressing the widows or the helpless.*

A negro in the island of St. Christopher's, had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved?—'I suppose,' says he, 'he's a chip of the old block.' 'No, no,' says the negro, *Massa be all block himself.*

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance perhaps more than the following:—Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond, having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years, was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, *'Ob! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!*

The celebrated Lord Chesterfield held a considerable estate under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and wanting to put in the life of the present Earl, the fine insisted upon was so very exorbitant as to ruffle his lordship's temper in a great degree, though he was obliged to acquiesce in their demands. When the writings were ready, the lawyer carried them to his lordship, with the Dean and Chapter's compliments. Having signed them, 'Well (says the Earl) they sent their compliments to me, did they? Then return my compliments, but tell them at the same time, that in matters of business I would sooner deal with the Jewish synagogue.

The whimsical and immortal author of *Tristram Shandy* was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning; his parishioners had timely information of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, and desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crouds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit: here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their astonishment,

nishment, to be the following; '*We have toiled all night, and have caught no fish* : ' The congregation looked at each other, some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of a man for a pulpit lecturer : however, they attended to his discourse which turned out, as usual, very instructive, and all went home highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her fingers-ends every step of the way to her house.

Sitting one evening at the Globe Tavern, Fleet-street, along with the late Dr. Goldsmith, who was a great novice in the common occurrences of life, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman, with whom he was intimately acquainted, turned up his nose, and asked the Doctor how he could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him ? ' Stinking ? ' says the Doctor, ' in good truth I don't smell it.' ' I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life, (says the gentleman) the rascal deserves a caning for being so heedless to bring you such carrion.' ' In good truth (says the poet) I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment.' He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than *assa-fœtida*, he insisted as a punishment, that he should set down and eat it himself. The waiter argued, but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion; the Doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with his punishment — When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the Doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter was done, Goldsmith's friend burst into a horse laugh. ' What in God's name ails you now ? ' says the poet. ' Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters was so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop

chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life.' 'Was it,' (says the doctor) 'then I shall never give credit to what you say again, and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you.'

A gentleman happening to turn up against a house to make water, did not see two young ladies looking out of a window close by, till he heard them giggling.—Then looking towards them, he asked, what made them so merry? 'O! Sir' said one of them, 'a *very little thing* will make us laugh.'

A woman being with child, her husband was carving a couple of coney, and beginning with the flaps, his wife called to him, "Pray husband, give me a flap 'oth' coney?" What, says he, wife, before all the company?

An honest French Dragoon, in the service of Lewis XIV. having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after some words, told him, he would let him escape for that time, but by G—, if ever he found him there again, he would throw *his hat* out of the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a very few days he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word. Knowing what he had done, he posted away to a place, where he knew the King was to be, and throwing himself at his Majesty's feet, implored his pardon.—The King asked him, What his offence was? He told him how he had been abused, and that he had thrown the man's hat out of the window. Well, said the King, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation, I think you were very much in the right to throw his hat out of the window. *Yes, yes, my Liege*, said the dragoon, *but his head was in it.* *Was it so!* replied the King. *Well, my word is past.*

An Irishman on board a man of war, was desired by his mess-mates to go down and draw a cann of beer: Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. 'Arrah by my shoul' (says he) and

and so while I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail, and leave me behind.

A country farmer riding to a merry meeting on an easy horse, drank very plentifully till night came on, and his senses fled. At which one of the company resolved to pass a joke upon him, by persuading the rest to mount him on his horse with his face to the tail, and turning the horse loose, who very well knew the way home. So up they mounted him, away went the horse a foot pace, till the farmer fell fast asleep; and in an hour's time the horse was at home, and presently fell a neighing. At which his wife came with a candle in her hand, and seeing her husband in that condition, began to take on bitterly, and waking him, told him the greatness of his sins, &c. Upon which he rubs his eyes, and looking about, cries out in a great passion, *Pho, hold your tongue, woman, nothing vexes me so much, as that the plaguy rogues should cut my horse's head off.*

A country fellow being admitted to a gentleman's table, fell upon the artichokes; but not knowing what should be eaten, and which not, took a mouthful of the burr; which almost choked him: when one who sat next him, said, 'Friend, that dish is reserved for the last.' 'Truly (answered he, as well as he could) I am of your mind, for I think it will be *my last*.'

Two English officers, after a night's lodging in the Highlands, found themselves covered with vermin. One of them was very busy in taking off the slowest kind, which the other observing, cried out, 'Z—ds, what are you doing? Let us first secure the dragoons; we can take the foot at leisure.'

A drunken fellow was brought before a justice, and what question soever the justice asked him, he still said, *Your lordship's wife*. Then he committed him till the next day; then sent for him again, and told him of his idle talking yesterday. 'Why, whatsoever I said to you, you still said, *Your Lordship's wife*, that I thought thou wert

wer't mad. 'Truly (says he) *if I said so, I think I was mad indeed.*

One soldier's wife call'd another a whore, upon which falling in a violent passion,—*Whore!* says she, clapping her hands, *you b——, you cannot say I ever went out of the regiment!*

A bailiff clapt a man on the shoulder, said, *I arrest you Sir, for a horse* (meaning for the money he owed for a horse) 'Why, replied the defendant, thou coxcomb, thou art not certainly such a fool as thou makest thyself? Pray look upon me again, what likeness can you see, that you take me for a horse?'—Then tripping up his heels, said, *However I'll shew you a horse trick; and after giving him two or three kicks, left him in the kennel, and so ran off.*

In a village in France, a poor woman fell into a lethargy. Her husband and those who were about her, believed she was dead; they covered her over with a piece of linen cloth, as is done to the poor people of that country, and ordered her to be carried to the burying-place. In going to the church, he who carried her went near to a thorn hedge, and the prickles of it scratching her, she recovered from her lethargy. Fourteen years after, she died in good earnest (at least it was thought so) as they carried her to the church yard, and came near to a hedge, the husband began to cry lustily, *Keep off the hedge, keep off the hedge.*

A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape:—Upon the trial, the Judge asked her if she made any resistance? 'Yes, and please your reverence, I cry'd out. The Judge again enquired when it was she did so? to which the witness replied, Nine months after.

A country parson who had a great desire to disengage himself from a company of hungry gentlemen that came to his house, after he had told them, at first, that they were welcome, and made a show of sending his servants some of them to draw ale, and others to kill fowls; at
the

the same time he took his surplice and prayer-book in his hand, and prepared himself to go abroad. Where are you going Mr. Parson? said the gentlemen. He answered, 'I'll return in a minute, for I must go, whilst the dinner is making ready, to pray by a poor man dying of the plague;' and upon saying this, went out immediately. Upon which those strangers were so frightened, that they ran away full drive, and fled as if *the plague had been at their heels.*

A shoemaker, who had a vote in the election for members of parliament, went constantly to a house of entertainment that was opened on the side of one of the candidates, where meat and liquor were very liberally furnished. When the election came on, Crispin gave his vote against the gentleman, on whose side he had all along eaten and drank; and being reproached for the baseness of his conduct, he burst into laughter, and said, *Ever whilst you live quarter upon the enemy; I say quarter upon the enemy.*

A woman of the town being carried before Justice —, was going to be committed to Bridewell; but stepping up to him, whispered in his ear, 'Your Worship was kinder to me at the Devil tavern the other night.' — 'Hum, says he, *was that your father? For his sake I'll forgive you this time; but pray take care for the future.* — And so dismissed her.

Killegrew, the famous jester to King Charles II. having been at Paris about some business, went from thence to Versailles, to see the French King's court, and being known to several of the courtiers who had been in England, one of them took occasion to tell the French King that Killegrew was one of the wittiest men in England. Upon which, the King desired to see him. But Killegrew, it seems, being out of humour, spoke but very little; and that so little to the purpose, that the French King told the Nobleman who had commended Killegrew, that he looked upon him as a very dull fellow. — The Nobleman, nevertheless, assured the King, that
(what-

(whatever he thought of him) Killegrew was very witty and ingenious. Whereupon, the King was resolved to make a farther trial; and took him into a gallery, where there were abundance of fine pictures; and, among the rest, shewed him the picture of Christ upon the Cross, and asked him if he knew who that was? Killegrew made himself very ignorant, and answered, No. Says the King, that is the picture of our Saviour on the Cross; that on the right side is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own. Whereupon Killegrew replied, *I humbly thank your Majesty for the information you have given me; for tho' I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.*

An Englishman and a Scotchman coming in both together to an inn on the road, found nothing to be had but a piece of mutton and a chicken; so one would have the chicken, and another would have it, and began to quarrel. The landlady desired they would be pleased to eat it together; but Sawney, whose head was building castles in the air, said, it should be preserved till the morning; and he that dreamed the best dream should eat it for his breakfast. So eating the mutton for their supper, they went to bed. The Scotchman could not sleep one wink for thinking what he should dream. The Englishman observing where the chicken was set, arose in the night and eat it. The next morning when both were up, the Scotchman said very hastily, that he dreamed the bravest dream in the world, *That he saw the Heavens open, and that a choir of angels carried him up to St. Andrew in Heaven.* And said the Englishman, *I dream'd that I saw you carried up to Heaven; and thinking you would never come down again, I arose and eat the chicken. For I knew you would have no occasion for fowls there.*

Rabelais one day walking in the streets of Paris, had pressing occasion to go to a necessary-house; but not knowing any body in the street where he was taken, a thought came suddenly into his head, in order to relieve his present necessity, and at the same time to afford him

him matter of merriment. He went into an upholsterer's shop, just at hand, and asked him whether he sold close-stools? The man answered, yes, and immediately shewed him one. *Have you none handsomer than this?* says Rabelais, *show me some covered genteelly with different coloured velvets.* While the shopkeeper went backwards to fetch them, Rabelais let down his breeches, and made use of that which was first brought to him. The Upholsterer returning with the others, and seeing him in such a posture, called out, *Sir, Sir, what are you about?* — *Only trying it* (answered Rabelais). Then putting up his breeches, he walked away, saying, *They will not do for me; they are all too low.*

Dean Swift standing one winter's day at the deanry window, saw a very poor and ancient woman sitting on the steps, shivering with cold. His footman happened to come to the door; when the poor creature besought him, in a piteous tone, to deliver a petition, which she held in her hand, to his reverence. The servant read it, and told her, with infinite scorn, his master had something else to mind than her petition. *What's that you say, fellow,* (said the Dean, looking out at the window) *come up here.* The man trembling obeyed him: He also desired the poor woman to come before him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine; after which he turned to the man and said. *At what time, Sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me? or to refuse a letter from any one? Hark ye, firrah, you have been admonished by me for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service.*—*So pull off my cloaths—take your wages, and let me hear no more from you*—The fellow did so, and having vainly solicited a written discharge, (which is customarily given in Ireland, to servants, when dismissed from a place) was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his former occupation, he returned, and humbly confessing, in a petition to the Dean, his former transgressions, and assuring him of his
entire

entire reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought, he begged the Dean would give him some sort of a discharge.—Accordingly the Doctor called for a pen and ink, and gave him the following dismissal, with which he set out for London :

“ Whereas the bearer ——— served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then discharged him as such ; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter chuse to employ him.”

Deanry House,
Oct. 9, 1739.

J. SWIFT.

No man had a greater aversion to excess of ridiculous company than Dean Swift ; an instance of which we shall here relate. A lady of this turn having given the Dean an invitation to dinner, and as she had heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken a month to provide for it. When the time came, every delicacy which could be purchased the lady had prepared, even to profusion, (which Swift hated.) However, he was scarce seated, when she began to make a ceremonious harangue ; in which she told him, ‘ That she was sincerely sorry she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not there any thing fit for him to eat ; in short, that it was a bad dinner.— *Pox take you* (said the Dean) *why did you not get a better ? Sure you had time enough ! But since you say it is so bad, I’ll e’en go home and eat a herring.* Accordingly he departed, and left her justly confus’d at her folly, which had spoilt all the pains and expence she had been at.

A man having been at very high words with his wife, said in his passion, he would never bed with her again ; but not being possessed of two beds, he fixed a board in the middle of that one they had, to make a separation.— In this state they continued some time, till one night, as both laid awake, wishing for a reconciliation, but neither caring to make the first advances, the husband chanced
to

to sneeze; upon which his wife kindly said, *Heavens bless you, my dear.—Do you speak that from your heart?—* (returned he) *Indeed I do,* answered she. *Well, then, says he, take away the board!*

A gentleman, whose wife complained a little of his manhood, consented that she should make choice of any one, so that it was but one, to do family duty in his stead. She chose the coachman, a sturdy fellow; but by some accident the reverend Chaplain came to suspect the intrigue that was carrying on by his patron's lady, and was resolved to watch her waters: it was not long before he had an opportunity, by peeping through a key-hole, of being entirely confirmed in his suspicions; and being a very conscientious man, he thought it his duty to acquaint her husband with it. He told him he could not see him abused in so vile, so abominable a manner, without letting him know it. *Hush, Doctor,* said the gentleman, *the thing is a secret; I give my Coachman twenty pounds a year extraordinary for that very service.—Gad take me* (cried the conscientious parson) *Why would you not speak to me? I wou'd have done it for half the money, and have thank'd you too.*

A country maid riding to market, her mare stumbled in the middle of the market-place, and threw her topsyturvey, shewing all for nothing; but she receiving no harm by the fall, speedily got up again, and turning herself to the laughing people, said, *Sirs, did you ever see the like before?* 'Never but once,' said a country fellow, *and that was a black one.*

A taylor carrying in a bill to an apothecary, that was his customer, the apothecary was just going to eat a mess of broth for his breakfast, as the taylor came. So the apothecary told him he had no money at present for him, but if he would eat a mess of broth with him he should be welcome; for which the taylor thanked him. So he calls the maid to bring the taylor a mess. He eats them, and home he goes, and gets into his cutting-room and began to handle his sheers: but he had not been there

there past an hour and a half, but he had more occasion to use his bodkin than his sheers. So he calls up his wife, and as the pottage began to work with him, he fell to work with her, and having pleased her very well, as well as himself, with a kiss sent her down about her business, till further orders; in half an hour's time he calls her again, and so the third and fourth time; at last she asked him, how he came to be so? with that he up and told her, he asked the apothecary for money, but he told me he had no money, but he would give me a mess of pottage, which has wrought these wonderful effects upon me. *Oh, good husband, said she, it may be the Apothecary wants money. I prithee, my Cock, if thou lovest thine own dear wife, take all thy money out in broth, for it is of a wonderful operation.*

Although the infirmities of nature are not proper subjects to be made a jest of, yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what every body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous. Of this sort was old *Cross* the player, who being very deaf, did not care any body should know it. Honest Joe Miller, going with a friend one day along Fleet-street, and seeing old *Cross* on the other side of the way, told his acquaintance he should see some sport; so beckoning to *Cross* with his finger, and stretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, tho' he said nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other side of the way, *What a pax* said he, *do you make such a noise for? Do you think one can't hear?*

A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powell, another player, received from him a smart box on the ear; a few days after, the poetical player having lost his snuff-box, was making strict enquiry if any body had seen his box. *What,* said another of the theatrical punsters, *That which George Powell gave you t'other night!*

An Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand, shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him,

him,

him, why he did so? *Upon my shoul, says Teague, it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

Pope having been lighted home by a link-boy, offered to give something less than he expected; upon which he demanded more; Pope protested that he had no more half-pence left; repeating a term familiar to him, when a little vexed, 'God mend me!' The boy finding that nothing was to be got, went away muttering loud enough to be overheard, 'God mend me, God mend me, quotha!' Five hundred such as I might be made before one such a crooked son of a bitch as you could be mended!' Pope, on this, called him back, and gave him half a crown as a reward for his wit.

Some ladies having a petition to present to the Speaker of the House of Commons, waited at the door for his going in; at last the croud grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by; which one of the messengers seeing, cried out aloud, 'Ladies, pray fall back, and open to the right and left, that the members may go in.'

A Quaker lodging at an inn, the house being full, a damning blade came up into his room, and would have hector'd him out; but he told him 'twas his room, and by yea and nay, he should not come there. The hector then began to thunder out his oaths, and to strike him; but the Quaker, being a stout fellow, returned his blows double and treble, and at last kick'd him down stairs. With that, the master of the house sending the tapster to know the occasion of all that noise, he told him, 'twas nothing, but that *Yea and nay* had kick'd *G—d damme* down stairs.

A young parson lost his way in a forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired any lodging or hay loft to lye in, and some fire to dry him; the man told him, he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lie with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted

cepted of it. In the morning, the man rose to go to market, and meeting with some of his neighbours, he fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the mouth? 'Why, says he, I can but think how sham'd the parson will be when he awakes, to find himself left a bed with my wife!

A certain couple going to Dunmow, in Essex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married pair, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented their bargain in a year and a day. The steward, ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it? The husband produced a bag, and told him that.—That, said the steward, is not near big enough to hold it. So I told my wife, replied the good man, and I believe we have had a hundred words about it. *Ay*, said the steward, *but they were not such as will butter cabbage to eat with this bacon*, and so hung the flitch up again.

A ratling young fellow from London, putting into a country inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there; says he, you shall see me dumb-found that countryman; So going up to him, he gives his hat a twirl round, saying, 'There's half a crown for you countryman.' The former, after recovering a little from his surprize, reared his oaken towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulder, saying, "I thank you for your kindness, friend, there's two shillings of your money again."

A trial for lands being pleaded before the Chancellor, the Counsel on both sides set forth their limitations in questions by the plat: and one Counsel pleaded, My Lord, we lye on this side; and the other said, My Lord, we lye on this side: 'Nay, says the Chancellor, if you lie on both sides, I'll believe neither of you.'

A virtuous lady being once in a musing vein, sat with her legs pretty wide; said her husband, sweetheart, your cabinet stands open. 'Say you so, said she, why don't you lock it then? for I am sure none keeps the key but yourself.'

A few days after the late Lord L—— married the buxom Miss H——, he found it necessary to withdraw from the business of love for a little while: but not caring to let his wife into the secret, he procured a subpoena to be sent him to attend as an evidence at one of the courts in London; which, shewing her, he took leave with seeming regret, and set forward on his journey, and was absent about a month. A few days after his return home, the said nobleman and his lady were looking out at a window at their cows grazing in a field adjoining; 'My dear,' said he, 'what is become of the bull that used to be so brisk amongst the cows here?' 'Oh! child,' says she, 'he is *suborned*, I suppose, to the other end of the field.'

Chancellor Crips being on a party at Castle Martyr, the seat of the Earl of Shannon, in Ireland, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled out before dinner into the church-yard. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprize, where he could be gone to. 'Oh,' says the Counsellor, 'he is but just stepped out to pay a visit to some of his *old patients*.'

Doctor Glover, well known for being one of the best companions in the world, was returning from a tavern one morning early, across Covent-Garden, when a chairman cried out, 'A chair! your honour, a chair!' Glover took no notice, but called his dog, who was a good way behind, 'Scrub, Scrub, Scrub?' Och, by J—s (says the chairman) there goes a *pair of ye*! The facetious doctor gave his countryman half a crown for the pun.

A Mr. Hare breakfasted with the celebrated Mr. Fox, some time ago, whose dealings with the Jews was pretty extensive. Looking out of the window, he perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe about the door, upon which he called out, 'Pray, gentlemen, are ye *fox-hunting*, or *bare-hunting* this morning?'

A porter going to Mr. Blaft's house one day with a load upon his back, said to a gentleman that he met in the Haymarket, 'Pray, your honour, can you tell me where Mr. Blaft lives?' Mr. Blaft? Blaft did you say, replied the gentleman. 'Yes, *Blast, your honour,*' said the porter: 'This odd connection of words, though not intended to give any offence, so irritated the gentleman, that he not only refused to give the porter information, but in a rage, gave him a hearty drubbing with his cane.'

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury-lane Theatre to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth, in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box where he sat were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued until the end of the act, when the doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried, 'Pshaw Sir, how can you be so mistaken? *Your place* is in the *spilling gallery.*'

That admired son of the comic muse, Mr. Quick, belonged to the Liverpool company of comedians at the time the celebrated *Naval Review at Portsmouth* made so much noise in the world. One of the gentlemen of the theatre, after saluting Mr. Quick one morning in the *Green Room*, whipt open his waistcoat; the ladies set up a loud laugh, which the wag heightened by observing, *The ladies had an opportunity of seeing a Naval Review without going to Portsmouth!*

Serjeant Davy being concerned in a cause which he wanted to put off a few days, asked Lord M——d, the present chief justice of the K—— B——, when he would bring it on? 'Friday next,' says his lordship. 'Will you consider, my Lord, Friday next will be Good Friday.' 'I do not care for that, says his lordship, I shall sit for all that.' 'Well, my lord, to be sure you may do as you please; but if you do, I believe you will be the first judge who did business on a Good-Friday since Pontius Pilate's time.'

Lord

Lord Mansfield, examining a man who was a witness in the Court of King's Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant? 'O my lord, I knew him, *I was up to him!*' Up to him, says his lordship, what do you mean by being up to him? 'Mean, my lord, why *I was down upon him!*' Up to him, and down upon him (says his lordship, turning to Counsellor Dunning) what does this fellow mean? 'Why I mean, my lord, as deep as he thought himself, *I stagg'd him!*' I cannot conceive, friend, (says his lordship, what you mean by this sort of language, I do not understand it? 'Not understand it, (rejoined the fellow with surprise) 'Lord, *what a Flat you must be!*'

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctors-Commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his Proctor, as he was writing his excellent tragedy of the Gamester: the Proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished; which the Proctor found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, 'Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the last act?' 'Oh! very easily (says the poet) there I intend to put them both into the *Spiritual Court!*'

During the time the *Air Balloon* was letting off in the *Artillery Ground*, a Frenchman attending among the rest as a spectator, conceiving that Les Angloises could not be so adroit at an invention that was claimed by his countrymen, and which had been exhibited with such splendor and applause at Paris; and in order to ascertain the precise time, he pulled out a remarkable fine gold watch, which he held in his hands; this circumstance being observed by one of our nimble fingered gentry, he artfully (when the Frenchman thought he had returned it into his scb) conveyed it away; the *Balloon* being let off, and Monsieur requiring to know how long it would be visible, applied to his watch, which, to his great surprize, he found gone, *O mon Dieu*, says he, turning round, *it is gone - gone*, roars out a good honest Englishman, why you look the wrong way—*Vay, begar me lost my watch—lost your watch*, continued the Englishman laughing, *why there it goes up in the Air Balloon!*

It chanced that a merchant ship was so violently tossed in a storm at sea, that all, despairing of safety, betook themselves to prayer, saving one mariner, who was ever wishing to see two stars. Oh ! said he, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two ; and of these words he made so frequent repetition, that disturbing the meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, what two stars, or what one star he meant ? To whom he replied, *O ! that I could see the Star in Cheap-side, or the Star in Coleman-street, I care not which.*

Mr. Sharp the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaister ; the patient turning a little pale, Lord Sir, said he, *I hope there is no danger ?* Yes, indeed is there, answered the surgeon, *for if the fellow don't set up a good pair of heels, the wound will heal before he returns.*

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a lottery-office, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there ; but calling to the clerk, Pray Sir, said he, what do you sell here, *loggerheads*, cried the other, *Do you ?* answered the countryman, *Egad then you've a special trade, for I see you have but one left.**

A country farmer going cross his grounds in the dusk of the evening, espy'd a young fellow and lass very busy near a five bar gate, in one of the fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, said the young man, *No harm, Farmer, we are only going to prop-a-gate.*

Three or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the University of Oxford, espyed a poor fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand, says one of the scholars to the rest, *If you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are*
bare

bare at present. No doubt of it, they were not long consenting : Why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon ; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough ; therefore, do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and let me alone with the old man. This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was strangely surprised to see his ass thus metamorphosed : Oh ! for God's sake, said the scholar, take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back. Zoons, how came you here, replied the old man ? Why, said he, my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass ; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him. By all means, said the crockery merchant, I do not desire to have any thing to do with conjuration ; and so set the scholar at liberty, who went immediately to his comrades, that by this time were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for : But the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one : Oh ! oh ! said he, *what ! have he and his father quarrelled again already ? No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him.*

A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings, and one being upon his plate, he found it stink so much, that he could not eat a bit of it ; but he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering to it, and then took up the plate, and put it to his own ear. The gentleman, at whose table he was, enquiring into the meaning, he told him, That he had a brother lost at sea about *a fortnight ago*, and he was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him ; And what answer made he, said the gentleman, *He told me*, replied the other, *that he could give no account of him, for he had not been at sea these three weeks.*

N.B. I

N.B. I would not have any of my readers apply this story, as an unfortunate gentleman did once, who the next day after he had first heard it, was whispering to a sinking *rump of beef*, at a friend's house.

Michael Angelo, in his picture of the Last Judgement, in the Pope's chapel, painted among the figures in hell, that of a certain cardinal, who was his enemy, so like, that every body knew it at first sight : Whereupon the *cardinal* complaining to Pope Clement the VIIth of the affront, and desiring it might be defaced : *You knew very well*, said the Pope, *I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.*

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Batson's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer* ; Done, said the other, and Johnny Wilkes here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly thro' the *Creed* : *Well*, said the other, *I own I have lost ; I did not think he could have done it.*

An Irish lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left the directions in his key hole. *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me ; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

A punster was desired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a *pun extempore*. Upon what subject ? said he, *The king*, answered the other. *Oh, Sir*, said he, *the king is no subject.*

Old Dennis, who had been the author of many plays, going by a brandy-shop in St. Paul's Church-yard ; the man who kept it came out to him, and desired the favour of him to drink a dram. For what reason ? said he. Because you are a *dramatick* poet, answered the other. Well, thou art an out-of-the-way fellow, said the old gentleman, and I will drink a dram with thee.

But

But when he had so done, the man asked him to pay for it: 'Sdeath, Sir, says the bard, did not you ask me to drink a dram, because I was a *dramatick* poet? Yes, Sir, replied the fellow, *but I did not think you had been a dram-o'tick poet.*

A country parson having divided his text under two-and-twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour, pulling him by the sleeve, ask'd him whither he was going? *Home for my night-cap,* answer'd the first, *for I find we are to stay here all night.*

An English gentleman ask'd an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? *Faith,* said he, *I believe there is something in the air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

A young gentleman playing at questions and commands with some pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them, but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, run away into the next room, where was a bed: Now, madam, said he, tripping up her heels, *I bar squeaking.* Bar the door, you fool, cry'd she.

A certain senator, who is not, it may be, esteemed the wisest man in the house, has a frequent custom of shaking his head, when another speaks; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity shewn to him; but one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the House, assured them, that it was only a bad habit that he had got, *For though he would shake his head, there was nothing in it.*

A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour, who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked if he never read at home? No, replied the clown,

I can't read. I dare say, said the parson, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cry'd the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, who made you, child? said the parson. God, Sir, answered the boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest clergyman, are not you aſham'd to hear a child of five or fix years old tell me who made him, when you, that are ſo old a man, cannot? *Ab*, ſaid the countryman, *it is no wonder that he ſhould remember; he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, maſter, ſin I war made.*

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to ſee how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the roſtrum, and make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard; the fellow mounting, and ſcratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to ſay, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! ſaid the knight, no matter for that, ſpeak any thing that comes uppermoſt. *Whv here, Sir Richard,* ſays the fellow, *we have been working for you theſe fix weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray, Sir, when do you deſign to pay us?* Very well, very well, ſaid Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you ſpeak very diſtinctly, though I don't admire your ſubject.

A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, ſtood ſo cloſe to the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who ſat in the chimney-corner, cried out to him; ſir, ſir, you'll burn your ſpurs preſently. *My boots you mean, I ſuppoſe,* ſaid the gentleman. No, ſir, replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

A gentleman was ſaying one day at the Tilt Yard Coffee-houſe, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in mind of the general deluge. Zoons, ſir, ſays an old campaigner, who ſtood by, Who's that? I have heard of all the *generals* in Europe but him.

An

An hackney-coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the lawyers used to club their *three pence* a-piece, four of them to go to Westminster; and being called by a lawyer at Temple-bar, who, with two others in their gowns, got into his coach, he was bid to drive to Westminster-hall; but the coachman still holding his door open, as if he waited for more company, one of the gentlemen asked him why he did not shut the door, and go on. The fellow scratching his head, cry'd, *You know, master, my fare's a shilling; I can't go for nine-pence.*

A gentleman ask'd a lady at Tunbridge, who had made a very large acquaintance among the beaux and pretty fellows there, what she would do with them all? *Oh!* said she, *they pass off like the waters.* And pray, madam, replied the gentleman, *do they all pass the same way?*

Sir Watkin Lewes brought in a bill that wanted some amendment, which being not attended to by the house, he frequently repeated, That he *thirsted* to mend his bill. Upon which, a worthy member got up, and said, *Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that member thirsts so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his draught.* This put the house in such a good humour, that his request was granted.

In the reign of Queen Anne, when it was said the Lord Oxford had got a number of peers made at once to serve a particular turn, being met the next day by my Lord Wharton; *So, Robin,* said he, *I find what you lost by tricks, you have gain'd by honours.*

There being a great disturbance one night at Drury-lane play-house, Mr. Palmer coming on the stage to say something to pacify the audience, and an orange being thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low bow, with the orange in his hand, *This is no civil orange, I think,* said he.

A gentleman lately come from the country, being in the Pit of Drury-lane Theatre, saw a very beautiful modest looking girl, in one of the green boxes, with an-

other more elderly lady ; and so struck was he by the delicacy and sweetness that appeared in her, that, after the play, nothing would serve him but he must go up where she sat, to have the pleasure of being nearer. He went accordingly, got in the very row behind, and soon after took an opportunity of offering her and her companion oranges, which they very politely accepted. For some time the gentleman was listening with impatience to hear what the charming girl would say ; but he could get but little satisfaction, such was her reservedness, till the entertainment began, which happened to be the elopement, where harlequin makes a prodigious leap ; this he had no sooner compleated than miss, punching her companion with her elbow, cried, *Blood and Ouns, Nell, did you twig that ? D—in the fellow's limbs, what a spring he has in his crupper !*

A country gentleman just come to London, was very desirous of seeing every thing curious ; and after having paid visits to the Abbey, the Lions, &c. begged the favour of a friend, at whose house he lodged, to take him to Bedlam. The friend consented, but having occasion to transact some business in the city, made the Stock Exchange in his way ; after he had been some time in the coffee-house, he missed his country visitor, and coming out to look for him, found him at the door. Why don't you come in ? says he. Come in ! cried the other, Zounds, what do you mean ? *They are all loose.*

A certain punster being at dinner at a tavern, where there was a dish of green peas, which the cook had boiled very yellow, Here, fellow, said he, calling to one of the waiters, take these peas to your cook, and desire her to carry them to Hammersmith. One of the company asking what she should do with them there ? Why, you blockhead, added he, *Is not that the way to Turn-'em-green ?*

A gentleman one day reproached his wife with the prodigious sums of money she laid out in finery. When I had a girl, said he, before I married, it seldom cost me above a guinea ; but was I to keep an accompt, I am sure I never enjoy you that it costs me less than five.—That's no fault of mine, my dear, replied the wife, I am
always

always at your service, come as often as you will ; *Why do not you contrive that it should not cost you above half-a-crown a time ?*

A young lady being at table where there was a sweet meat, called white pot, which is a sort of custard-pudding, the mistress of the house ask'd her how she lik'd it? Oh ma'am, answered she, *I like white puddings of all things ; but I think they are best when they are stiff.*

In an assembly, where several persons of both sexes were playing and romping together, a lady suffered her temper to get so much the better of her, upon some trifling occasion, as to give a gentleman a slap on the face; upon which, he being very strong, lifted her from the ground, and pulling up her petticoats before all the company, Ladies and Gentlemen, said he, look, if you please, and tell me what sex I have got here? *If it is a man, I must cut his throat ; if a woman, I shall take no farther notice of her.*

A gentleman looking after a boy to wait on him, and not being able to get one readily, complained to a good woman, a neighbour of his, saying, he wanted a little *Son of a whore* for a foot-boy ; Heaven bless you, Sir, said she, *Take my son, I'll answer for his being all you wish.*

A judge in a town in Italy condemned a poor fellow to be hanged ; but it being a place where executions were not frequent, there was never a gallows ready. Upon this the jailor sent to the carpenter of the quarter to make one ; he, however, having been employed at different times to perform the same service before (which he had never been paid for) he absolutely refused, without having the money for his wood and labour in hand. The judge in a great passion, immediately sent for the carpenter, and desired to know how he dared to refuse making the gallows, according to his command ; to which the other replied, *It's very true, I refused to make it for the jailor, because I have made others for him be-*

fore, for which he never paid me ; *but if I had known the gallows had been for your Worship, I would have got it ready with all my heart.*

A noble lord joined the opposition, when a member of the House of Commons, against Lord North, and so violent was he for the destruction of that minister, that having returned one day from the House of Commons, he suddenly exclaimed, "I have got it! here it is! I have it in my pocket!" "What have you got?" enquired his lady." I have, replied he, the head of Lord North in my pocket." "Then put it on your own shoulders, you fool."

One of the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, at fifty years of age, went to Paris to learn French. Foote coming there, the manager ask'd him, If he could put him in a way to attain the language, for that he had tried every method in vain to get it into his head. Why, says the wit, 'there is but one method left, get the last and best edition of Boyer's Dictionary, pound it well in a mortar, mix it up with some mutton, and take it every morning as a glister; if you can't get it into *your head*, get it into *your tail*.'

Mr. Palmer, of Drury-lane Theatre, was accustomed, when young, to stick up the bills for the play-house; some nights ago at the Rose, a gentleman observed, that Mr. Palmer was possessed of a great number of *jewels*, and generally carried several hundred-pounds worth about him. Indeed, answers Mr. Garrick, 'I remember the time when he *carried nothing but paste*.'

When Herries was holding forth one evening, at the meeting house in the Old Jewry, and explaining to them the reason of their meeting in a house, rather than preaching in the open field, he observed that a house had many conveniences that were too many to be enumerated at present; but he could not resist mentioning one or two of them. 'First, that a lady was in danger of being turned topsy turvy in getting over stiles, and that a gentleman could *ease* any lady by *standing*, in a pew; whereas

whereas, he could speak from his own knowledge, that at field preaching, many irregularities were often committed, such as giving young girls green gowns, and very often short aprons. He wished

“ His fair audience would keep in mind,
That which once lost they ne’er can find ;
 And that those that run might read,
 He meant, the losing of their *maidenhead*.”

Lady Bridget Lane, now Lady Bridget Marsh, was presiding one evening at the table, one of her ruffles caught the fire of a candle; Lord Littleton, who was one of the party, and intending to be witty on the accident, said, ‘ he did not think her ladyship so apt to take fire ;’ ‘ nor am I, my lord, from such a *spark* as you.’

Dr. Pitcairn, an eminent physician, who had accustomed himself to expect exorbitant fees, having attended Mr. Garrick some years ago, when he was a little indisposed, received from him two guineas for every visit, was very much surprized, when at length he gave him but one; and affecting to look on the floor, as if in search of something, Mr. Garrick asked him what he had lost, ‘ Sir, replied the Doctor, *I believe I have dropt a guinea.*’ ‘ No, Doctor, replied Mr. Garrick, *It is I that have dropt a guinea.*’ This rebuke rendered him more moderate afterwards.

The King riding out one morning on Richmond-hill, being struck with the situation, neatness and elegance of the late Blanchard’s house, asked whose it was? being told it belonged to a *card-maker*, ‘ Why, says his Majesty, with some surprize, ‘ One would think all the *man’s cards* had turned up *trumps* !’

Mr. Wortley Montague, formerly ambassador at Constantinople, was one day travelling through Holland, when the price of every thing is asked before it is bespoke, to prevent imposition; enquired of the master of an inn, where he had stopped and proposed to dine, what would be the price of a fine pheasant then in the house?

house? 'One guinea, Sir, replied the Hollander.' The *gentleman* immediately ordered it to be dressed, and when it was brought to the table, with a consequential air, desired Mynheer to *cut him off one six-penny worth*.

A plain downright Berkshire countryman, being a witness in a cause at Guildhall, was asked by Mr. Wallace, the council for the opposite party, 'how now, you fellow in the leather doublet, what are you to have for swearing?' Please your worship, quoth the countryman, 'if you get no more by bawling and lying than I do by swearing, you will soon be in a leather doublet as well as I.'

Mr. Dias, a well-known Jew bail, and remarkable for the great quantity of lace on his cloaths, was offering himself as bail for a party, in a cause depending before Lord Mansfield; the attorney for the plaintiff doubting Mr. Dias as sufficient bail; Lord Mansfield asked the attorney how he could doubt it, for he was sure that the *gentleman* would *burn for more*.

A young sprig of nobility, who imagined that wit and a peerage were consentaneous, said once to a poor clergyman, (the constant butt of fools of fortune) who happened to sit next a goose, 'Doctor, with all your learning, can you tell me, why the goose is always placed next to the parson?' 'Indeed, my Lord,' replied he, 'I cannot; but whenever I see a goose again, I shall certainly think of your lordship.'

Dr. Sterne, the celebrated Yorick, was once in the coffee-room of an inn at York, along with some other gentlemen of the church, when a young fellow came in, who gave general offence to the company, by declaiming against the hypocrisy of the clergy. After this would-be wit had gone on some time triumphantly, as he seemed to think, he appealed to Sterne for the truth of his assertions; who, instead of making a direct answer, began a humorous dissertation on his dog. 'My dog, sir,' says he, 'is the handsomest dog you ever saw; he is sprightly, good-natured, and, at first sight, charms
every

every body; but he has an ugly trick, which spoils all his good qualities:—he never sees a parson,' continued the humourist, 'but he flies at him.' 'How long has he had that trick?' says the other. 'Ever since he was a puppy,' replied Sterne.

A nobleman, of large fortune, on occasion of his daughter's marriage, which was celebrated at his country-seat, had invited all his tenants and country neighbours to an entertainment, which he made on that occasion. Several of the nobility and gentry being present, all the country pastimes, such as cudgelling, foot-ball, &c. were exhibited, for their diversion. Amongst other maggots, there was a smoaking match, for a laced hat, on the following terms; each candidate was to have a quart of ale, and a quarter of a pound of tobacco, and he who first finished his tobacco was to be the winner.—Many candidates were entered; and a stage was erected for the performance, with seats for the smoakers, and others for the nobleman and his friends. Just as they were going to begin, a countryman driving a waggon along the road near which the stage stood, enquired what was the matter, and, being informed, 'Well,' says he, 'and maun't I smo-ak too?' He was told he might, provided he would mount the stage. 'Noe, noe,' says he, 'an ise smo-ak, ise fit i' t' waggon.' This was agreed to, as he would be in full view of the company, and they promised themselves an addition to their entertainment from this new competitor, who had started at the post. The contention then began; and the smoakers on the stage filled the air with clouds of innocent smoak; at the same time now and then just wetting their mouths, to eke out their liquor as much as possible. The waggoner sat smoaking very deliberately in his carriage, and when his pipe was about half out, he took a good hearty swig at his pitcher, saying, 'All your healths, maisters,' and when it was quite out, he repeated his dose and his toast. At this the company were highly delighted, concluding he must, if he went on so, be quite choaked with thirst, before he had consumed half his cargo of tobacco. However, he smoaked his second pipe, in the same manner as the former,
and

and having finished that and his liquor together, he rose up, and making one of his own bows, took off his hat, saying, *Thank ye, thank ye, Maisters!—a good baiting-place, faith*; and away he drove.

The facetious Dean Swift, hearing two of his servants disputing, which of them was to carry the Dean's boots, to a place where he was to take horse, called them in, and asked them what they were quarrelling about? Both answered, 'Nothing.' 'Very well,' said the Dean, 'then go and fetch me my boots.' The boots being brought accordingly, he gave to each of them one, saying, 'Do you take this boot, and do you take that; and do you go on this side the way, and do you go on t'other; and wait for me where the horse is.—I know you were quarrelling about nothing.'

A humourous fellow, a carpenter, being supposed as a witness, on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel who was very apt to brow-beat the witnesses, asked, 'What distance he was from the parties when the assault happened?' The carpenter answered, 'Just four feet five inches and an half.' 'How came you to be so very exact?' said the counsellor. 'Because I expected some fool would ask me,' answered the witness, 'and so I measured it.'

The late Duke of Bedford, upon some joyous family occasion, kept open house for several days together. A gentleman having dined regularly the two or three first days, at the table provided for his Grace and particular friends, they thought he intruded too far, especially as he was an entire stranger, and, with the Duke's permission, determined to have sport with him, if he should come again. They settled their plan, and directed two of the servants how to behave. The next day, at dinner-time, he came again, and sat down to dinner; but when one of the instructed servants handed him a plate on one side, his comrade whipped it away on the other, and this they continued till the table was cleared, so that the poor gentleman made much such another meal as Sancho Panca, when Governor of Barataria. However,
he

he took it all without appearing in the least disconcerted or displeased ; and sat with the company till the usual time of breaking up, when he genteelly took leave and withdrew. They now thought they had certainly got rid of him ; but what was their surprize to see him appear again the succeeding day ! In short, when they were all seated, the servants were going to repeat the trick of the day before ; but the gentleman seizing the plate, and taking a small hammer and nail out of his pocket, very deliberately fastened it to the table. The company now were more surprized than ever : At last, one of them desired to know his reason for such uncommon behaviour. *I'll tell you Sir,* said he, *I have had the honour of dining for three or four days past with some of the first personages in the kingdom,* [here he named most of the company present,] *And yesterday,* continued he, *with, I believe, the most ancient peer of the realm ; no less a person than Duke Humphry himself ; but to-day, I am determined to dine with the Duke of Bedford.*

Quin, the celebrated comedian, being informed that Thompson, the author of the Seasons, was confined in a spunging-house for a debt of about seventy pounds, he repaired to the place, and was introduced to the unfortunate bard. Thompson was much surprized to see Quin in such a place, and the more so, when the latter said he came to sup with him ; being conscious he did not possess money enough to procure one, and that no credit was to be expected in those inhospitable regions ; however, Quin dispelled his anxiety, by informing him that supposing it would be inconvenient to have a supper dressed in the place where they were, he had ordered one from a neighbouring tavern ; and half a dozen of claret was immediately brought in by way of prologue. Supper being over, and having drank pretty freely, Quin said to his companion, *It is now time to settle our accounts.* This speech alarmed the poet : but Quin, perceiving his embarrassment, continued thus, *Sir, the pleasure I have received from the perusal of your writings, I cannot estimate at less than one hundred pounds, and I insist upon now paying the debt.* Then, flinging down a note of the above value, he went off abruptly, without giving the astonished poet time to reply.

That merry monarch, Charles II. being playing at cards in public with some of his courtiers, the Duke of Buckingham, who was one of the company, and who sat opposite to the King, took a gold snuff-box out of his pocket, and after taking a pinch, laid it carelessly by him on the table. A very well-dressed man, but a stranger, came behind the duke, took the box unperceived from him, and put it in his pocket; but, observing the king's eye on him, he put his finger to his nose, and winked at the king, as much as to say, 'take no notice and we shall have some sport.' The company played on, but the king at last missing his acquaintance, and beginning to suspect a trick, says to the duke, 'Buckingham, give me a pinch of snuff?' The duke, missing his box, was greatly chagrined, saying, 'It was a family piece, which he would not lose for double the value.' The king, at last, told him, 'he believed he could inform him who had got it.' Who?' asked the duke impatiently. 'Did you not observe a stranger,' says the king, 'dressed in such a manner?' 'I did,' says the duke, 'Who is he?' 'That I cannot tell,' says the king, 'but I saw him take the box, and he nodded at me to take no notice.' 'Good God,' says the Duke, 'and why did you not tell me of it?' 'I could not,' replies the king, 'because, you know, I was upon honour with him.'

A gentleman supping at an inn, in a little borough-town, when the cloth was taken away, the landlord enquired how he liked his fare? 'Extremely well,' said the gentleman, 'I have supped as well as any man in the kingdom.' 'Except Mr. Mayor,' said the landlord. 'I except nobody' says the gentleman, 'You must,' says the landlord; 'I won't,' says the gentleman. In short, their dispute grew so high, that the landlord, who was a subaltern magistrate, but neither a Solon or Lycurgus) took the gentleman before the Mayor. That magistrate, whose understanding was in exact equilibrio with that of the landlord, gravely told the gentleman, 'That the custom of *excepting Mr. Mayor*, had obtained in that place time out of mind; that every one was obliged to conform to it; and that he fined him a shilling

ling for refusing.' 'Very well,' answered the gentleman, 'there is the shilling;—but may I be hang'd, if that fellow who brought me here, is not the greatest fool in Christendom,—except you, Mr. Mayor.'

The late Lord Baltimore had a seat at Erith, in Kent, where, with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood (all members of the association for the preservation of the game) he established a kind of sporting society, who took it in rotation to treat the company, after the chase, at their respective homes. A baker of Deptford, a keen sportsman, who had often joined the hunt, and breakfasted with them, one morning invited the company home to his house, and they accepted the invitation; but suspecting, from his business, that he was not qualified, one of them was pitched on to satisfy them in that particular. This the person did in as soft a manner as he could, when the baker answered, 'Gentlemen, I very much applaud your care in preserving the game; and will produce my qualifications immediately.' Then, calling for pen and ink, he wrote down twenty pounds a year in one county, thirty in another, and so on till it amounted in the whole to near four hundred per annum, and giving the paper to the inquirer, said, 'There, Sir, are my qualifications, and not a foot mortgaged, by Jove.' Then taking a taylor's bill and receipt out of his pocket-book, and flinging it on the table, 'And there, gentlemen,' said he, 'is another, which, possibly, some of the company cannot match.'

Two suttling women, one English the other Scotch, in the Duke of Marlborough's army, discoursing of an engagement which was expected to be very near, 'Well,' says the English woman, 'God stand by the right!'—'Godswarbit,' answers Moggy, 'Geud stand by Hamilton's regiment, richt or wrong!'

Some years ago a country fellow, in a waggoner's frock, went into a tavern at York, which was the constant evening resort of the performers of the York Company, and asked the Landlord, if the players did not use his house? and was answered in the affirmative. 'And mought'nt

moughtn't I spe-ak to un ?' says the countryman ; ' for I wants to be a player myself.' ' Certainly,' says the Landlord (who in such houses generally contract a smattering of the vivacity of their customers) ' I'll step in, and speak to them ; there are several now in the parlour.' The company being informed by the landlord, that there was a countryman without, who wanted to be an actor, and who he fancied would yield them some diversion, ordered him in. When introduced, he was asked, if he had ever performed any parts ? ' Yes' says he, ' I have played Hector of Troy ;' and mentioned several other parts in the Bartholomew-fair style. They then desired him to favour them with a speech or two, which he did in his rustic manner, to the no small entertainment of his audience ; who, after greatly extolling his performance, told him to come to the play-house at eleven the next morning, and they would recommend him to the manager. The man was punctual to the time, and the manager having been prepared by the players, received him very civilly, and heard him repeat all the rubbish of the preceding night, with great satisfaction. At last, says the countryman, ' I can play a ghoadt too ; but I mun ha' one of your short ficks for't, because mine's too long.' ' What, the Ghost in Hamlet, I suppose ?' says the manager. ' Ay, ay, says the fellow, ' that's it'. A truncheon was immediately ordered, and, while it was bringing, our countryman saying, ' I mun change my coat now,' slipped off his frock, and discovered a very genteel person in a decayed suit of mourning, which a good deal startled the spectators ; but the truncheon being brought, he directly discarded the countryman, and putting himself in a most striking attitude, with his eyes fixed on the manager, began, " Mark me !" * ' On my soul, I do, Sir !' replied the manager, ' but pray go on.' He did so, and finished the speech in a very masterly manner, to the surprize and confusion of those who had been so merry at his former behaviour. When he had finished, the manager desired to know the reason of his assuming so strange an appearance ? ' I'll tell you, Sir,' said he, ' I think myself qualified to be useful as an actor ; but as I had nobody to recommend me (not chusing to in-

* *The ghost's first expression.*

form my friends of my design) I thought if I could introduce myself to your notice as a fool, I might possibly convince you I was capable of appearing in another cast.' The manager engaged him directly, and he continued two years the chief man in that company, and is now one of the first in London.

A hackney coachman, who had had a pretty good day, after taking care of the horses, retired to the necessary in the coach-yard, which adjoining to that appropriated to the use of his master's family, and where his master then happened to be. Our Jehu, not suspecting he had any neighbours, began to divide his earnings, in a manner, said to be not uncommon among the brothers of the whip, as follows, "A shilling for master, a shilling for myself;" which he continued till he came to an odd six pence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master overhearing his perplexity, says to him, "You may as well let me have that six-pence, John; because I keep the horses, you know."

A company of soldiers marching in great state through a country town, the Captain observed one of the drummers did not beat; and ordered a Lieutenant to enquire the reason. The Drummer, on the Lieutenant's asking him, whispered in his ear, "I have got two geese and a turkey in my drum; and the turkey is for his honour." This being rewhispered to the Captain by the Lieutenant, "Very well," said he aloud, "but why did not the foolish fellow tell me before, that he had the rheumatism? I never want men to do their duty, when they are not able."

Some young gentlemen drinking at a tavern, happened, amongst other things, to fall on the subject of apparitions, the existence of which one of them absolutely denied; and, as a proof of his fearlessness as to things of that nature, he undertook, in consequence of a wager, to bring off a scull from a neighbouring bone-house, at the dreadful hour of twelve at night. The Sexton, for a proper acknowledgement, agreed to leave
the

the door open, that nothing might obstruct him. Our adventurer arrived at the gloomy scene (intirely ignorant that one of his companions had got there before him) groped among the bones, picked up a scull, and was marching off; when a hollow voice called him back, saying, 'That's my scull.' 'Very well,' says our hero, 'then I must have another.' The second, and two or three succeeding ones, were claimed by the voice as belonging to different relations of his. At last, having picked up another, he says, 'I must have one be it whose it may,' and away he ran. When he got back to his company, 'There,' says he, flinging the scull upon the table, 'there's a scull, but I'll be shot, if the owner is not coming for it.'

Joe Spiller, the celebrated comedian, being to give out a play on a Saturday evening, addressed the audience in the following manner, 'Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow,' but was interrupted by a person in the pit, who told him, 'To-morrow was Sunday.' 'I know it, Sir,' replied the droll; and then gravely went on, 'To-morrow will be preached at the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn, a charity sermon, for the benefit of a number of poor boys and girls; and, on Monday, will be presented, in this place, a comedy, &c. for the benefit,' &c.

The morning before the battle of Roucoux, in 1746, the brave Earl of Crauford, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, and a few volunteers, rode out to reconnoitre the situation of the French army, and fell in with one of their advanced guards. The French officer immediately drew up his men, who had presented their pieces before the Earl observed them. Not in the least disconcerted, the Earl rode up to the Frenchman, and told him in the French language, which he spoke with the greatest fluency, 'Ceremony was unnecessary on so busy a day as that was expected to be; and then asked, 'if he had seen any of the enemy?' Being answered, 'No;,' 'Very well,' said the Earl, 'keep strict guard, and if you are attacked, depend on't, you shall be well supported.' He and his companions then rode off, and left the Frenchman

man to recover at leisure from the state of amazement into which the Earl's behaviour had thrown him. The battle turned in favour of the French, and an Austrian officer, who had been made prisoner in the course of it, dined with Count Saxe, who (having been informed of the above whimsical rencounter) when he dismissed him on his parole, begged him to present his compliments to Lord Crauford, and tell him, added he, "I wish him joy of his French commission, but am very sorry I had not the pleasure of his company to dinner."

Two sailors (one Irish the other English) agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either's being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball; and, on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the Doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied; but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noise and disturbance common in a sea engagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the Surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked him where he was going? *To the Doctor*, says Paddy. *The Doctor*, says the officer, *why, you blockhead, the man has lost his head*. On hearing this, he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, *By my own shoul*, says he, *he told me it was his leg!*

A certain Quaker (very rich and very obstinate) constantly rode every evening to a village not far from town, and, as a proof of his humility, made it a rule never to turn out of his track for any one. A young buck undertook for a wager, to make friend Aminidab, for once, at least, give way, without using any force or violence. At the proper time (for the Quaker was as regular as the clock) the young fellow set out on horseback, and, soon seeing the Quaker at a distance, rode on, till his horse's nose touched that of the Quaker's; when both stopped, and sat some time looking at each other. At length

length the buck, with great composure, taking out a pipe, filled, and lighted it, by the help of a pistol tinder-box; then leaning his elbow upon the pommel of his saddle, smoaked it out very deliberately, looking steadily all the while in the Quaker's face. His pipe out, he began to recharge, which the Quaker seeing, immediately turned his horse's head, saying, as he passed his opponent, *Friend, thou beest a very obstinate fellow.*

An English drummer, who was made prisoner in a skirmishing party, during Marlborough's wars, being a well-made personable man, attracted the attention of the French commander; who called him, and, among other things, asked, if he was well acquainted with his duty, which the drummer answered in the affirmative. The officer then ordered a drum to be brought him, and bid him beat several different marches, French and English, all which he did with great adroitness. The officer at last bid him beat a retreat, *Your honour must excuse me,* said the drummer, *I was never taught that in England.*

The late king of Prussia, at a review of his gigantic regiment (of which he was very proud) asked the foreign Ministers attending him, what they thought of them? and whether they imagined an equal number of their masters troops could beat them? To this, in complaisance to the King's foible, they all answered in the negative; but the same question being put to the British Ambassador, the great Earl of Stair, *I don't know, my lord,* replied he, *but of this I am well assured, that half the number would try.*

At the contested election for the City of Westminster, between Lord Trentham (now Earl Gower) and Sir George Vandeput, John Glynn, Esq; (father to the late Serjeant Glynn) went in a plain dress to the hustings in Covent-Garden, to poll, and was interrogated by one of the clerks with all the insolence of office, with, *Well, Sir, who are you? what is your name?* John Glynn. *Where do you live?* In ——— street, Westminster. *What trade are you?* A very poor trade indeed, Sir, replied Mr. Glynn, for an honest man to get a living by, I am a member of parliament.

The celebrated Mr. Orme, the historian, author of the History of Indostan, &c. had a young man of the name of Phillips, that was to assist him in the compilation, being a young person of very extensive knowledge, and extreme abilities; one day in conversation Mr. Orme, who was proud of his lineal descent, asked the young man, what trade his father was? who answered, 'A Sadler;' 'then why did he not make you a Sadler too?' 'Why, Sir, said the young man (with diffidence and modesty) I was equally desirous with you to encrease my fortune in the East Indies; and after some time, Phillips enquired of Mr. Orme, 'what trade his father was?' 'Trade, says Orme, rather piqued, why he was a gentleman;' then Sir, says he, *'I wonder he did not bring you up to the same trade, and make you a gentleman too.'*

Mr. Williams, an attorney in North Wales, was called by particular business to London, and brought with him a spaniel dog whom he was very fond of. At an inn, about twenty miles from the metropolis, being obliged to stop, his spaniel was so worried and roughly treated by the house dog of that place, that he was incapable of going on with his master; upon which Mr. Williams was obliged to leave him with the landlord of the inn, with a strict charge of good usage, until he came back, as his stay in London was to be but short.—The dog soon recovered, but was always very shy of approaching the kennel of the mastiff, and one day disappeared entirely; but returning some days after, to the great surprise of every one, in company with a shepherd's dog, who, upon coming into the inn yard, with his friend, (if I may be allowed the expression) immediately fell upon poor Towzer, and had very near sacrificed him to the injury of his friend.—The dogs went away; and when Mr. Williams came back, and enquiring for his spaniel, they related to him the above story; he set out for home, not a little uneasy for the supposed loss of his favourite dog. But upon entering the village of his residence, the first thing he saw was his own dog, in company with another, whom he had fetched as far as Wales

to revenge his cause; and whom, by the landlord's description, he knew on sight.

A few years since a Master of Arts, belonging to one of the Colleges, who, for several irregularities, was expelled the University, and was soon after reduced to such great distress, as obliged him to go a begging. — On his making application for some charity to a lock-smith, who was at work in his shop; the smith asked him, why he had not learned some art to get a livelihood, rather than such a mean way. '*Alas! master,* answered the scholar, *I am master of seven arts.*' '*Of seven!* replied vulcan, *surely they must be very bad ones, since neither of them is able to keep you.* For my part, continued he, *I have but one, as you see, which maintains me, my wife, and five children.*' On hearing which the mendicant went away greatly dissatisfied.

A learned and charitable Doctor of Divinity, having made for the benefit of the country where he lived, a large causeway by the road side; a nobleman of his acquaintance, whilst he was overseeing the work, happened to ride that way, who seeing the Clergyman, and thinking to jeer him, after a formal salute, said, '*Doctor, for all your pains and expences, I suppose this is not the way to heaven?*' '*No, my Lord,* replied the Doctor, *I think you have hit the right nail on the head; for if it bad, I should have wondered to have met your Lordship near it.*'

As a soldier was in the trenches, and just before the battle, his commander called him to dinner, *Hobo!* answered he, '*I'll not eat till such time as I'm sure to digest.*'

A rich merchant of this city had his picture drawn by an eminent hand; but as he was close sifted, he soon repented of it, and would not pay the price agreed upon, pretending, it was not like him. The cunning painter, in order to get himself paid, bethought himself of changing
ing

ing the drapery into a fool's coat, and then of hanging it up in the most conspicuous place in his shop. All that passed by, knowing whose it was, laughed heartily, and hooted so at it, that the merchant, ashamed of being the laughing-stock of the whole city, was obliged at last not only to pay him for it, but also for his trouble of changing the drapery into a jack-pudding's coat, and then for altering it again into the first drapery.

It happened that four gentlemen, going to Bow's-Farm, on the New-River, a fishing; after they had diverted themselves for some time, they retired to a public house to get some refreshment; and on enquiring what they had got for dinner, were told, nothing but a boiled calve's head and bacon; they were satisfied, as there were only the landlord and his wife, and themselves, which they thought would be sufficient, and accordingly called for some liquor, and sat down contentedly to wait for their dinner.

Soon after came in four more gentlemen, who were likewise out on the same occasion, who enquiring after dinner, received the same answer as the four former had done; and that there were only four other gentlemen to dine with them, but that the head was a large one, tho' they were well assured, that one calve's head could not be enough for 8 or 10 persons, yet as there was nothing else to be had, they were obliged to put up with it.

When dinner was ready, they were introduced into the room where the four first were, who were much surprized at seeing them, and chagrin'd at the thoughts of being deprived of one half of their dinner, tho' the landlord told them, that he hoped there would be enough, as he and his wife would make shift with bread and cheese. However, the eight gentlemen seated themselves, each with envious looks at his neighbour, as if he would cut his fingers, if he presumed to interfere with him in cutting first. — Dinner being placed on table, one of the four last comers stood up to say grace, and pulling his hands out of his pockets, and closing them together, extended his arms, holding his hands directly over the dish, and muttered a long something, by way of grace, the rest

being too mannerly to disturb him, and devoutly holding their hats before their faces, which gave him a better opportunity of dropping a few of his gentiles over the meat; grace being ended, he very complaisantly offered the dish to the first comers to help themselves, as their right; when one of them spying the gentiles crawling on the head, turned up his nose, and refused to touch it, as did his three companions; while the four last, who were all in the secret, helped themselves and eat heartily, leaving the others to dine upon bread and cheese with the landlord, while they enjoyed a fine calves head, bacon and greens, by their friend's stratagem.

A dumb beggar, travelling the country, with a long account fastened to his breast, setting forth that he had been taken by a Barbary corsair, been a slave in the galleys; and lastly, had his tongue cut out in Turkey; from whence, at last, with much difficulty, he made his escape to Europe; and coming to England, all his friends being dead, he had no means to get a livelihood but the generous donations of tender-hearted Christians.

— This mendicant stopped about noon at a shoe-maker's shop, the master of which gave him a penny, and made signs to him to come in and sit down (for he pretended to be deaf as well as dumb) which he did; the master then going into another room to dinner, left him in the shop with the apprentice.

As soon as the master's back was turned, Mr. Dummy got up, and placing himself just before the boy, leaned out of the window to survey those who passed by: the boy could not see to do his work he stood so in his light; to speak to him he knew was vain, as he thought he could not hear; however, imagining he had not lost the sense of feeling, the boy stooped down, and ran the awl into his leg; as soon as the dumb man felt the smart, he clapped his hand to the wound, and began to swear with a most audible voice. — The boy, hearing this, ran with all speed to the other room, crying, *Master. master, behold a miracle! I have done more than all the doctors in the world could do; I have fetched the dumb man's tongue out of Turkey, and put it in his head again.* X

The

The shoemaker, who generously intended to have given him a dinner, finding he was an impostor, changed his mind, and well lathered his back with stirrup oil, with which he was obliged to be contented.

A famous general in the Muscovite service having come to Paris for the recovery of his wounds, brought along with him a young Turk whom he had taken prisoner. Some of the Doctors of the Sorbonne (who are altogether as positive as the Dervises of Constantinople) thinking it a pity that the poor Turk should be damned for want of instruction, solicited Mustapha very hard to turn Christian, and promised him for his encouragement plenty of good wine in this world, and paradise in the next. These allurements were too powerful to be resisted; and therefore, having been well instructed and catechised, he at last agreed to receive the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper. The priest, however, to make every thing sure and solid, still continued his instructions, and began his catechism the next day with the usual question, 'How many Gods are there?' 'None at all,' replied Benedict, for that was his new name.—'How, none at all?' cried the priest. 'To be sure,' said the honest profelyte; 'You told me all along that there is but one God, and yesterday I eat him.'

A very honest gentleman, though a little cholerick, was one day, in crossing the street, scandalously bespattered by a drunken fellow employed in filling a mud cart. In the first transport of his anger, he resolved to chastise the insolence of this plebeian. A grave, elderly shopkeeper, perceiving his intention by his looks, stepped up and accosted him to this effect; 'Take my advice, Sir, and put up with the small damage you have received; when the dirt is dry, it will rub out. That fellow is a public nuisance, and has, in his drunkenness, bespattered the first men in the kingdom. Should you throw him into his own cart, you cannot make him more black, more filthy, and more contemptible than he is already; whereas you may be wretchedly daubed in the operation.—If you let him alone, he will soon fall into the hands

of the constable or beadle of the parish.' The gentleman shook his discreet counsellor by the hand, thanked him for his wholesome advice, and walked away with great tranquillity.

The late King, generally after dinner, made it a rule to visit the Countess of Yarmouth. In passing through the chambers to her apartment one evening, only preceded by a single page, a small canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropped, when one of them rolled in under a closet where wood was generally kept for the use of his bed chamber. After the King had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea; and judging where it went, 'Come (says he to the page) we must find this guinea: here, help me to throw out this wood.' The page and he accordingly fell to work, and in a little time found it. 'Well,' says the King, 'you have worked hard, there's the guinea for your labour; but I would have nothing lost.'—No bad example in the higher departments of state.

Antoine de Ruffi was an *honest* lawyer,—he apprehended he had contributed to the loss of a poor woman's cause, in which he was concerned, by some inattention or neglect of his, and returned her the whole she had lost by losing her cause, out of his own estate.

A gentleman lately travelling from Portugal to Madrid thus writes to his friend,—“I have crossed the Tagus, and am housed in the best Estallago, or Inn: my apartment is a large room hung round with the broadest cobwebs; yet the spiders are not idle: it is furnished with a narrow mat instead of a bed to sleep on, there are nei her glats nor paper windows, nor even lattices; only poor apologies for shutters, but so open by cracks and chinks, that every breath of wind may pass thro' them. As for tables, chairs, pictures, and other such vain incumbrances, in use with some other nations, here are none; and the floor has so many outlets and inlets, that there are just apprehensions the rats may before morning
make

make formidable attacks to eat me, as my important host seems to have no victuals either for his guests or himself; and the fleas in squadrons seem only to wait my lying down to devour me. After supping on what my servant brought with us from Lisbon, and not wearied sufficiently for a mat dirty enough to disgust even a drowsy person, nor to the straw bag, for a bed, I walked towards the side of the Tagus, where I saw many happy, or at least cheerful couples.

A great Mussulman being invited to an English entertainment, where there was dancing, said with great earnestness, "he was surprized to see English ladies and gentlemen take the trouble of dancing themselves; to be sure they might have people to dance for them." Perhaps you will think this a very extraordinary observation, nevertheless it is perfectly in character, and not in the least surprizing to those who are accustomed to the characters of India.

Artaxerxes being routed in a battle, and put to flight, after his baggage and provisions had been plundered, he found himself so pressed with hunger, that he was reduced to eat a piece of barley bread, and some dry figs. He relished them so well, that he cried out, '*O ye Gods! how many pleasures has plenty deprived me of 'till this instant!*'

The Mahometans, who affect to express their doctrine in a kind of proverbial chain of parallels, say, 'There are five things which a wise man will ground no hopes on; the colour of a cloud, because imaginary; the friendship of the covetous, because mercenary; beauty, because frail; praise, because airy; and the pleasures of this world, because deceitful.'

Sir James ——— would at times retire from business to attend to pleasure. On such an occasion he usually feigned indisposition. His father, coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. On entering, Sir James said, '*Sir, the fever has now left me.*'
——— '*Very*

— ‘ *Very like, son, says the father, perhaps it was that I met at the door.*

A person of very mean abilities and appearance, having an ambition to be knighted, his money prevailed upon some of the courtiers to solicit that favour for him from the King. Charles, who could scarce ever refuse a man he liked, any thing, particularly if it was mentioned over a bottle, promised it; and next day, when he went to go thro’ the ceremony his consciousness of not deserving such an honour, made him kneel at two great a distance; upon which the King, seeing his embarrassment, good-humouredly cried out, ‘ *Come, come, sir, be recollected; ’tis I, not you, have the greatest reason to be ashamed in this business.*’

Sir Walter Raleigh having imitated the Indians, by delighting in the favourite weed tobacco, was unwilling to disuse it; and therefore, at his return to England, supplied himself with some hogheads, which he placed in his own study, and generally indulged himself with smoking secretly two pipes a day; at which time he ordered a simple fellow, who waited at his study door, to bring him up a tankard of old ale and nutmeg, always laying aside the pipe when he heard his servant coming; but while he was one day earnestly employed in reading something which amused him, the fellow entered, and, surprising his master, as the smoke ascended thickly from his mouth, and the bole of the pipe, he threw the ale directly in his face, and, running down stairs, alarmed the family, with repeated exclamations that his master was on fire in the inside, and before they could get up stairs would be burnt to ashes.

An old country fellow, who was married to a termagant, going one Sunday to church, heard the minister preach from the following words, ‘ *Take up your cross and follow me.*’ Dobson was extremely attentive to the discourse; and, as soon as church was done, went home, and taking his wife on his back by force, ran as fast as he was able after the parson, who seeing how the fellow

was

was laden, asked him the reason. ‘ *Why, what a plague (cries Dobson) has your Reverence forgot already? Did not your worship bid us take up our cross and follow you? and I am sure this is the greatest cross that I have in the world, an’ please you.*’

When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his will, some friends who were present expressed their surprise that he had not more to leave; ‘ *Why (said the worthy man) I do not leave much; but what I do leave was honestly acquired, for it never cost a sailor a tear, nor my country a farthing.*’

There was a man of quality, who, in the triumphal proscription, was saved by one of Cæsar’s friends; who would be still twitting him with who it was that preserved him, and telling him, over and over, ‘ *You had gone to pot friend but for me.*’ ‘ *Pray (says the proscribed) let me hear no more of this, or e’en leave me as you found me. I am thankful enough of myself to acknowledge that I owe my life to you; but it is death to have it perpetually rung in my ear as a reproach: it looks as if you had only saved me, to carry me about as a spectacle. I would fain forget the misfortune that I was once a prisoner, without being led a prisoner all the days of my life.*’

A lusty beggar came one holiday to a barber’s door, and begged hard that he might have his beard shaved out of charity. ‘ *With all my heart, honest man, says the Barber. Come boy, trim this honest man gratis.*’ — Up comes the lad, and sets the fellow down in an elbow chair, and, then falls a scraping his chin and cheeks at a miserable rate. The poor beggar who look’d very simple, seeing a dog, that had been sadly used for something that he had done amiss, come into the shop: ‘ *Poor creature (said the beggar) you look as if you were just come from some honest barber, who has bestowed his charity upon you, as the barber is now doing upon me.*’ Which words so pleased the master of the shop, that he made him a handsome present, equivalent to the torture his servant had put him to.

Not

Not far from Dover, there is a lake where was formerly a dolphin, which a boy, who went every day from St. Margaret's to Dover school, had so trained, by throwing now and then a piece of bread, that it presented him his back, upon which the boy placed himself, and governing it by his voice alone, used to carry him from place to place by sea.

There is now living in one of the old houses at Endfield, an old woman, who is known all over the place by the nick name of Spanky Diddle. This woman, when she was about sixteen years old, was at the house of a merry relation, who amongst other jokes, protested he had seen her steal that very day a boiled fowl, which so exasperated her, that she made a solemn oath, never more to eat a bit of fresh meat. This oath she has very punctually observed, by living constantly on no other diet than salt pork, ship beef, &c. by which means she is become so very parched and withered, that she has scarce an ounce of flesh upon her bones.

It happened once, that Charley Fox's coach going to his country seat, stuck in the dirt; one of his servants asked a countryman, who at that instant chanced to be passing by with a spade on his shoulder, to lend him that tool to make way for the wheel to come out 'Nor I, says the countryman, *I'll not chuse to meddle with State matters.*'

A few years since, as a Jew was travelling from Cheshire to Shrewsbury, he fell in company with the Archdeacon of Malpas, whose name was Peché, i. e. Sin; and the dean, whose name was Devil, and hearing the former say, 'That his Archdeaconry began at Ill-street, and reached as far as Malpas; the Jew, knowing both their names, told them very humourously, "That he should think it next to a miracle, if he got safe out of this country, where Sin was the archdeacon, and the Devil was the Dean; and where there was such a bad way as Ill-street to and from his archdeaconry,

The

The Emperor Dionysius, being himself very purblind, so that he could scarce see any thing before him. His courtiers, by way of flattery, used to run one against another in his pretence, to stumble at, and overturn whatever was under foot, or near them, that was not too heavy, in order to shew that they were as blind as their sovereign.

At the top of a stair-case of the castle of Meissen, the following odd piece of history is to be read in basso relievo.—One of the Margraves was passionately fond of blue violets, and always made a handsome present to the person who at spring shewed her the first of these flowers. She was so transported with joy upon the occasion, that she caused trumpets and timbals to be sounded as if she had made some great acquisition by conquest.—One day her steward, having found out the first of these flowers that was blown in the garden, covered it with his hat, intending to go and give the margrave notice of it, and to bring her with her maids of honour to the garden, in order to present her with this violet.—But the court buffoon, who had observed this action of the steward, pulled the violet in his absence, put something of a stronger smell in its place, and having covered it with the hat retired in order to laugh his fill at the trick he had put upon the steward.

The following incident is a fact, and frequently told by the gentleman himself, with great good humour.—A gentleman, who is a constant visitor at Margate, of the name of Veysey, was remarkably fond of fine prospects, and knew every situation for that purpose in the island of Thanet. In his excursions there he used to mount his servant's horse, and ride from the carriage:—and one day being at some distance, a gentleman rode up, and enquired if he was not the gentleman fond of prospects. 'Yes,' answered Veysey.—'Why then,' says the gentleman, 'at the bottom of this lane is a very fine one indeed;' 'really,' says he, 'why I never knew it before; pray let us ride and see it.' On which they rode together; and when they came to the bottom, Old Veysey enquired

enquired for the prospect? ' Here it is, said the gentleman (clapping a pistol to his breast) ' Your money, Sir!—don't you think this a fine prospect?' ' Yes, says Versev, but a dear one.' However, he was obliged to deliver fifty guineas, and a fine gold watch. In consequence of this adventure, he is since known by the name of *Prospect Veysey*.

Some persons speaking of Mr. Lunardi's Balloon, said they had seen it out of sight. ' *Oh!* exclaimed another, *I saw it when it was not to be seen!*'

As a gentleman was travelling near Colford in Gloucestershire, he was robbed by a highwayman, who being pursued, made to the river Wye, which he swam over on his horse, and in his passage threw his pistol into it. On the day following, a gentleman fishing near that place, caught a large jack (which had swallowed the highwayman's pistol) which he carried home, and ordered it to be dressed. On the maid's opening the jack, she touched the trigger, as it was ready cock'd, which occasioned it to go off, and she was shot in her right arm, which afterwards occasioned an amputation.

Socrates and his two wives. That excellent and learned philosopher, had a very ill-looking countenance, with several other corporal defects; on a time hearing his two wives, Xantippe and Myrto, brawling and scolding at each other in a fit of jealousy, till their clamours and unruly tongues were too offensive for his ears, he said, " Fie for shame, why do you two beautiful women fall foul of one another about such an ill-favoured fellow as Socrates."

In Dalmatia, a province upon the Adriatic, there is a cave, whence there not only rises a violent wind; but when any body throws a stone into it, there immediately rises a tempest, mixt with thunder and lightning.

F I N I S.



